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NON-EXPORT LAW UPHELD

A TRIUMPH FOR GAME PROTECTION.

THE Supreme Court of the United States handed down its decision last Monday, March 2, in the case of Edgar M. Geer, plaintiff in error, vs. the State of Connecticut. The point at issue was the constitutionality of the Connecticut statute forbidding the export of game. The decision upholds the law and affirms its constitutionality. The importance of the decision cannot be overestimated. It is a great triumph for the cause of game protection.

In October of 1889 Edgar M. Geer, of New London, Conn., was prosecuted on the charge of having in his possession certain game birds with intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of the State. The birds, it was conceded, had been lawfully killed in the open season. They were at the time of their seizure in transit from New London, Conn., to the city of New York, on board one of the boats of the Norwich Line. They had been bought by Geer in open market in New London, and were in course of shipment to the markets of New York under contract of sale. The statute under which the action was brought reads as follows:

EXPORTATION.—SEC. 2546. No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State; nor shall transport, or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits. SEC. 2547. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be fined not less than $7 nor more than $50.

Geer was found guilty and took his case up to the Supreme Court of Errors for Connecticut, which sustained the lower courts in the following words:

It being conceded that the State, under its general police power, may lawfully prohibit the killing of the game birds in question, it may, of course, control such killing and the times and purposes thereof. It may lawfully enact that they may be killed and sold and held for sale only for domestic consumption. The State in the exercise of its power, instead of prohibiting the killing altogether, permits the person killing them to acquire only a qualified right in them, namely, the right to appropriate them to his own use, and the right to sell or transport them for domestic use.

The birds in question never became articles of commerce within the meaning of the term contended for by the defendant. They became private property of a qualified character. The law limited the purposes for which they might be killed and become private property. The difference between property of this sort and the ordinary private property of commerce is obvious.

The case was then carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, the question at issue being this: "Can a State, after permitting the killing of game birds, and after allowing them to be bought and sold in the markets of the State, impose the restriction that they cannot be transported beyond the limits of the State. Or, in other words, can a State by legislative enactments constitute game birds an article of domestic commerce as distinguished from and as prohibiting inter-State commerce in them?"

The specifications of errors claimed to have been made by the Connecticut Court were as follows:

First.—In refusing to hold that so much of Section 2546 as may be construed to forbid the transportation from the State of birds lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of the State to become the subject of traffic and commerce is unconstitutional and void.

Second.—In refusing to hold that so much of the section as may be construed to forbid the receiving and having in possession, with the intention to procure the transportation thereof to another State, birds therein described lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of the State to become the subject of traffic and commerce is unconstitutional and void.

Third.—In holding that the defendant is guilty of an offense under said section, if such birds were lawfully killed in the State and were bought by the defendant in the market of the State, as articles of property, merchandise and commerce, and had begun to move as an article of inter-State commerce.

Certain minor questions relating to the phraseology of the statute were brushed aside, and the case, as referred to the Supreme Court, by agreement had to do only with the question thus briefly stated:

Has a State such a proprietary interest in game that it can permit the killing and selling in open markets, and impose a restriction that they cannot be sold, to be taken out of the State? Or, in other words, has the State such proprietary interest in game that it can constitute game an article of commerce within the State and forbid its becoming an article of inter-State commerce?

The plaintiff in error insisted that the State has not such power, and that when it permits an article to become a subject of commerce it cannot restrict it territorially without conflicting with Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress control of inter-State commerce. It was contended that there cannot be articles of State commerce which may not become articles of inter-State commerce; that there is no such shadowy, uncertain, indefinable state where an article is for some purposes an article of commerce and for others is not; and it was argued that in the case under discussion the birds had commenced to move as an article of commerce from one State to another, and from that moment they became a subject of inter-State commerce and could be controlled only by national regulation, not by police power of the State.

For the defendant in error the points made were as follows, in defense of the statute:

"1. Merely having property in one's possession, with an intent to transport it beyond the limits of a State, does not make it a subject matter of inter-State commerce within the meaning of the term contended for by the plaintiff in error.

"2. The law in question relates only to game killed within the State, and is of that class of legislation whereby States seek to regulate killing of game and its consumption.

"The State of Connecticut has prohibited the killing of such game between the first day of January and the first day of October following in each year.

"And as above stated, it prohibits any one having such game in his possession at any time with an intent to transport it beyond its limits. It seeks by its game laws to preserve game from destruction and to limit its consumption to those within its territorial limits.

"3. No one has any property in such birds in their wild and unrestrained condition, and the right of the law making power to restrict or to prohibit the taking of such animals *ferœ naturæ* as go under the denomination of game, has always been recognized.

"4. By the law of the State of Connecticut such game cannot be the subject of absolute ownership. No one can acquire other than a qualified property therein, and is deprived of the right to transport it beyond the State.

"It being unlawful for one to kill such game or to have it in his possession for the purpose of transporting it beyond the limits of the State, it follows that it could not become a subject matter of inter-State commerce, and the law complained of is not in violation of the Constitution of the United States or any law of Congress relative thereto.

"5. It is submitted that the State of Connecticut had absolute control of the subject matter of this suit, and that no one can acquire within its limits any right to game killed within that State other than it by law permits, or do anything with such game that it by law prohibits. Its power in these respects is supreme. It is a matter of internal police regulation."

The case was filed with the Supreme Court in the October term of 1895 and its decision was given out last Monday. The Connecticut courts are upheld. The law is sustained. The Supreme Court of the United States declares that a State may control its own game; that it may prescribe not only seasons and methods for taking game, but limitation as to the use, disposition and destination of game after it shall have been taken and acquired as property of a qualified character. If the State provides that its game may not be captured for export and that it may not be exported, such provisions, the Supreme Court says, are constitutional and are not in conflict with the principle which gives to Congress exclusive control of inter-State commerce; for game so controlled—and this is the basic principle—cannot become a lawful subject of inter-State commerce. Here is a brief of the decision, as wired by a special correspondent, and received just as we are going to press:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* In the Supreme Court decision in the case of Edgar M. Geer vs. State of Connecticut, it is decided that the State has power to make it an offense to have in possession for the purpose of transportation beyond the State birds which had been lawfully killed within the State during the open season; and that the statute, in creating this offense, did not violate the inter-State commerce clause of the United States Constitution.

That it was lawful under the United States Constitution for the State to allow the killing of birds within the State during a designated open season and to allow such birds when so killed to be used, to be sold and to be bought for use within the State; and yet to forbid their transportation beyond the State.

That the State had the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State and forbid its transmission outside the State.

The court discussed the authorities, foreign and domestic, showing the nature of property in game and the authority of the State in relation thereto. The court holds that the right to preserve game flows from the existence in the State of a police power to that end, which is none the less because inter-State commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected. That the source of the police power as to game birds flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply.

That the State may allow its own citizens the benefits of the property in game without permitting citizens of other States to participate.

That, the power of the State to control the killing of and ownership in game being admitted, the commerce in game which the State law permitted was only internal commerce not subject to the United States Constitution, and the restriction that it should not become the subject of external commerce went along with the grant and was a part of it.

This decision is precisely what we have so often declared that we believed would be the result of a non-export game case if it could be carried up to the court of last resort. The law is based on justice, and under existing conditions is essential to the protection of the game of this country. The principles set forth by the Supreme Court apply not only to Connecticut, but to every State in the Union which has a similar non-export law or may have one. The decision goes far toward the solution of the problem of game protection in this country. It points the way in which effort should be expended in game legislation. It provides a way for cutting off the shipment of game to market. It gives added significance to the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank, that the sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons. It enunciates anew the right of the State to control its own. It asserts once more that the interest of the many and the rights of the citizen in nature's bounty may be defended against the aggressions of the few. It should give new courage and confidence to all engaged in opposing the ruinous traffic in game.

The decision is particularly opportune at this time, when sundry well-meaning individuals and associations are petitioning Congress to remedy what they mistakenly believe to be a constitutional defect of State laws forbidding the export of game. We printed, some weeks ago, a bill prepared by City Attorney Williams, of Denver, Colo., for introduction by a Colorado Congressman, to forbid the export of game from Colorado, Wyoming and Utah; and the reason which Mr. Williams gave for asking Congress to take action in the matter was that such a regulation of game export was constitutionally beyond the province of the States concerned. But according to this decision of the Supreme Court the States themselves may provide all legislation requisite to effect the desired purpose. They may withhold the privilege of killing game for transportation from the State.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is also engaged in the exploitation of a measure to be introduced in Congress to amend the inter-State commerce law by prohibiting the export of game from one State to another; and the reason put forward for the national movement is the same as that adduced by Mr. Williams, that the individual States themselves are powerless to provide such restrictions. This decision of the Supreme Court, however, shows that even if the measure sought by the National Association were practicable or might be beneficial, it is in no wise essential to game protection. Every State has in itself constitutional authority to forbid the taking of its own game and fish for any purpose other than consumption within its own borders.

The decision is a triumph for game protection. It points the way to legislation which if enforced will be most effective. Here is another Platform Plank: *Forbid the taking of game for export to market.*

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN WINTER WOODS.

FOREST AND STREAM turns up at my breakfast table just as regularly and twice as often as the baked beans that New England tradition, as well as present liking, prompt my good wife to provide for our Sunday breakfast, for nowadays the beans come only fortnightly, while I welcome FOREST AND STREAM every week. If I find anything signed Rowland E. Robinson, that of course I read first, otherwise I go through the paper regularly, barring some of the things about dogs and some about guns.

Mr. Robinson's sketches of New England characters are charming and his facility in expressing New England dialect has, I think, rarely been equaled.

Antoine's broken English is also excellent, although it has not been my fortune to come much in contact with precisely that form and degree of mixed languages and idioms. Here, as a rule, if one of a party hesitates or speaks English with difficulty we drop at once into French, although our French may sound quite as strange to Antoine as his English does to us.

I am reminded now that some time ago there was a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM over the fact that the French-Canadian people use their English in a semi-Irish and semi-cockney manner, almost invariably dropping their hs. If I recollect correctly, reference was made particularly to the French of the "Eastern townships," the counties on the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. This, I take it, is very largely due to the fact that the English-speaking people of that region are largely of Irish descent and their vernacular is largely tinged with the Irish brogue. It also may come in part from the difficulty the French people have in using the English initial h. It is not much used in their ordinary speech, the words in which it is distinctly sounded being comparatively few and in most cases being followed by the vowel a. Before other vowels the aspirate is almost completely lost. A very bright Canadian girl found it very hard to say "Hire a hall," an expression that a jocose American taught her was a desirable one to use occasionally. She eventually learned it and very properly used it on him when his harangues proved uninteresting, but it was difficult for her to say otherwise than "'Ire a 'all," although "Paint the town red" she could say quite easily.

Happily, she was not entirely dependent on such an unprincipled instructor.

When I come to Mr. Hough's account of trapping and snowshoeing in Wisconsin a shade of sadness comes over me, for I cannot do those things any more.

Trapping I have never done, although I have been among them and come across them hundreds of times. But in snowshoes I have been a sort of Prof. Emeritus for a score of years or more. I can lead the boys on a fairly good tramp yet, but am less anxious to climb steep hillsides just to see what is beyond than I used to be, nor do I hasten to put on the shoes in the morning when I know they are not to come off till nightfall. I go snowshoeing no more just for fun—only once in a good while the girls coax me out for a bit of a walk that is mere child's play. The days when I followed Bill Newberry or the faithful Nazaire as far as they wanted me to go are past. I didn't begin snowshoeing very early in life, but I made up for it afterward.

I cannot add anything of value to the discussion that has been going on about qualities and makes of snowshoes. I have always found Messrs. G. R. Renfrew & Co.'s "Warranted" grade very satisfactory. They are made by the Indians of Lorette. I never yet found a pair that would not "bag" a little under some circumstances.

Common kerosene lamp wicking makes very good strings—in some respects better than leather—though I doubt if it is quite as handy about putting on and taking off the shoes without untieing. So long as the same footwear is worn, it should rarely be necessary to untie the strings. Any considerable change in footgear, of course, involves a readjustment.

I still remember my first real hard tramp. It was in February, after a very heavy rain—a kind of January thaw—and Newberry was my guide. The first water we came to was a river so swollen that there were 10 or 12ft. of open water all along the bank. We cut down a tree and clambered along it onto the ice, then dragged it across and made a similar bridge on the other side. I remember it was ticklish business climbing along that little sapin tree, encumbered as we were with packs and snowshoes. Then there was half a mile up an overflowed gully where we lifted pounds of slush and water on our snowshoes at every step, and another half mile along a sloping hillside that has always been a terror to the toughest traveler. By this time, as I remember, I was so faint that with one snowshoe off and one on I backed up against a tree and tried to nibble at a tough biscuit that I dug out of a pocketful of snow. It was hard lines for a tenderfoot. But by and by we reached a place where we could climb up the hill and at last came to a jobber's lumber camp. The men were all absent, but we found a chunk of half boiled pork in a kettle and a loaf of very black bread on a table. Not wishing to stop long enough to unpack and cook of our own provisions we ate of these, stuck a piece of silver in the remainder of the loaf and went on our way. The Chateau Frontenac Hotel has good cooks in these days, but they can never get up a dinner so good as that one.

We climbed hill after hill and crossed lake after lake until at last I gave out entirely, and finding a spruce tree that branched nearly to the ground signified my intention of stopping there for the night. Bill protested, saying that our camp was only a short distance away and that we could soon reach it. He also produced from his pack a flask of "whisky blanc"—almost pure spirits—poured a good dose into a tin cup and made me drink of it. It excoriated my mouth and my gullet all the way down, but by the power of it I made another spurt and we arrived, quite after dark, at our little 6×10 camp. It was occupied by three young chaps out for a fishing trip, but as they had no right there, and we had, we bundled them out, to find shelter in a lumber camp a couple of miles away; took possession of their beds of branches, stoked with wood they had prepared, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. Bill spent a good part of the night stuffing cedar splints into that tiny sheet iron stove; but I know that my underclothing was still wet from my perspiration the next morning, and was not quite dry till the day after, for our second day's tramp was nearly as hard as the first and a good deal longer. I suspect that the finding of those young men in our camp, the cabin partly dried out and plenty of wood on hand, was just what "saved our lives." If I had been obliged to stand round while Newberry hunted up wood in the darkness, slept on bare ground with the moisture from the frost dripping over me, I should have stood a poor chance. I have done that sort of thing scores of times since, but always when I was in better condition as well as able to take a hand at the work.

Bill was succeeded by the faithful Nazaire, which was a great improvement. Nazaire didn't care for feather beds, but did like to be fairly comfortable at night, while if Newberry could wrap his head and shoulders in his blanket he would sleep like a pig on any cabin floor or wood pile. I used to say that Bill's idea of a pillow was a sapin log with a nice little knot to fit into either ear.

I liked the woods even under Bill's guidance, but I don't think I really enjoyed them until Nazaire began to look after my comfort o' nights.

What glorious days he and I have spent together! We did not hunt, and we only fished a little through the ice; but while attending to our duties we were alone in dense and almost trackless forests. Oh, the beauty of them!

And now comes Mr. Frederic Irland in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and not only revives in me 10,000 memories, but also reveres my idol. And all the more that here I am, as it were, in Parkman's own country. I can almost see the island where Jacques Cartier and his men spent that first miserable winter, and on every side of me is ground of which he has given the best of histories. And besides, I know of some things that even he has not mentioned. On one of my beats the washing away of a lake shore not very many years ago disclosed a quantity of French crockery and arms mingled with Indian weapons and relics. What the whole signified we cannot now say, for the finders took no care to preserve their treasures, and the whole were dispersed and lost before the present writer had any knowledge of them. Was some terrible tragedy enacted there, or did some peaceful hunting party meet with disaster? No one will ever know. History has given no record, and even tradition is silent. The spot is now miles, as 100 years ago it was leagues, away from any habitation of civilized man.

And again, still further away in the deep woods is a simple wooden cross. Time and the elements have brought even the long-enduring cedar to decay, but the falling emblem doubtless marks the resting place of some semi-Christianized Huron or semi-savage Frenchman who met his death in that lonely forest. If ever I go there again I mind me to erect a shelter over this unsculptured monument.

I do love the woods. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, February.

THE LOST KINGFISHER.

THE camp of the Kingfishers, the past summer, on the Manistique lakes, in the upper peninsular of Michigan—visited by Jupiter Pluvius with exasperating frequency—furnished more than one amusing "episode" to jolly the boys from Ohio and Kentucky who daily offered up prayers that the rain god would give them a surcease for at least a day in the continued downpour. Jeems Mackerel, the old Kingfisher, insisted on the disputed fact that water could hurt nobody—was good at any and all times—but the Kentucky contingent, raised in a land of Bourbon plenty, aided by a flattering Ohio brigade from just over the border, contended there were times when even water was an unnecessary evil.

The Manistique camp supplied a larger quantity of the evil in its sky origin than had occurred in any camp in the ten years past.

The *dramatis personæ* of this camp consisted of George L. Payne, single and marriageable; Richard Morris, deer-slayer and scout of the woods; Charles C. Furr, sweet singer of Israel, and Old Sam, all of Frankfort, Ky.; Willis Cochran, young and hopeful, of Louisville, Ky.; Jeems Mackerel, or Kingfisher, pioneer and daddy of all fish liars; Clay Culbertson, the "colonel" and guardian of the camp-fire; George Murray, "lost man" and purveyor of patents; Henry Mueller, camp artist, and James Mueller, his brother, all of Cincinnati, O.; Dr. A. E. Elliott, the good samaritan, of Lodi, O.; and Mack Barney, cook and dishwasher *par excellence*.

Payne, whose gallantry found display in sundry walks with a pretty grass widow from the "Sou," on a visit to a farmhouse near by, was so unnerved by the frequent showers that he once avowed, with solemnity, it had rained sixteen days out of fifteen. His favorite rambles along the woodland paths and through the "potato patch," picking the blossoms for his fair companion, were interfered with so often he became almost a chornic despondent, verging to suicidal mania.

Despair is only a degree apart from the condition of *ennui* enforced by rainy days in a camp beyond the borders of active civilization. The woods dripping with wet, the rain drops splashing on the surface of the lake, the monotonous patter on the canvas of the tent, the little rivulets stealing along the grassy galleys and depressions between and around the tents, the heavy atmosphere and the shadows of night floating through the day—are productive of chilly sensations that crawl down the backs of the campers who strive to kill time by reading novels, writing letters to friends at home or swapping "fish lies."

Surrounded by such conditions, the active thoughts of restless Kingfishers more than once budded into the imposition of a "task" upon some victim who by accident or by plot had concentrated their attention. The incidents of such a "task," culminating in the accompanying photo, showing the heavy villains "caught in the act," I am about to relate. It was, in fact, the reception of the photo among others sent to the Kentucky boys by Mueller, the camp artist, that revived the memory and provoked this recital.

One day the awful fate had dawned upon the camp that the water supply was exhausted. With water all around—above, below, beyond, apparent in the atmosphere and obstructive of divers plans—there was "not a drop to drink." The knowledge created a raging thirst with the occupants of every tent.

"Oh! wat-er fate," said Payne. "Take me to where the crystal waters flow!" exclaimed Culberston. Furr began his famous hymn, "I'm climbing up Zion's hill—climbing, yiming, yiming," as if earth had ceased to further afford attractions for his soul. Morris and the Doctor discussed the different ways in which water might be made useful and the proportions of the useful that would be adapted to the constitutions of the various members of the band. With marked unanimity they decided that Kingfisher was entitled to all he could hold; that with due modesty, they themselves came in for second share; and as for the rest they could live without it, provided the supply of Kentucky "yarbs" did not wholly vanish.

Neither the song, nor the horrid pun of Payne, nor the discussions of Morris and the Doctor—savagely denounced by the remaining members of the "gang"—served to develop the existence of the fluid called water. So a caucus was held, and by common consent it was agreed that Brother Murray had consumed more than his share of the drinking water for the day, and should at once depart, bucket in hand, for two rare springs, located on the edge of the larger lake, a half mile away through the woods.

These springs bubbled up through the white sand on the edge of the forest where it bordered the wide, flat beach, and with a temperature of 42° and 46° respectively furnished to the campers on hot days or when fatigued with fishing most refreshing draughts of cooling beverage.

Brother Murray responded to the request of his comrades with becoming grace. He even manifested pleasure in his mission—said he loved to wander through the pathless woods, where the wild deer roved and the pheasant sent his drum-beat echoing through the forest aisles; that the bark of the squirrel from the hemlock bough and the quack of the big fat duck from the secluded pool under the pines were rhythmic music to his inner soul; that the solemn silence of the forest depths created a sanctity in his heart and a solemnity in his being that wafted him beyond earthly cares and opened to his vision the vast eternity beyond.

How long the enraptured Murray would have continued in this ecstatic strain cannot be told, for the whistling of a bootjack (stolen from me at Daddy Nolan's, on Carp Lake, by the president of the Cuvier Club, with the connivance of Kingfisher) and of sundry camp attachments, as empty bottles, old boots, tent pins, etc., about his ears, warned him of disaster imminent, and wheeling about he made hasty tracks up the road and through the gate by the hay loft, and disappeared in the deep woods he loved so well.

With his departure the camp resumed its monotonous droning existence, and for a time forgot that water was the one thing necessary to bring harmony and contentment. An hour passed on. The cook, ever alive to the necessities of life and the damnation attending a failure to rattle his pan at the dinner hour, and equally impressed with the curt conclusion, "no water, no dinner," made a round of the tents and enigmatically announced, "Mr. Murray—he has not came."

What Barney, the Cincinnati boiler of meats and turner of flapjacks, meant to say was, "there's no water in sight." With deft conception of the fitness of things he was shifting the responsibility where he deemed it belonged.

Sure enough, the water carrier was missing. Had he become lost in the pathless woods? No, they were not pathless, for the sandy road lead straight away through the gate by the hay shed, along Bill's bean patch, over the hill by the birch grove, down by the bars in the brush fence, under the forest aisles to the forks of the road, thence down the hill through the swamp bogs and out on the sandy beach, at the landing where ye writer once waded to shore after the sailboat had capsized and deluged himself and plunder. Ten rods to right of this terminal were the springs. "Adirondack" Murray, as some one had jestingly named the missing man, could not easily lose the road.

Had he been destroyed by wolves? A year or two before several had been killed in the deeper forest to the northward. A few had been caught in traps. Driven by hunger they might attack a man. But food was plenty and Dr. Elliott said no wolf in his right mind would ever assail a man whose life was spent in getting patents for windmills and baby cradles—that his teeth would get tangled in the tough muscles and, like the bucks with locked horns, he would die with his victim.

Had he been caught in a bear trap? If so, he might die from starvation or of thirst if in the excitement he had spilled his bucket of water. Or a passing buck, finding him a prisoner, might insert his horn under the fifth rib. Brother Murray had never been known to refuse a "horn," properly administered, and he might accept one *in extremis* as a blessing in disguise.

In any event it was thought best by the Kingfisher campers, ever alive to brotherly sympathy, to organize and send out a relief corps. The *Herald* had sent Stanley to search for Livingstone in the jungles of Africa. Why not, in modest but heroic spirit, send out and save Murray?

Morris and the writer were selected to search for the missing man. We were ordered to equip ourselves thoroughly for the journey and to take three days' rations. I suggested we take "a reviver," but was put off with a promise of one if successful. Morris took a gun and three rounds of ammunition.

Being interrogated as to his reasons for such deadly preparations, he responded that if Murray was found in a bear trap and badly wounded, it would be better to kill him and end his agony. If found alive and in distress, he would fire signal shots at intervals for succor. If alive and sound and loitering by the way, he would fire a single shot and leave the camp court martial to do the rest.

With this explanation and the blessings of the entire camp, including the cook, we departed. Plunging into the forest depths we followed the well-worn path leading to the larger Manistique lake. I urged Morris to look for tracks.

"Tracks the d—l," said he, "I'm not looking for tracks; I'm looking for a man; or," he added, thoughtfully, "what's left of him after the wolves and bears have had their share. Did you know," said he, confidentially, "I never did think Murray was altogether right in his upper story. He has been bunking in the same tent with Culbertson and Old Hickory (Kingfisher) and never has uttered a word of complaint. Now, any fellow that can be contented with that infernal log-saw chorus those two fellows set up every night as soon as they get asleep ain't level in the thinking shop. Several times I've had half a mind to send a load of shot through that tent and stop that big bass bullfrog business."

I agreed with Morris that Murray must be "off," and begged him to by all means try his shotgun panacea on the occupants of the nasal catarrh tent.

Kingfisher has basely denied that any sound ever crept from under his tent flaps or crawled up the ridge-pole during the silent hours of the night, but again and again the various members of the "gang" have been wakened by apprehensions of a storm brewing, evoked by the deep diapason of thunder that came rolling from the tent that held the vantage ground in the camps of the Kingfishers. At times the uproar was fairly terrific.

But to the search for the lost man. We had gone over the woodland path to the forks of the road and were descending into the marshy ground near the beach when full to the front, as large as life, sound in limb and body, stood the object of our search, bucket in hand. We waived our hats and shouted our joy with exuberant manifestations, while Murray simply gazed at us with that stolid look of innocence that seemed "childlike and bland."

"You once was lost, and now you're found," exclaimed Morris, paraphrasing the familiar hymn as he rested his gun against a hemlock tree and embraced the object of our search in a hug that a bear might have envied.

"Lost?" said Murray as soon as he could get his breath, "I wasn't lost!"

"Then where have you been?"

"Oh!" said he, "the blamed spring got lost, and I've been hunting for it."

Then he explained how he was unfamiliar with the country and had taken the left-hand branch when he came to the forks of the road, and had walked two miles

BRINGING IN THE LOST MAN.

over roots, stumps and bogs until his mind became sort of bewildered in trying to reconcile the "half mile away spring" with the two mile away man. Then he concluded to his own satisfaction that the spring was not only lost, but, in the wayside vernacular of his younger days, "badly lost."

Retracing his steps, he had taken the other road, landed on the lake shore, and after pulling his hair and wearying his soul in long search, had discovered the lost spring hidden in the cool recess of the overhanging cedars and bubbling up through the sand as unconcernedly as if the tale of its being lost was merely another "fish lie."

While Murray was reciting his adventures and laying all the blame on the spring, several other members of the gang arrived, armed with clubs, bludgeons and other weapons of war, to protect the lost man from the varmints of the woods. Among them was Kingfisher, who straightway opened his mind.

"The hellsrackin, Murray, whar hev yer bin? Did yer scoot to Alasky for ice water, or hev yer been to Kaintuck for a bucket o' wrath? Better shuck yer coat and pray for saints and sinners, for the Colonel says he didn't have no faith in the story about varmints gettin' yer, and he's going to give yer a drum-head court martial."

Murray wilted considerably at the mention of a trial, and his knees quivered visibly. He muttered something about "he could explain."

"Explain nothin'," said Kingfisher. "Put him in front, boys, and march him straight to camp."

Bucket in hand, Murray took the head of the procession, and at quickstep the march was made through the woods. Emerging from the bushes in sight of the tents, the Colonel was met, a stout cudgel in hand, and with that fierce glare of the eye that always betokened a state of war.

"Ah-ha! Got him, have you?" said he. "No claw marks on his body—no mangled limbs—no wolf bite nor bear scratches on his face—no blood on his shirt—sound in wind, limb and liver. Consider yourself under arrest, sir! Forward, march!" And the line, with arms at right shoulder shift, moved onward to camp.

It was just at this moment that the camp artist caught the procession with a snap shot of his camera—reproduced in the picture. Note the determined stride of the Colonel commanding the squad. The culprit is unfortunately hidden by the Colonel's bulky form, only his leg and foot being visible between the Colonel's legs. Close behind him is Morris, with shotgun heavily loaded; then Payne, with birchwood club; next Kingfisher in shirt sleeves carrying a cedar root torn from its parent stem; following is Old Sam, armed with fork from the camp-fire; next is Furr, the sweet singer, bearing a rail torn from Old Bill's fence (Old Bill was our nearest neighbor and guide), and the rear is brought up by Dr. Elliott, unarmed, but ready to bleed or blister or purge, as the court martial may order.

The latter was organized with expedition—the Colonel presiding in his famous camp chair covered with the glorious names of Nepigon, Carp Lake, Big Basswood, Platte Lake, Pe Lee Island, Florida, etc., while the prisoner sat on the ground in the center of the circle of judges with his bucket of water by his side. Hot, thirsty and excited, he was permitted to look at the cool, refreshing fluid, but not drink a drop.

The charge was brief: "Lost in the middle of the road."

After able speeches by Kingfisher for the prosecution and Old Sam for the prisoner, the case was submitted. The gang said afterward that Kingfisher never touched the subject—went off on next year's camping place about some lake that had a spring with a trout stream near by, and milk and butter to be had for the goin' after—and that Old Sam's speech "would a hung anybody"; that he described the prisoner as a "poor orphan without father or mother, children or brother, no money, no friends, ragged, hungry, thirsty, dirty, cross-eyed and hip-jointed—a poor, miserable, mean wretch, and a lunatic loose in the woods."

A short conference was held by the judges and they were polled for the verdict.

"What say you, gentlemen, is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" sharply demanded the Colonel.

"Guilty!" they responded, as each name was called.

"Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him?" inquired the Colonel.

"Not a word," sullenly replied the prisoner.

"Silence!" thundered the Colonel, "no levity in court."

"Stand up," said he, and Murray arose, bucket in hand. "Prisoner, you have committed a fearful crime against the peace and dignity of the camp—you had a fair trial—you were found guilty; at sundown you will be taken under the tree in front of Old Bill's house and there shot—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Colonel," said Murray, "can't I select the place on my body where I'm to be shot? I think I'm entitled to choice of weapons too. I'd rather be shot in the neck with a bottle of old Kentucky bourbon."

The plaintive tone in which this appeal was made, with the thirsty expression in the eye, softened the feelings of the judges and they appealed for a lighter sentence. Kingfisher said he ought to live "for the good he might do hereafter—gathering camp wood, lighting the fires, catching minnows, washing dishes and the like."

Willing to be merciful, the Colonel commuted the sentence to hard labor in doing camp chores for three days and total abstinence. Even this was mostly escaped.

OLD SAM.

THE TIGER WE DIDN'T GET.

SIX thousand feet downward (that's over a mile), and 250 miles eastward from my home, is where he lives. On a slight elevation between the rivers Tamesi and Pánuco, along which divide the Tampico branch of the Mexican Central zigzags, is Jackson's Wood Camp. Here ebony is just plain cord wood for the engines, notable only for breaking axes and being uncommonly tough to split. Northward the land slopes away very gently to the lagoons bordering the Tamesi, and southward to those of the Pánuco. In the dense jungle of these slopes, near the water-holes to which the deer and cattle resort from the upland prairies, the enemy was waiting for us—quite a number of him.

We had been getting ready for this trip for a year. In fact I think it is about six years that I have been trying to meet my engagement with this maculate son of the tropics. For his benefit I sacrificed my liking for a neat little '94 model Winchester, and bought a big, brutal .45-70. One of the other boys had seen him from his train a short time before, standing among the palm trees, with a chip on his shoulder and his tail in a convenient position to be stepped on. So, early in December the four of us got us two guns apiece, chipped in and bought a big box of groceries, loaded a few hundred cartridges, and one fine day set forth. Arriving after dark, Jackson allowed us to pile into his little box-house camp and sleep on the floor among boxes of tallow candles, bales of piloncillo sugar, sacks of beans and other such delicacies, kept for his axemen and their families.

About two miles further down the track—3½ kilometers, to be exact—the prairies begin. They are almost level and are perfectly open, forming beautiful little coves in the jungle, the playground of the deer, and covered with magnificent grass nearly waist high. The first morning in camp we went down the track early and murdered a spike buck just about the time the train came along on its return trip. This we sent home, a bloody symbol of how we were going to fix that tiger.

After one or two days of this, we decided to quit "hitting the ties" twice a day to get to and from our hunting, so we borrowed a push car, loaded her up and moved down to camp on the field of battle. A dry run—*raya*—skirted by a thin line of low trees—the timber is all low in that section—runs across the track in the midst of the prairie. Here we unloaded, hung up our coats and stuck our hunting knives in a fine ebony tree (which looks for the world like a mesquite), held up the first engine that came along for a barrel of water, and were at home to our friends.

For about a week we waded the dewy grass every morning, saw deer galore and killed a few; killed, ate up and sent home no end of turkeys; tried chachalacas, and decided that the partriarch Aaron who was our alleged cook had not got the combination on preparing this particular titbit; ate, slept, read, talked and had a most royal up and down all-around good time. The weather was of the charming, mild, autumn variety. The sun grew warm toward midday, but the nights were fresh. We could not keep game long, but we needed a lot for camp, and the rest we could send home any day. Freight trains got to happening along about meal time with great regularity.

But there is something wrong with the education of Sir Felis Onca. His people must have been negligent in the matter of etiquette. For though we could find the "lordly" stag and the "soft-eyed" doe in every *rincon*, his Spots remained invisible. This disregard of all our elaborate preparations to meet him was painful.

"Down at the water of Caboose is where the tiger lives." So said the cowboys, the guide, and gossip generally. Whereat various and sundry members of the invading force decided to reconnoiter that particular part of the field. They mostly got lost in the jungle, however, and saw so many turkeys and such a big buck (he got away) that the tiger was not interviewed. "It's no good for a camp anyhow," they reported.

"But down at the laguna on this side (south) there are many tigers too," quoth Don Justo, our guide and factotum. "Vamos á la laguna, pues," was the dauntless reply. I was in that. We packed some blankets and provisions on Don Justo's pony and walked till we were black in the face. At last we found the lagoon, a beautiful sheet of water shut in by palm groves and malaria, inhabited by alligators and herons, a wide glade bordering it all round, left by former high waters, and behind that the dense impenetrable jungle. Cattle and horses grazed all about. The solitary human inhabitant of the neighborhood ambled along on horseback, sallow, shy, soft of eye and of voice. "No, señor," he informed us; "the tiger has made no damage of late." There were deer, yes, and many turkeys, very many. Also *javalies*, which did his cornfields much damage.

All these we could find nearer camp, and the mosquitoes were awful. So next day, my companion half sick, we walked wearily back. The return trip was enlivened by killing four or five turkeys and missing a whole herd of deer. The latter was a daily feat with us.

Wilson being sick that night on the lagoon went to bed early. I sat up a good while listening to the bellowing of the alligators, fighting mosquitoes and pumping old Justo about the *tigre*. It had become a clear case: no dogs, no tiger. Living in that section, one might once or twice a year find a tiger by day. On rare occasions he might find the fresh kill of a calf or deer. Then with plenty of nerve the thing is easy; for the tiger will allow neither buzzard nor coyote about his prey. So he stays very close to it. But with dogs the matter is simpler still.

"Yes," said Don Justo, "I have been with this Lázaro of Pánuco after tigers. You comprehend, señor, that the tiger is a clumsy brute. He only climbs sloping trees like this," pointing to a gnarled and stooping old ebony covered with orchids, under which we had camped. "Besides he will not jump out of a tree as the lion does. He is too heavy. When he wishes to come down he climbs down like a cat. Why, this Lázaro does not use a gun. Once I was riding with him and we found a fresh kill. He brought the dogs and they seized the trail and soon had the tiger up a tree in a clump of bushes (*matilla*). We rode in, Lázaro ahead, cutting the vines with his machete. I was afraid, the animal growled so loud. But he did not notice us. He only looked at the dogs and growled very strong. Lázaro got down and tied his horse to a tree. With his machete he cut a stout pole, and took a *puntilla* like this," showing me the long knife which in one or another form all Mexicans carry, "only it was very slender and sharp at the point. This he tied in a slit at the end of the pole with bark, binding on his girdle to make it sure and strong. Then he crept up almost under the tiger, and while he was looking at the dogs gave him a big thrust under the ribs. With the thrust he dropped the pole and skipped behind a tree. But the tiger did not notice him. He only gave a sharp cry and looked at the knife. Then he sat still and licked the wound. Pretty soon he began to be drunk with loss of blood. Then he wabbled and fell out, already too weak to hurt the dogs. That's the way Lázaro kills them. He has killed about twenty." Thereupon I decided that Lázaro and his tiger dogs, which are nothing but little mongrels educated to the business, should form part of my outfit next time.

All of us saw tracks. The object of all this anxious thought roams around through those woods pretty freely, mostly at night. His big, round footprints could be plainly seen in the soft vegetable mold. A drizzly night is his preference. His voice is often heard on such nights, though we had not that privilege. Doubtless he often lies about the edges of the prairies by day, ready to slip into the brush at the slightest notice. But the woods are almost impenetrable—entirely so for still-hunting. The deer, though not very wild, had to be always given up when they reached the bush. Trying to follow, one made such a noise in dry twigs and thorns that any sane deer would take himself off. Since we were there Mr. Jackson came upon a tiger one day with a deer in his mouth, in an open glade of the prairie. Unfortunately he had only a shotgun, and lost the rare chance.

So our tiger is still there, large as life and tolerably numerous. Probably he will wait till next fall. And probably we will go after him some more. It took Hough a long time to get that bear. In fact, up to this writing it is not apparent that he ever got him.

Some Things we Found Out.

That when a deer is running with long bounds through grass as high as his back it takes an expert rifleman to hit him. Also that we were not experts.

That a scatter gun is not a deer gun. A moderate sized buck ran a mile after being peppered with buckshot, one of them through the neck, and then only stopped at the invitation of my .45-70.

That "el monte" is the woods, not the mountain; that "un Remington" is any kind of a breechloading rifle; that "una carabina de á doce" is not a 12-gauge shotgun, as you might suppose, but a '73 model Winchester carbine which holds 13 shots.

That the deer seem to average smaller and are much redder than those in the mountains near San Luis Potosi.

That the big game of those jungles—and there are thousands of thousands of acres of jungle—such as tigers, wild cattle, peccaries, tiger cats, etc., can only be approached when bayed by dogs. None of them are wilder than the cattle, *ganado ladino* the people thereabout call them. They are domestic cattle run wild.

That hunting stories expand in Spanish as well as in English. Don Justo was heard relating to an admiring crowd how I had killed a buck running with my rifle, on horseback, the horse at full speed! One morning I found the same Don in a state of vast excitement. He had lost his hat and his machete and most of his wits. He told me he had seen five does and eight bucks all together, and had wounded a spike buck *muy grande*. He was going after his dog (and thereby hangs a tale). The tracks indicated about four deer. A little later in the day I killed one of them, but saw only one that got away.

We learned some other things too: that the railroad boys are a capital set of fellows, that Mr. Jackson is a first-class host as well as a live wood rustler, that the way to cook a turkey is to make steaks of the breast and feed the rest to the dogs, that pinolillos can't live in the open prairie, that December is rather early for the duck shooting near Tampico, that—but this will do. Still if Brother Hough wants any more points on Spanish we will try to help him out.

AZTEC.

FEBRUARY.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Where to Go—What to Do.

WHO can understand Mr. Herbert Spencer's "System of Synthetic Philosophy," or his definition of "Evolution?" The value, however, of his "gospel of relaxation" cannot be overestimated.

In the excessive hurry and excitement of this competitive stage of the nineteenth century, in the fever of life, when our well-earned holiday arrives—if it comes at all—we seek this relaxation, without time for reflection, in different directions, in various ways, and the question remains, do we find it?

It is only those who have gained that point of vantage in their career, middle age—who can compare the past with the present—that can adequately advise where to go and what to do in the annual summer holiday.

Happy is he who, in this matter, takes "the counsel of the old men"—the middle aged. Without this advice you may decide upon an Atlantic voyage—a European trip. During the voyage you are at least free from the routine of office life; no daily newspaper, no telegrams or telephones! You are a free man for a while—yes, for a while.

Your first voyage in a Cunard steamer, thirty years ago, was of eighteen days' duration. Now, before you are well settled down to find your "sea legs" you have landed at Queenstown, after five or six days' voyage in Campania or Lucania, and society vexations can scarcely be said to be absent during the short voyage.

You have but just arrived in London. You are met by Cook's or Gage's tourist agents, who would fain lead you, like a nurse with a batch of children, in your Continental trip. With or without Cook or Gage, you decide to renew your acquaintance with men and things on the continent of Europe.

The heat and turmoil of Paris bores you. You try to escape it. You ascend the Eiffel Tower, as you have already tried to avoid the London busy crowd, on the great wheel at Earle's Court; even here (on Eiffel Tower) you are hustled by the large family of tourists—even here you cannot "rest awhile." You go up in a balloon for a bird's eye view of Paris. Alas! you find it is a captive balloon—so-called—and before you have time to open your eye to the view you receive the word of command, "Time's up!" and the balloon is pulled down to mother earth by the rope which regulates its ascension.

You proceed to Switzerland. Surely nothing can rob the Alps of their picturesqueness, the flora of their beauty, the lakes of their charms. You climb the Regi or Pilatus once more to gather your favorite Alpine flowers—edelweiss or *Gentiana acannis*. Modern science, however, has brought a cogwheel railway train to the highest points of these mountains, and the poetry of Alpine climbing has, in a great measure, departed.

At Grindenwald, prior to ascending the Jungfrau with its glaziers, you find there has been a "boom," and that hitherto isolated place has become a celebrated summer and winter resort, with all "modern improvements." You try back, in order to visit northern Italy, and you find that the St. Gothard Railway has brought "over civilization" even to those parts.

You have discovered that Geneva, on one side, and Brussels, on the other, are but miniatures of Paris.

Again you vary your route. You go east. You must find that eagerly sought "relaxation" down the Rhine! Here hosts of tourists drink their British beer on every Rhine boat. You stop off at some quiet village *en route*, say St. Goar or Bingen, in order to secure peace and quiet, and you have hardly landed before 'Arry on his bicycle plunges into your center of gravity and leaves you all of a heap. As soon as possible you move on to pastures new, if not vistas fair.

You take the P. & O. steamer for the Mediterranean. Again you visit that hotbed of British soldiery, Gibraltar, to find that "on foot or on horseback in southern Spain" is not what it was thirty years ago. Then there were no railways and there was a spice of danger—a bit of pleasant adventure about it. Now you elect to travel by railway train. Again you are disappointed. The train dumps you down at Grenada (the Alhambra), or Cordova, or Seville, with but "ten minutes for refreshment," or perhaps the train guard stops at that picturesque spot, Ronda, long enough to enable him to light his cigarette.

You return to America in despair, not having found the eagerly sought relaxation. On landing at New York after a too brief voyage, you are once more "electrified" by our civilization. The stream and counter stream of cars on Broadway still move on. There are a thousand and one signs of advanced civilization on the right and on the left, the desire for rest and quiet remains.

Where then can this relaxation be found? Accept the counsel of the old men. Come with me, say I, to the forest and stream, with the State of Maine or eastern Canada for your hunting grounds, "far from the dreary sounds of crowded earth, the cries of camp or town."

Let the Micmac or Milecete canoe be your means of transport, a small tent or wigwam your sufficient shelter from sun or storm, the redskins your sure guides. And allow me to lead, in thought, by offering the following extracts from camp notes on a very enjoyable round-trip canoe voyage from the Gulf of St. Lawence to the Bay of Fundy during my autumn holiday.

Our party consisted of two ladies, an Irish friend skilled alike with rod and gun, my boy and myself. We found that to none was the trip more enjoyable than to the ladies, and shooting the rapids gave zest to their enjoyment, and they were ever ready for the business and pleasure of roughing it.

Four Milecete Indians accompanied the party as guides, and three bark canoes were the usual means of transport, while the Indians themselves were the means of transport for the canoes during the portage. On but one previous occasion (years ago) had a lady—Lady Head, wife of the then Governor—taken the round trip in question.

We proceeded from the harbor of Bathurst, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the source of the Nepiseguit River, Nepiseguit Lake (100 miles); thence by portage three miles to Nictor Lake, the source of the Tobique River; thence nearly 200 miles to the St. John River; about 200 miles further is St. John Harbor; total distance of round trip about 500 miles, more than 200 of which are through wild forest lands.

The whole course of the Nepiseguit River (its name being derived from its rough waters and rugged rocks), as well as the upper part of Tobique River, may be said to be wild and rocky and in consequence picturesque in the extreme.

The view from Bald Mountain (the highest point of land in the province, 2,500ft., overshadowing Lake Nictor) is very fine, millions of acres of forest are spread like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and valleys, while Mars Hill in Maine, Tracadie Gash in Quebec and Green Mountain in Victoria are all distinctly visible.

There are some fine cascades on the Nepiseguit River. Grand Falls, twenty miles from its mouth, is a total height of 140ft., and thus completely bars the upward progress of salmon.

One member of our party here killed four salmon in one hour, one of which weighed (not by guess work) 30lbs. Splendid trout fishing can be had in every deep pool above the falls. From Nepiseguit Lake to the falls is a part of the river but little frequented and but little known, the limit of salmon fishing being the limit of civilization.

I pity those whose tastes can only be satisfied by excessive salmon taking, and who fail to appreciate good trout fishing with light rod and line. In proof of the excellence of the trout fishing in the Upper Nepiseguit I may mention that I caught three trout in succession whose net weight was 9½lbs.

Having ordered our Indians (Milecetes from the St. John River) to meet us with their canoes at Grand Falls, where is a lengthened portage, we appointed a time and place, meanwhile, to meet some French "habitants" with their canoes at some distance from Bathurst, desiring to spend a few days before the arrival of our Indians in fishing the splendid salmon pools at the Paheneaux, the Chain of Rocks and at Grand Falls. We failed, however, to make the connection. Our men came not.

Notwithstanding this, like old campaigners, the business of pitching camp, chopping wood, cooking, etc., proceeded in the most systematic manner, and when we had all assembled for our evening meal we were agreeably surprised, not that the Frenchmen had arrived, but that the usual camp fare of pork and fish, bread and beans, with "oceans of tea," had been supplemented by the thoughtfulness of the good wife by such luxuries as butter and condensed milk. A pot of marmalade, too, was actually produced.

It would be hard to say which camp during our trip was pitched on the most picturesque spot. This, our first camp, however, was beautifully situated on a hardwood plateau, the river running calmly and peacefully by at some distance beneath us. Vivid recollections of that evening will long remain. We sat for hours round the camp-fire in front of our tents (a small bell tent for the ladies, a lean-to for the gentlemen), and though we had done an honest day's work, we were loath to lose any moment of this enjoyment. Night was far advanced before, one by one, we sought the spruce bough couch.

Our Frenchmen, with so many excuses and such ample apologies that it was impossible to lose one's temper, arrived at our camp next morning. They had had no dinner on the previous day, no breakfast this morning, and they made short work of what remained of our condensed milk and pot of marmalade when having a "square meal." At this camp we spent the day in fishing the numerous salmon pools in the neighborhood of Middle Landing, while the ladies fished for trout and assisted in shifting quarters to Mr. Spurr's comfortable log hut at the Chain of Rocks, where we settled down for a quiet Sunday. What better place?

> "Go sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
> Go slowly trace the forest's shady scene?"

After a day of perfect rest and perfect pleasure, we again resumed operations with rod and line; but owing to an unusual rise of water, neither the well-known Nicholson fly, nor the Jack Scot, Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, nor any favorite fly we could produce, nor any skill my brother angler and myself could bring to bear would tempt the numerous salmon we could see in these pools to rise with a will; and not till we reached Grand Falls next day did we have the good sport I have referred to.

Unlike the Frenchmen, the Indians were most punctual in keeping their appointment. At the precise moment they were told to meet us their cheery voices were heard on the high bank above us; and, though we were agreeably occupied at the time in successfully fishing the large salmon pools at the Grand Falls, we soon bade farewell to this favorite spot. Ere night set in we had poled many miles up stream.

Day after day, for several days in succession, we poled steadily but slowly up this fine river, instinctively pulling up now and then at the best trout pools, and landing three-pounders till even my boy cried enough, when his arm had become tired, or when his rod required a fresh splice (results of playing monsters); or again, we disembarked to follow a covey of partridge (ruffed grouse) which, refusing to take to the tree, ran with all the speed of their red-legged brethren in Spain, and a general chase was the result. Now a halt was called, on the part of the ladies, to gather rare specimens of flowers—one of the pitcher-plant family in one place, one of the water plantain family in another. Ordinary wild autumn flowers (it was now late in August) were abundant in every direction, and ferns, mosses and lichens of rare kinds abound in the Upper Nepiseguit. Like practical people, too, we more than once stopped en route to gather blueberries for the pudding at our midday meal (always a certain excuse for a halt).

And, not so practical, one member of the party, ever ready with his sketch book, was wont to ask occasionally for five minutes "law," to commit to paper his idea of the beauty of some particular bit of landscape, much to the amusement of our canoe men, who seemed to enjoy being "thrown in" in the foreground.

Moreover, while enjoying a delightful reverie, building castles in the air, there was often a sudden check to our onward progress by the quick exchange of a pole for a gun, on the appearance almost in the midst of us of a flock of ducks; while one of our Indians, whose eyes are always open, on seeing a mink or otter retreating to his "fort" thrusts his pole lance like at his foe.

We found the Indian Rapids, Portage Brook and the Devil's Elbow delightful camping grounds, with capital trout fishing close by. At the last named place we met a trapper (it is unusual to meet anybody in these parts), he had just settled down for a month's trapping and had already captured a fine black bear and several otters.

We spent a pleasant half hour in his camp, admiring his furs and hearing all about his prospects of sport. His canoe men were Micmac Indians from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and there was no interchange of civility between them and our Milecete Indians.

We were desirous of reaching Nepiseguit Lake by Saturday night. We therefore had to push on, to ply pole and paddle, toward the end of this week. The sun was sinking fast when we entered this beautiful lake, and so taken up were we with the scenery that we allowed ourselves but little time that evening to pitch camp and catch the following day's supply of fish.

So abundant, however, are the trout in this lake that the supply was easily obtained, and ere night set in, with little effort on the part of the Indians and ourselves, we had our tents pitched in a deep pine forest, on a most picturesque spot on the edge of the lake. Having resorted to poetry to give an adequate idea of the delights of a previous Sunday (I admit that the Sunday spent here was not less enjoyable), I must give some prosaic details concerning this day. Instead of "sitting on rocks" we were all "sitting on a log" in a row, having our midday "square meal," when the faithful Noel—our pet cook—formally announced with long, serious face, as if he had lost his nearest and dearest friend, that the "pork was giving out," which means, in plain language, that soon we should have no "nice fried pork," varied by "nice pork fried," to delight our hearts. "The pork was giving out," we must soon go on our way down stream, 'twas true, amid beautiful scenery, yet it would really be up-hill work—"the pork was giving out." In estimating for provisions for a trip of this kind one should see that the supply is equal to the demand, and the unexpected arrival of the "waiting man"—our spare Indian—was the cause of this mishap. No other course was now open to us, sad to relate (as it is indeed a serious thing, and I have no intention of speaking of it in a frivolous manner), than to put ourselves on "half rations" of pork till we should reach the settlements, where we could replenish our stock.

Next day we made the portage to Lake Nictor, the source of the Tobique River, and during this portage the ladies for the first time received unwelcome visits from our old enemies, mosquitoes and black flies. A black bottle of "Angler's Defence," the gift of a thoughtful friend at our start, had the effect of keeping both mosquitoes and black flies at a respectful distance. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery of Nictor Lake. It possesses more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen; close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a height of nearly 3,000ft., clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock, or long gray shingle slopes. Other mountains of less height, but in some cases of more picturesque forms, are on other sides. And in the lake itself, in the shadow of a mountain, is a little rocky inlet of most inviting appearance. We spent a couple of delightful days in this region.

We camped one night on Hacmatac Brook, on the northern side of the lake, Bald Mountain and its hills on both sides being directly in front of our camp, the lake lying between us and the mountain. It would be hard to describe the beauty of this view, especially when at night the full moon rose over the top of Bald Mountain, and mountain and hills, forests and ravines were reflected upon the placid water, not a cloud was visible. Gladly should we have remained here many days, but we were often reminded of the rapidly diminishing piece of pork. We started early one morning down the Tobique River, and gently down stream is the order of the day. To anyone who has poled all day long up stream in midsummer at low water the delights of going down stream with an abundant supply of water are fully appreciated; they were by us on this occasion. The upper Tobique country has a wild and peculiar aspect, quite unlike the upper Nepiseguit country. Here the now narrow river turns and twists through cedar forests, the trees growing at every conceivable angle; some had fallen across the stream, others were reclining along the bank, while others were meeting above our heads, forming arches of every imaginable shape and size. Here and there blue hills, more or less remote, are to be seen.

The run to Cedar Brook (twenty-five miles), where we dined, was made in quick time. We afterward made the Forks (twenty miles further). Here the Momozeket River from the northeast and the Campbell River from the great Tobique Lake join our little Tobique River.

We now met a friendly Indian (Old Tom), whom we had surprised at his happy fishing grounds spearing whitefish, who gladly exchanged a piece of pork for some tea. Money appeared to be of no value to him. He also supplied us with whitefish, which never or rarely take the fly, and he threw in in the bargain a few potatoes. Our fortunes were thus made; we had abundance of food; we went on our way rejoicing.

I can't say much in favor of fly-fishing in this branch of the Tobique. Trout and salmon and these whitefish appear to be abundant in the river. There are some beautiful salmon pools. I have, however, thrashed the waters for hours with but indifferent success. We soon found that we had gone too quickly down stream. We had left the favorite moose yards behind; we had seen lots of fresh tracks of both moose and caribou. And now, for the first time, it occurred to us that during this full moon was the most favorable time for moose calling. We, however, made fruitless attempts at this sport, so-called, the Indians making a doleful noise (artistic moose calling is doleful in the extreme) to attract the attention of the moose, we men and women shivering with cold the while.

We had some beautiful views during our voyage next day of Blue Mountain, eighty miles from the mouth of the river.

And as autumn advanced the forest became daily more and more beautiful, decked in its foliage coat of many colors.

From Blue Mountain to Andover, at the mouth of the Tobique, we pass the Gulquae River, navigable for canoes twenty-five miles, and later on thirty-one miles, the Waspekehegau—this Indian name means a river with a well at its mouth.

Some beautiful wooded islands are afterward seen, on one of which we camped and held "a levee," which was well attended by farmers' wives and daughters, who came to study the fashions, the cut of the dresses of the ladies of our party. I doubt whether they got many valuable hints; they, however, seemed quite pleased with their visit. We made an early start next morning, so early that when we pulled up with good appetites for dinner we discovered it was but 9 o'clock in the morning. As

fashions were the order of the day our dinner hour was not an exception to the rule. We passed the Red Rapids eleven miles from the mouth of the Tobique, and reached Andover, the shire town of Victoria, and beautifully situated, at an early hour. From this the canoe voyager can dispense with the services of the Indians, as it is all plain sailing to St. John, 55 miles to Woodstock, 130 miles to Fredericton, a total distance of about 200 miles to St. John from Andover.

To persons taking the trip that I have just described I strongly recommend Mrs. Newcomb's comfortable hotel at Andover. Her son will be found most obliging in securing Indians from the Indian camp at the opposite side of the river, and fortunate will any persons be to have as guides the same skilled Indians that he secured for our party. MICMAC.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

LE MONDE BLANC.

THE man with the *skis* was just pulling his sweater over his head, when the other man, with a pair of moose-hide snowshoes under his arm, came up the path. His elongated footgear stood in a corner of the porch. A moment later the entire snowshoe club, consisting of two enthusiastic members, whose enthusiasm is the subject of various facetious remarks from their friends, was kneeling in the snow tying the thongs around their ankles.

When the gateways of the landscape are locked by the magician Winter, with his key of frost, and the snow, covering the fields and lying deep in the woods, repulses with drifted barriers the man afoot, who wastes his strength while floundering through the crystalline fleece which will not sustain his weight and is so heavy to struggle through; when fences are hidden and landmarks obliterated, and the green earth sleeps under its white coverlid, the one who is able to exclaim "the world is mine," and penetrate the frozen mysteries of the beleaguered woodland, is the man on snowshoes.

The "rambler's lease" of other men's property, which he holds, does not expire with the first snowfall, but is unlimited. The snowshoes—offspring of the stern mother Necessity—invented by some savage genius to satisfy the needs of his wild people—distribute the weight of the walker over a wide surface, so that he strides forth across the thin shell of crust, or at the most sinks only a few inches into soft snow which would otherwise prevent his progress.

The man on snowshoes sees the wintry world at its best. He is not limited by the boundaries of road or pathway. He goes whither his fancy dictates, his blood tingling and his body glowing with the exercise. His lungs draw in exhilarating drafts of pure, frosty air, and his moccasined feet, relieved of heavy shoes, seem as light as if his ankles bore the wings of Mercury.

This particular February morning was bright and clear. The thermometer registered several degrees on the wrong side of zero, but the sky was intensely blue, and the sun shone as brightly as it might in summer. The earth was as radiant as the sky, and every snow crystal scintillated like a jewel as it reflected the sunlight.

The snowshoe club pulled its toques well down over its ears and started down the slope toward the wooded hill across the road. The half of the club on *skis* put his long stick between his legs and coasted gayly down the walk, which was trampled hard, while the other half on the *racquettes* betook himself to the tops of the drifts beside the path, leaving a broad trail as if some immense web-footed fowl had passed along. But going up the hill the web shoes had the advantage of the *skis*, and their owner arrived at the top first, where he awaited his companion.

The gray trunks of the trees were silhouettes, and branches and twigs were etched in delicate tracery against snow and sky, while broad blue ribbons and finer threads of shadow were thrown across the white carpet of the woods.

The road winds down the slope and across the level toward the creek, and the timber masses along the stream were deeply purple.

"Now," said he of the *skis*, "just see how we do it," and he let go the brakes. Down he went swiftly, riding his long staff as the witches of old rode their broomsticks, the tassel on his toque streaming jauntily like a yacht's pennant. All went well till he neared the bottom, when one *ski* entered a rut, and before the lost equilibrium could be regained the late exemplar of the art of flying gave an interesting imitation of the fall of Icarus, the long *skis* waving in the air like the melting wings of the son of Dædalus. He who had remained on the hilltop, watching his comrade's descent and rather envying him his swift flight, laughed as he witnessed the final catastrophe, and secretly congratulated himself on the possession of the slower but more stable racquettes. Choosing the deep snow by the fence he also commenced the descent. Icarus at the foot of the hill was, so to speak, smoothing his ruffled pinions.

But the proverb says, "Pride goes before a fall," and the snowshoer, who erstwhile made merry at the misfortunes of another, stubbed his shoe against a stump ambushed under the snow and disappeared head first into a drift. Honors being easy, the club resumed its onward march toward Brush Creek, arriving on its banks without further misfortune. The broad pathway of the stream, white and level, stretched away between the leafless woods, the parallel marks of the *skis* and the hollow-shaped tracks of the web shoes breaking its immaculate surface for the first time, except where further up stream some frightened rabbit had written the story of its gambols in the moonlight the night before. Passing out from the shadow of the great gray ice-house, within whose weather-beaten walls was stored the frozen harvest of winter, the walkers kept on around the bend. Here there were no houses in sight, and the silent woods which bordered the sleeping stream were as lonesome and desolate as if the country was still wild instead of being within a few miles of a great city. Across the flats, where in summer the white water lilies come up out of the black mud to float in the sunlight, they turned their course toward the "high banks" which with their crown of trees rose like a wall before them. How white it was and still and cold; but down under the snow all the beautiful life of the vegetable world was awaiting the awakening breath of the spring and the south wind. Those dry stalks sticking through the snow, where the level of the ice met the steep slope of the banks, only a few weeks before planted the big showy blossoms of the *hibiscus moschentos*, and those bare, low bushes above them will a few weeks later perfume the June air with the delicate scent of wild roses. Dead mullein stalks stood straight and tall, and the ghosts of last fall's golden rod nodded disconsolately. The day, however, was far too bright for melancholy thoughts. The Snowshoe Club, wending its way up Brush Creek, felt the joyousness and delight in life which those who love nature find no less in the time of cold than in the season of heat. At the bend where the brook flows under the arched stone bridge to join the creek a farmer was watering his cow at a hole cut in the ice, and his dog's deep note saluted the travelers.

Leaving the level of the stream, they now forsook its windings for the greater variety afforded by the woods.

They saw no bird life except two crows whose harsh voices broke the silence as they winged their way across the blue expanse above the tree tops, and the rabbit tracks were the only signs of the little dwellers of the woods. At the top of the hill, where sumacs and thickets of low bushes replaced the oaks and hickories, the snow lay deep in little glades which opened up in all directions, like the coves and inlets of an island-studded lake.

The sunlight, thrown back into the eyes from the dazzling snow, was almost blinding in its brilliancy, and the solitude of the place was enchanting as they wound in and out among the thickets. This course brought them back to the top of the "high banks," where they paused to allow their eyes to wander over the white world which lay before them. At their feet the frozen course of the creek twisted sinuously across the wintry landscape; in the distance a curl of smoke rising above the trees defined the location of some hidden farmhouse.

The blue sky, the white earth and the bare leafless woods—grayish brown near by and deepening to purple in the distance—filled the vision, the whole bathed in a flood of golden light. But several hours of exercise in a "below zero" atmosphere causes one to remember the fact that one's stomach is an organ which when empty requires attention, and the Snowshoe Club, seeking a path not too steep, plunged down the "high banks" and doubled back on its own trail.

"That was a walk to be remembered," observed the half of the club who wore the snowshoes.

"It was indeed. We will go again next week," replied the other half who wore the *skis*. W. A. B.

A HUMID TALE.

Now I'll tell you about the snow here. Sometimes it does; and it isn't snow either, though it's white. It's rain porridge. Everything is saturated with water out here, and snow is no exception. Every individual flake—no, not flake—lump or gob is sodden clear through, and comes straight down like a plumb bob turned loose. No airy, fairy, swirling, swaying, graceful, poetical, beautiful snow out here. It'll cling to you like glue, and soak like water. Everything drips here—the heavens, the trees, the bushes and you, if you're out. I'm speaking of sea level, of course. I don't know how it goes upon the mountains, bleak and drear; but I guess it's the same as it is down here, for the wonderful, all pervading Japan current dominates everything.

It's mush and slush here anyway, and it's so nice to hunt in. The trees—and it's all trees here except the front porch—catch all the slush they can possibly carry, and it's drip, drop, drap continually, excepting when a half bushel or so of mush lets go and comes down kersplash, catching you, if you're thereabout, in the back of the neck. Bear in mind that all timber here, or ??????, is fir or cedar, and doesn't let go of anything until it's absolutely necessary. Bear in mind, too, that there isn't a square rod nor yard of territory that isn't littered with dead brush or sticks, or disguised with sal-lal brush, excepting, of course, said front porch aforesaid. Then imagine the delights of trying to hunt, with some inches of mush over everything, concealing slippery sticks on a side hill, which sticks you will of course carefully step on, and then where are you? Wait until you stop floundering and sprawling, and trying to break your bones, and find out. And when you step on western Washington or Oregon most anywhere in the woods in the snow you don't know whether you'll hit solidity or go knee deep into a mess of sal-lal or fern that will kindly and carefully scrape all the snow on them into your boots.

It snowed (mushed) night before last and last night. It rained yesterday and dripped all last night, let up a little while this morning, and has alternately rained and drizzled and fogged and misted and tried to snow all the forenoon. Previous to this spell it rained almost steadily for two weeks, after endeavoring to get ready in occasional spits and downpours for another week. If anyone wants to go hunting here in the winter (they call it winter through force of habit), he wants a pair of hip boots (rubber), a rubber apron to shed the snow or mush from his waist over his boots, a gum coat or slicker, and a sou'wester. Then, if he has just plain horse sense, he'll stay in the house. He won't get anything anyway but tired and disgusted and exasperated, and that's plenty. The grouse go into the firs, impenetrable to optics, and stay there, hibernating like bears.

There are no rabbits or hares in this country, or more than one to a section, and if corralled he isn't fit to eat. The bears have denned. The deer, oh! where are they? If the snow gets so deep away up in the mountains that starvation stares them in the frontlet, maybe they will sneak down here and there when it's raining and no one wants to go after them.

There's absolutely nothing abroad in the upland excepting a stray wildcat maybe, or a meandering mink along the creek. The pigeons have pulled out for fairer climes, the chilled water has driven the fish to the deeps, and naught but ducks tempt the taking of the gun, and when it rains always and mushes between times there isn't much fun in soaking while one knocks over an occasional duck that, when one has harvested him, smells to heaven of rotten salmon upon which he has gorged. Of all unsatisfactory and exhausting upland hunting, western Washington probably furnishes the poorest; of course, western Oregon stands pat.

I followed the devious track of a wildcat the other morning, as it showed where it had meandered during the night in search of hare or grouse in a long and crooked round, if such a thing can be; and while I crouched and dodged snow-laden branches, and slipped on concealed sticks, and crawled over reeking logs, and forded the stream, and wrenched my back and wearied my legs, the drizzle descended, the trees divested themselves of their white burden, straightening their crumpled limbs as they did so, and little by little the trail grew dim and finally faded out, or was so blotted by patches and splashes of fallen wetness that I ceased my quest, and calling to mind the fox and the grapes, though not from the presence of either in this sodden country, I sauntered homeward, shooting a red salmon in the creek to satisfy myself as to its sex, and the list of males is as yet unbroken. I shot a seal (hair) not long since in the salt water with buckshot, and concluded after skinning it that when I skinned another it would be when I couldn't find anything else to do. The fat is about an inch thick all over the body, as tough almost as the pelt, and the way it clings to the hide is away beyond description. If there were a way of boiling or burning it off I should be pleased, though I do not expect to amass sudden wealth in the business. It is raining. O. O. S.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

DID you ever pass a night in the woods alone away from civilization and all signs of man? If not, you have missed something which to me is one of the greatest treats in life.

We will suppose a man has been hunting or exploring in northern Minnesota, and toward evening has come upon the shore of one of those wild looking rock-bound lakes so common in that country. He looks around for a place to spend the night and selects a spot that is sheltered from the wind and near a leaning tree. He takes his hatchet and cuts a lot of boughs and saplings. When a sufficient number have been cut, he leans the poles against the tree about a foot apart and thatches with the balsam boughs till it is thick enough to keep the dew off. Then he scrapes the sticks and rubbish from under the primitive shelter and piles the remainder of the boughs in their place. His appetite has been telling him that the supper hour is at hand, so he starts a fire and slices a little bacon and bread, puts the bread near the fire so as to warm it and toasts the bacon till it is done to his taste. Putting the cooked slice between two slices of bread, he cooks another and does likewise with it. Thus the advantage of having the bread warm is obvious. He is hungry enough by this time to enjoy this simple meal as much as he would a three course repast in a down-town restaurant. When finished he goes to the lake and drinks a deep refreshing draught of pure cool water, which in ordinary times is a thousand times better than any other beverage.

His thoughts then turn to his pipe, that great companion and comforter of the woodsman; but he cannot take time to rest yet, so he lights up and takes the hatchet and goes for the largest pieces of green wood that he can carry or roll to the fire; then for that pile of dry driftwood on the beach. When satisfied that he has enough to last through the night he cuts a couple of stakes, sharpens one end and drives them about 3ft. apart for the back logs to rest against. He next rolls the two largest pieces against the stakes and puts the next smaller ones on top of them, and last one on top of all. This I find to be the best way to build a fire for a shed roofed camp. The fire has been badly disturbed by the rolling of the logs across it, so he rakes the embers up on the first log and adds some dry stuff, which makes such a good light that he can see very well to arrange the "feathers," Michigan ones, you know. When finished he comes out by the fire to enjoy the best part of woods life, namely, smoking and thinking before the fire, studying the stars and silently worshipping his Creator. He cannot understand how any person who has been in the woods can doubt the existence of a supreme Being that has control of all nature, when even the savages see it in their every-day life.

Scientists say that the mind is clearer in the morning than at any other time of the day, but I think we are better able to work out the problems of life before the evening camp-fire than at any other time or place that I know of.

Our woodsman is growing sleepy, and as his pipe shows signs of going out he knocks it thoughtfully against a log and prepares for sleep. Gathering his belongings together and putting them where he can easily reach them, and adding more fuel to the fire, he turns in and sleeps as peacefully as if at home, where indeed he is, though he does not call it so. Sometimes in the night he wakens with a feeling of coldness and finds the fire has burned very low, so he yawns and gets up to replenish the blaze and have another smoke. As he half sits, half reclines, in front of the fire he thinks of friends and loved ones far away, not envying, but rather pitying them and their hard fate to be shut up in a room, almost airtight, in the city on such a night as this. Arising, he puts on as much wood as he dares and then lies down to slumber peacefully till daylight, when he awakes feeling perfectly refreshed and able to cope with any task that may come to him during the coming day.

He has spent a good night. CRUISER.

Acknowledgment.

IT would be base ingratitude for one to get so much genuine satisfaction out of anything as I have had in Mr. Robinson's new series, and say nothing about it. I laughed till I disturbed the family circle the other evening at the result of Sam and Antoine's joint attack on the ducks. Haven't I been there? Antoine's abuse of his gun was calculated to strike a responsive chord in every hunter's beast. I am not personally acquainted with his lingo, but it is enough like "English as she is spoke" among these bland southrons where I make my home to inspire perfect confidence in its accuracy. The dialogues about the camp, the masterly delineation of marsh scenery and of the changing features of Dame Nature as she smiles or frowns, take one away from business, away from cities, away from everything, to the side of the little company on the Slang. If the unaffected admiration and regard of a reader in a far country will be any return to the gifted author for the genuine pleasure he has often and over given me, I hope the editor will kindly give place to these lines. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Natural History.

AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO.

WITHIN the past few years there has come into operation at Washington, D. C., an institution of which most of us have heard, but which few of us have seen. This is the National Zoölogical Park, established by act of Congress, and supported in part by Government funds and in part by those of the District of Columbia. Its history is interesting, but more to the purpose just now is to sketch hastily what was seen there during a brief visit made early this month, and to remark upon the extreme interest of this collection of animals and its extraordinary healthfulness.

The bills passed by Congress in appropriating money for the maintenance of the park forbid the expenditure of any sums for the purchase of animals, though transportation charges on specimens presented to the park may be paid. The only way, therefore, in which additions can be made to the collections is by gift, or, temporarily, by specimens loaned to the park. It can thus be understood that, so far as species of exotic animals are concerned, the collections are poor, while some of the native forms are fairly well represented. Many very desirable animals, however, offered to the park at low prices, cannot be secured because of the law, and the collections grow but slowly. However, there is enough to be seen there to please and interest an American, and to please him doubly if he is a hunter or a lover of nature and of nature's wild creatures.

Down at the southeast corner of the park, at the bend of Rock Creek, are the bear pits, in one of which is a small brown or cinnamon bear and in another two black bears. The cages are built against the perpendicular face of a cliff, in which caves are hollowed out, which give the animals shelter from the weather. The floors are of asphalt, and in each there is a water tank for drinking and bathing. The cliff against which these cages are built is really perpendicular so far as the eye can judge, yet when the first bear was introduced there he promptly clambored up the face of the rock, escaped into the open fields above, and was only captured after a sharp chase. A repetition of this performance was prevented by the erection of a strong iron fence.

Passing across the bridge which spans the creek, and up the gentle ascent, one comes to the large, low stone building where the tropical animals are kept. Here are two male lions, a superb tiger, a leopard, a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, various monkeys, a capybara, European porcupines, a cougar or two and some other animals. Most interesting of all was a superb lioness with two little cubs. These are about 2 months old and are as large as full-grown cats, but of course much heavier and clumsier. They were asleep in the inner room, and the lioness was lying down in the outer cage when keeper Blackburn, shutting the sliding door which separated the two compartments, opened the inner one and took out one of the cubs so that it might be more closely inspected. The mother at once became anxious and began to spring uneasily about the cage, and when the little one had been returned to its bed and the door opened, she ran in to see whether her young had been harmed. Finding them safe she came out again and the cubs waddled along after her and then lay down, and looking frightfully bored, yawned two or three times in our faces and then went to sleep.

The hippopotamus is a fine one, 12 years old, and has been in the garden for a year or more. He was very friendly, and on request opened his huge jaws, showing his shapeless tongue and great teeth. He was recently sold by his owner for $1,500, being worth perhaps $4,000, and if the park could lawfully purchase animals would have been a great bargain and a most valuable acquisition. Chances as good as this are constantly slipping through the fingers of the Washington Zoo, and for the same reason. It is a great pity.

In a little room of this house we were shown the armadillos—three of them—from the Southwest. They are nocturnal animals, and when we entered the room they were buried in a pile of hay in a pit made in the floor of the room. Mr. Blackburn felt round in this pit and soon hauled one and then another out by the tail until the three were exposed to view. They were quicker in their motions than I had expected, but seemed confused by the strong light, in which they blinked painfully.

Each of the principal cages of this house has a door leading to an outside cage for summer use. Each outside cage is separated from the adjoining ones by closely woven gratings of fine steel strips, which, while admitting light and air, do not permit next-door neighbors to get at each other. In each one of these outdoor cages is a large tree trunk planted in the ground, over which the animals may climb and play, or on which they may rest.

Not far from this house is a large tree, standing alone and surrounded at a considerable distance from its trunk by a fence of strong wire netting. In the branches of this tree and in the hollow log which lies at its foot are a dozen or twenty raccoons, sleeping, climbing and playing. They are thus out of doors and have abundant room for exercise, yet cannot get away. Beyond this tree are a number of open-air cages, one of which holds a pair of young mountain lions which had only been in the garden two weeks. They were captured in New Mexico and are supposed to be not more than a year old. Their appearance justifies this belief, for on the legs and flanks of one of them faint spots can still be seen. The lions are in superb coat and generally in the very pink of condition, and are still quite shy, dodging at any unexpected motion, and being very restless and uneasy. One of them, however, would often stop its hurried pacing to and fro to watch, with erected ears and every appearance of keen interest, a little child that was playing about near this cage.

One of the most interesting animals here is a huge grizzly bear in superb condition and splendid coat, which was captured two or three years ago in the Yellowstone National Park. It was taken in a trap cage sent out from Washington, and when captured weighed 780lbs. Mr. Blackburn estimates its present weight at 850lbs., and no doubt the average hunter, who might see such a bear wild, would say and believe that it weighed 1,500lbs. It is very dark in color, with white claws, is enormously broad between the ears and very short coupled, with a tremendous body. It conveys an impression of great massiveness. The other bears do not require special mention.

Not far from these cages is the inclosure in which are confined most of the beavers brought last year by Mr. Hofer from the Yellowstone Park. None of these were visible, but their dams, their houses and the trees that they have cut down are very much in evidence. The question as to whether they will breed this spring is one of great interest and should be decided now before very long. The beavers are very difficult to confine, and this inclosure is surrounded by two fences, the inner one being so arranged that it cannot be climbed over.

Elephants, Old World antelopes and cattle, a pair of ostriches—California bred—some llamas and some kangaroos were seen in their various houses; and we then passed on to two large paddocks on a steep side hill, in which are confined animals distinctively American—elk and bison. There are perhaps a dozen elk, one large, old and vicious bull, one large old cow, one or two younger cows and a number of young bulls. These are all in excellent condition, in good coat, fat enough, but not too round, and with eyes and hair showing good health. On account of his temper the old bull was confined in a pen by himself and the others were all together in the inclosure, which is too large to be called a paddock, yet hardly extensive enough to be a pasture. The situations of this and of the adjoining buffalo pen are admirably chosen. They are on a steep side hill, with a little level land above and below. The animals are fed at the foot of the hill and watered at the top, and so must necessarily climb up and down the hill two or three times a day. Thus they get exercise—something that wild animals in confinement seldom have much of, but which they need above almost anything else. When we were there the young bulls were fencing and fighting along the hillside, two or three couples being sometimes engaged at the same time, pushing and straining, and constantly giving vent to the low bird-like whistle of anger so characteristic of the elk.

The buffalo were in as good condition as the elk, but I was sorry to see among the six or seven specimens only a single cow. She is apparently heavy with calf. There was recently a contest for the supremacy of this small herd, and after many battles the young bull overcame him who till then had been the master of the herd. The last fight took place near the top of the hill already spoken of, and at its close the young bull knocked his senior down and then butted him all the way down the hill, rolling him over and over until he reached the foot.

Not far from the large animal house are small outdoor cages, in which are confined some admirable specimens of Esquimau and other dogs, three gray wolves, two coyotes, one of them—if it is a coyote—red, like a red wolf, and half a dozen beautiful kit foxes. Here too is a great cage, built about a growing pine tree, in which half a dozen Clarke's crows have their home.

Below these animals—under the hill—are the deer, which, like all the other animals here, seem to be in perfect condition. Mr. Blackburn showed us a crippled doe, whose left hindleg had been broken in two places, about New Year's, by a vicious buck. Mr. Blackburn had put the leg in plaster and there seemed every prospect that the bone would make a good union and that the doe would get well.

No one thing impressed me so much during my visit to the park as the admirable condition of all the animals on exhibition there. The site is wonderfully beautiful, much taste, skill and judgment has been displayed in laying out the grounds, and there is ample room; but in a zoölogical garden all these things count for nothing if the animals, on account of which the garden exists, are thin, mangy and unhealthy. I have seen many collections of animals, but never one where the specimens were so universally healthy as at Washington. This may be accounted for in part by the season of the year at which the visit was made, and in part by the unusual amount of range which many of the herbivorous animals have, but there can be no doubt that the excellent health of the specimens here shown is due chiefly to the constant supervision and intelligent care which is given them by Mr. Blackburn, the head keeper. I talked a good deal with him and soon learned that he knows the secret of preserving the health of the creatures committed to his care. Such knowledge may fairly be called unusual among men occupying his position, who, however interested they may be in their specimens, too often lack the experience and the common sense to treat them as they ought to be treated.

The sun had set while we were standing looking at the buffalo, and I suppose that I had fallen into a reverie, when suddenly the air was full of an old sound heard often enough in a buffalo country, the yelps and barks of the coyotes swelled after a little by the deeper howlings of the big wolves. For a moment I forgot where I was and looked across the flat to the bluffs beyond the stream, half expecting to see stringing down the hill a line of men and women and pack horses laden with meat returning from the buffalo hunt. Then one of my companions spoke—and I realized that it is twenty years later and that the buffalo is extinct.

THE AMERICAN BOX-TORTOISE.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D., C. M. Z. S.

FROM Maine to Florida our common box-tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*) is so well known to those living in the country districts that any description of this *Chelonian* would seem to be quite unnecessary. They are very abundant in the fields and woodlands lying about Washington, D. C., and the writer has had ample opportunities to study them upon many occasions. I have never been lucky enough to find one of their egg deposits here, but I did many years ago in Stamford, Conn., when I caught the female laying her eggs in the mire near a marsh, she having the hinder half of her body in the water and mud while she did so. These eggs were not numerous, over an inch long each and pure white. In form they were ellipsoidal. Old box-tortoises vary greatly in both form and color; occasionally the vault of the carapace is quite hemispherical in contour, while again it is much flattened behind. The shield beneath, or plastron, is usually quite flat, with the transverse hinge forward of the middle of the body. This tortoise also varies much in its coloration, sometimes the plastron is black, often light clay color, or various shades of brown and mottled. Some of them have the blacks, orange and browns of the carapace or dome, often upper part of the shell, very bright and variegated, while in others they are dingy and poorly marked. Last summer I photographed some of these box-tortoises and found it by no means an easy thing to do. One of these pictures of mine is shown in the accompanying engraving. It was a beautifully marked specimen, about two-thirds grown, yet the yellow and black of the shell could not be made to show in the photograph. He would move his head as quick as a flash, and draw in his feet and tail on the slightest provocation. On the trial here shown, however, I got these all out in nice shape.

THE AMERICAN BOX-TORTOISE.
From a photo by Dr. Shufeldt.

About the end of April or the beginning of May we sometimes begin to meet with the young of this species. They occur in the wood paths, under the leaves by the fences, or in the damp hollows in the timber lands. They are cunning little fellows, very gentle and vary greatly in size and color. Like their parents they will readily feed upon any of the garden berries, angling worms, bits of meat, insects or mushrooms. On warm days they enjoy a dip in cool water and doubtless take the opportunity to drink a little, though turtles and tortoises can go a long time both without food or water. A very foolish notion is still widely prevelant in the country about this tortoise and it is to the effect that one of them will drive out the rats if kept in the cellar of a house infested by them. Even so well known a naturalist as Dr. DeKay must have had a lurking notion that there might be some truth in this myth and he tried the experiment, with the result that in a few days he found the poor box-tortoise in his cellar partly devoured by the merciless rats. One of these *Chelonians* can be drowned by being kept under water for half an hour or so, but there is no truth in the story that they avoid water altogether. Indeed, I have found them wading in shallow streams, and I once tried one by placing him on a small island in a pond. As soon as he found out his predicament, the reptile took boldly to the water, which was several feet deep, and with great dispatch, but by very awkward swimming withal, soon swam the distance of several feet to reach the mainland. The full account of these experiments will be found in a brief contribution to *Nature* (Oct. 31, 1889), that I published a few years ago. As a rule the box-tortoise is a gentle animal, but then again specimens will be met with that are as cross and as vicious as they can possibly be; likewise, some of them make good subjects for the photographer of living animals, while others completely wear his patience out by their perversity.

All the land species of these reptiles are called tortoises, while those that inhabit either fresh or salt water are known as turtles. Some of the former are called terrapins. The word tortoise evidently arose from the old French, *tortis*, meaning twisted, referring to the form of

the front legs. I do not know the origin of either turtles or terrapin, though the former may have been derived from tortoise. As a whole they compose a very compact group of the *Reptilia*, termed the order *Chelonia*, about 250 species of them being known. Dr. Günther has very truly said that "*Chelonians* possess great tenacity of life, surviving injuries to which other reptiles would succumb in a short time. The heart of a decapitated tortoise continues to beat for many hours after every drop of blood has been drained from the body, and the muscles of the trunk and head show signs of reflex action twenty-four hours after the severance of the spinal cord. The longevity of tortoises is likewise a well-known fact." Several years ago I personally made some of these experiments on a few box-tortoises, and am prepared to fully confirm what Dr. Günther has said above. He is also right about tortoises living to a great age, some of the species over a century, and I should not be surprised that our box-tortoise might, under proper conditions, be kept alive in confinement for more than half that time. The breeding habits of these reptiles are truly extraordinary; every imaginable phase and fancy of them being characterized by great deliberation and utter disregard for the length of time it consumes in their accomplishment—quite in keeping, indeed, with their slow growth of body and the remarkable ages to which they attain.

RHODE ISLAND BIRD NOTES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over my note book for 1895 I find that I have a record of seventy-six species of birds observed, all but seventeen of which were found within the city limits.

In January we found the black-crowned night herons sitting like gray sentinels in the tall pines of the park swamp, where they have passed several winters safe from harm. They probably find subsistence in the open spring holes and the outlet of the park lakes.

This same swamp is a great place for birds; here in winter the little brown wren can be found playing hide and seek among the roots and dirt of the upturned trees, with unruffled plumage and tail always at the same angle. Flocks of tree sparrows winter here with their friends, the black-cap titmice and golden-crowned kinglets. These latter birds are very tame while with us. I have stood in a clump of pines in a driving snowstorm, and had them fly so close to my face that I could feel the wind from their wings. They are cheerful little birds, always hunting for grubs, apparently happy in the roughest weather. The brown creeper is another busy little bird, but a hard one to find, its markings are so nearly like the bark of the trees which it frequents. This bird starts at the ground and runs up the tree trunks to the lower branches, and then with a rolling note he is off for fresh hunting grounds.

In February I found all of the above birds with the addition of crows, bluejays and flickers. I watched a bluejay hold an acorn under one foot and hammer it until he succeeded in getting out the meat, when he dropped the shell and wiping his bill on a small twig he flew to his stone house for more.

On March 18 I heard the first song of the song sparrow, and recorded the arrival of my first purple grackle, and counted five flickers, and a number of juncos and white-bellied nuthatches were also seen. The first pair of bluebirds were found on March 24, within the city limits; the next were seen in April in the country while on a trouting trip; they were scarce last year, and we shall watch for them more carefully this spring.

On May 5 I found a screech owl's nest in an oak. The old bird was looking out of her doorway or I should not have noticed it, but I did not disturb her and hope she raised her brood in peace. In the spring and summer robins, orioles and vireos were very common, nesting in the trees of the resident portion of the city.

Scarlet tanagers and rose-breasted grosbeaks are becoming more common with us, and I saw more last year than ever before, but the grosbeaks are rather shy and have to be hunted for. In August the night herons were still in the park swamp, and I think they breed there in the tall pines, as a number of bulky nests can be seen in those trees.

We had a rubythroat that stayed around the flower beds all summer and into the fall, Sept. 23 being the last day we saw him on his favorite perch on the telephone wire.

On Nov. 3 while walking through a cedar and pitch pine grove I was startled by a *whir, whir!* a few feet in front of me, and looked up just in time to see a pair of Bob Whites disappear over the treetops. About 20ft. to the left I heard a rustle and carefully looking behind a small cedar saw Bob No. 3. He walked out in the open, looked at me for an instant and then went up in the air like a rocket. A little further on the fourth and last one went up and away.

I was almost home when *honk! honk!* came down to me from the sky, and looking up I saw a string of geese flying due south. There were about fifty of them, as near as I could count. Why is it that the *honk!* of the wild goose stirs the blood in our veins? Does it arouse the savage that still lies dormant in most of us? John Burroughs says: "I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

In December we tramped down to where Gaspeel Point runs its long yellow finger out into the blue waters of Narragansett Bay. Here we found shore larks running along the sands searching for food; white gulls were flying low over the water, and far out in the bay a flock of ducks were resting, keeping a sharp eye open for gunners. In a hollow back of the point we found a downy woodpecker, black-capped titmice, tree sparrows and goldfinches in winter plumage. NUTHATCH.

Grizzly Bears in Labrador.

DR. ROBT. BELL, of the Dominion Survey, says that a paradox to zoölogists is the presence of the grizzly bear in the forested area of Central Labrador, as he does not occupy the intervening country which lies between that peninsula and his Western home in the Rockies. Two hundred and nine species of birds have been noted, but with the exception of the two species of ptarmigan, game birds are not plentiful. Forty-five species have been discovered since Dr. Coues prepared his list thirty-six years ago.

Bird Notes.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 24.—Sunday, Feb. 16, I observed the first robin. A few days of zero weather followed, and after that and up to date mild and springy. This morning, while taking a three-mile drive in the country, I saw and heard a number of bluebirds, also meadow larks. I was informed afterward that the latter had been around for a number of days. Last year I noticed the first robin Feb. 27 and bluebirds March 8. T. M. S.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Feb. 25.—Mr. A. Dulmage, fur buyer, recently purchased the skin of a small silver fox, which was shot within twenty miles of this city, also three cross fox skins. Pine grosbeaks, which are rare visitors, are here in large numbers. This is the third time within fifteen years that they have wandered hither from their Northern home. The birds are remarkably tame. A high-holder was seen here yesterday. This is the earliest visit of this migrant that has come to the knowledge of the scribe. R. S. BELL.

ASBURY PARK, N.J., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw to-day near Woodbridge, N. J., a large flock of blackbirds and robins, the first I have noticed this season. It is to be hoped that these harbingers of spring have not made their debut prematurely. Strange, isn't it? how those familiar sights stir up the blood and intensify one's longings for the fields, the streams and woodland delights. LEONARD HULIT.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—On Feb. 15 I was riding in Chicopee Falls when a big red-breasted robin alighted on a tree right over the street. I stopped my horse, and my companion and I feasted our eyes on the rare sight. We were within 20ft. of him. A. B. U.

Dr. Elliott's African Expedition.

DR. D. G. ELLIOTT, Curator of the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, sailed on Wednesday, March 4, from New York, on his contemplated trip to Africa. As stated some weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Elliott expects to visit Mashonaland for the purpose of there collecting specimens of large African mammals for the Field Museum. He is accompanied by the chief taxidermist of the museum, and there can be no doubt that, with reasonable good fortune, the results of this expedition will be important. Dr. Elliott goes from here to England, where he will learn all the latest news about the little-known country which he proposes to visit. He has recently been in consultation with Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, the well-known African explorer who recently returned from the Dark Continent.

Dr. Elliott's armament will consist of both English and American weapons. He expects to take at least two .50-100 Winchester rifles, and will probably purchase in London two 12-bore Paradox guns. He may also take some Männlicher rifles, of the effective work of which we have recently heard so much.

The news which Mr. Elliott receives in London about the abundance of large animals in the different districts of Eastern Africa will determine his course from there on. He may go to Mashonaland, or perhaps to Somaliland, and possibly even into the country of the warlike Masai. He can hardly reach East Africa before May or June next, and after he leaves the coast nothing will be heard of him until he returns to it again. It is likely that he will spend six months in the interior, and may return to this country some time next winter.

The Linnæan Society.

THE annual meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, March 24, at 8 o'clock, and a public lecture will be delivered in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, March 3.

March 3, public lecture, William Libbey, "Two Months in Greenland," illustrated by lantern slides.

March 24, L. S. Foster, "Remarks on Twenty Species of Birds frequently observed in New York City and Vicinity."

Walter W. Granger, "Mammals of the Bitter Creek Desert, Wyoming," postponed from meeting of Feb. 25.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NAT. HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

REARING PHEASANTS.

HOLLAND, Mich., Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our game and fish protective association has lately completed an addition to our pheasantry, and as I have had the rearing of the pheasants in charge for the past two years I will, for the benefit of clubs or individuals desiring to rear these birds with which to stock our woods and fields, give a description of our yards and breeding coops and our method of rearing and feeding the young.

For a breeding pen of five birds our yards are 8×16ft. and 5½ft. high, covered with 3in. mesh wire poultry netting. Perhaps 2ft. higher would be better, although I do not know as it would, for we have not had a bird killed by flying against the top when frightened. We had a supply of 4ft. netting on hand, so used that. The yards are boarded up 1½ft. at the bottom; use 1ft. wide stuff sunk 6in. in the ground. In each run we have two perches, 1½ and 3ft. from the ground; upon these the pheasants like to sit and preen themselves. At one end of each yard, and connected with it, is a coop or box 1½×3×1½ft., with a sloping roof to shed the rain. One-half of this roof serves as a door, and to make things safer a sliding door is arranged inside. Owing to the abundance of English sparrows, all grain fed is placed inside the box in a trough made by nailing a narrow piece of board at an angle on one side of the box. A small shelf upon which to place the drinking fountain may be put up. A door with a sort of entry to keep out rain or snow is made in the front of the box; also a window, 8×10in., covered with glass and protected on the inside by wire netting.

The birds often resort to this box during heavy rains, or to scratch in the sand when there is snow on the ground. Always build your yards on high, dry ground, and arrange them so that the boxes will face the south. The different yards should be connected by gates, so that one may pass from one to the other, as it is sometimes necessary to do in gathering the eggs.

Our nesting or hatching boxes are 15 × 15 × 15in., with a sloping roof serving as a door. No bottom is made for these boxes; simply fasten a piece of 1in. mesh wire netting on, so cats or other animals cannot dig under and get the eggs or the sitting hen. Attach to this box a run 4ft. square and 18in. high, sunk 6in. in the ground, and covered with 1in. mesh netting. On top, at the end next the box, make a door 1ft. wide and the full width of the run; really, you make two doors by cutting this door in two about 1ft. from one end. You can use the small door for watering and feeding, and the larger one for convenience in catching the young pheasants when you wish to remove them to a larger run.

When the birds are 4 to 6 weeks old you will need to give them more room. Our runs for birds after this age are 4 × 8ft. and 3ft. high, boarded up 1ft. at the bottom and covered with 1in. mesh netting. The coops attached to this are 24 × 24 × 24in.

Now, as to sitting hens. Get bantams if you possibly can. I have used larger hens with success, but they are so clumsy and heavy that many eggs are sure to be broken and young birds stepped upon and killed. We have a fine flock of buff Pekin bantams which we will use this year. They are just the right size, have an abundance of fluff feathers and make good mothers and sitters. Should any one desire eggs or young stock next fall, we can supply them.

Before setting the hen dust her feathers full of Persian insect powder and place some in the nest, which is best made of a fresh sod hollowed out in the center beneath and covered with a little straw or chaff. Occasionally before the eggs hatch pour a little water around the edges of the sod so that they will not get too dry. Eggs will not hatch well without moisture.

All the eggs in a sitting do not hatch in the same length of time, therefore it is well to remove the young chicks soon after they are hatched to a warm place until you are sure no more eggs will hatch. If you do not do this your hen may leave her nest as soon as a few birds are out of the shell, for you know that pheasants run about soon after hatching, and the hen is apt to follow them.

For the first few days keep hen and chicks in a small coop or box, where the hen cannot move around much. In three or four days the chicks will be quite strong and will have learned the call of the hen. You can then put them back in the nesting box and run, and leave them there for about a month, after which remove to the larger runs. Do not crowd young pheasants too much; when 3 months old they require nearly as much room as the old birds. Do not allow the young chicks to get wet or they will die. I cover the smaller runs every night and during rains with old matting, oil cloth, etc. Keep plenty of straw in the boxes, so that they may have a dry and warm place in which to roost.

Food for the newly hatched birds should consist of eggs boiled hard, chopped fine, shells and all, and mixed with about an equal quantity of ground barley; add to this a little animal meal, and once a day some bone meal. For the first week feed four or five times per day. After that three times will be sufficient and then you can begin to add a little grain to their diet. At four weeks grain can compose half the food, after which you may give less and less barley and eggs each week. After ten or twelve weeks they will need no more of the egg. Wheat and cracked corn, with a little barley, is about all you need in the line of grain. From the first give plenty of green food, such as clover, grass, lettuce, etc., each day; also a little chopped meat every day or two. Keep plenty of pure, fresh water where they can get it. It is best to use the patent drinking fountains, for if you use an open vessel many young birds will be drowned.

We are stocking with the English ring-neck. I have had no success with the Chinese pheasants imported from Oregon. Out of thirty hatched none lived over a month.

Last year we sold a number of sittings of eggs from our English ring-necks to different clubs and individuals who wished to stock with pheasants. This year we have a larger breeding stock and can furnish a few sittings at $5 per sitting.

The birds we liberated last spring have done exceedingly well, and we feel very much encouraged. One pair reared nine young, and all were alive a short time ago. Reports of flocks of five, eight, twelve and seventeen are frequently made.

Pheasants are our coming game bird, and those interested in game protection and propagation should investigate the matter. In my opinion money spent on importing Southern quail is wasted, for a hard winter kills them off. ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL,
Sec'y-Treas. Rod and Gun Club.

Hard Times and Game Laws.

I HAPPENED to be in Peekskill last Saturday evening, and while I was walking up from the station two young fellows passed me, and I heard the following dialogue:

"I say, Jim, how 're you getting on?"

"Oh, very well."

"How the deuce can you say you are gettin' along very well when you haven't done a stroke of work in three months? These are the hardest times I have ever seen. The times are so hard that you can't go shootin' nor you can't go fishin'. Take these laws just as they are at the present time; now look at it; if a duck comes up the river I can't shoot it; if I do there will be one of those game detectors after me; and I read in the paper a little while ago that Grover went duck shooting and shot them by the back load. Then look at the fishin' laws. Why, a poor devil like me can't go down here and catch a bass that weighs ½lb. or less; if you do another one of these detectors is around. I tell you these times have got to change. Mills ain't a-runnin', can't get any work, can't go a-shootin' or nothin'; what the deuce are we goin' to do?" H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ADIRONDACK DEER AND GUIDES.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the number of deer killed being placed at 5,000, one writer with a great deal of discernment suggests: "The truth of these statements should be weighed with due regard to the motives which actuate them, when legislation is contemplated. It is obviously to the advantage of both hotel keepers and guides, wherever located, to sound the praises of their immediate section of the hunter's paradise. It is their common and not reprehensible object to lure the tenderfoot to their locality and induce him to leave as much cash as possible. For this reason it is good business policy to convey the impression that deer are lurking almost within sight of the hostelry, patiently waiting to be killed; hence the temptation to swell the number killed in that particular locality."

What is most favored by the guides is a restriction on hounding from Oct. 10 to Nov. 10, making jack-hunting illegal, and giving until Nov. 15 to dispose of all venison.

By this arrangement, you see, all still-hunting is done away with, and the reason for it shows the honesty of the guides advocating the change.

Hounding goes on for the full open season, the conscienceless guides of a certain class using what they call "still hounds," or dogs that run the trail without barking.

These guides hunt for market. Pass a law prohibiting sale of venison under any circumstances, and by putting the whole season into hounding give the honest hunters a chance with the dishonest or the former will soon follow in the steps of the latter.

The guides almost universally oppose killing deer in the water and call the slayer a club hunter, a name originating from a time when the hunters waited on bodies of water, and rowing up to the deer catch him by the tail and club him into insensibility; as one guide puts it, "If a man can't kill a loping deer on a runway he'd better shoot sheep."

The statement that deer are decreasing in the Adirondacks, whether there were 5,000 killed last fall or no, is essentially erroneous; the very fact that so many were killed shows that they are on the increase. I have asked innumerable club land-owners, residents and guides, and they vary from simply more to 5 to 1 more deer in their particular locality than there were five years ago.

The law is all right to-day, but if any changes are made it should be in the line of prohibiting all sale of venison, putting the season later, restricting it to thirty days, with five days more to dispose of the venison, do away with jack-hunting and the period of still-hunting, which gives dishonest hunters a chance to run their silent hounds, stop killing deer in the water and you will have a law which can be enforced; its very simplicity will be its recommendation, and it will receive in its enforcement the hearty co-operation of every resident and guide of the Adirondacks. In the end all will come to see that on the conscience of the guide depends the fate of the Adirondack deer; and despite his maligners he is a business man; his stock in trade is Adirondack game; he is a hard-headed business man and realizes the situation as well as another, and he will preserve the deer at all cost. But he says that when deer are so plentiful that 5,000 can be killed in a fall (on paper at least), and that when the wolves are returning to the Adirondacks because of the increase of deer, and when feed is not any too plentiful to support what deer there are now, he won't worry about their being enough deer to start his pup after for many a year.

In regard to the report of the number of deer killed, a veteran guide says: "I have known nearly as many as that number (5,000) killed around the bar-room stove in one night, besides b'ar and fishercats without number. At that time I rather doubted the truth of the reports of the different hunters, but when these same hunters are answering questions asked by a game commissioner who has previously primed the hunters for the occasion with a great many rounds of 'red-eye,' their awe for that great and mighty representative of the whole world of tenderfoots would be so great that they would break all previous records."

Whether the breaking of records would be in the line of telling the truth or otherwise I leave the reader to infer. P. S. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 15 one of your correspondents deplored a possible change in the existing deer law, excepting the repealing of that portion relating to hounding and jacking, for the reason that teachers and parents will be denied the opportunity of hunting deer, should the opening of the season be put off to Sept. 1. Surely this is a matter to cause much regret, but would it not be better to delay the opening of the school season for two or three weeks also, or even forego the pleasures of the chase, rather than permit poor does to be shot down at the time they are weaning their fawns, and while their meat is still unfit for use, leaving their young to die the slow death of starvation? I mention does for the reason that a buck can rarely be found during the last two weeks of August in the Adirondack Mountains, as everyone familiar with this animal's habits and customs at this time will acknowledge; but the does, feeding with their fawns on the lowlands of the mountains, are not a very difficult prey. JOHN E. FORBES.

201 WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your last issue contains an article from J. M. Graves, Potsdam, N. Y., and I am fully in accord with his ideas that to protect our deer and stop the decrease both hounding and jacking should be prohibited by law. But in his statement of "greatest good to the greatest number" as a reason that the open season should include, as it now does, part of August, that it may accommodate teachers, parents and others who are obliged to report at home Sept. 1, it seems to my mind his idea for fair play exceeds his judgment, or at least is contrary to what should be if we are sincere as to protection for the deer as against our own pleasure and dates to gratify it.

I believe that no deer should be killed in August in any manner whatsoever, because the bucks at that date, by reason of horn maturing, are not often seen, and the killing in August is nearly all of does, which is of itself bad if we are sincere in our ideas for the increase. But there is yet another bad feature: all fawns born in the Adirondacks must have the nourishment of the mother the entire month of August, and the death of does then means death to the fawns at that time, not in every case, but in the majority; and those fawns that do not actually die by being deprived of the mother's nourishment mature in a stunted manner, and as yearlings can be easily known. Either a small, poor male or a barren doe are the results of the mother's death in August.

Let our friend reconsider the harm done in August by lawful killing of does, and it will outweigh more than his argument to accommodate persons who cannot by reason of business give time to deer hunting at a later date. I go to the Adirondacks annually, and business requires it in May and June, but I do not want an open season just because I cannot go in September, for my principle is for deer protection and not for my own accommodation nor that of any man or set of men. But killing a doe in August is often as fatal to the fawn, as explained, as though my early dates of going to the woods allowed killing at that time before the fawns are born.

Both results would be about the same practically, and the increase of deer lessened by more than the death of the doe at any date before September. I am not in favor of supervisors' laws, or special waters excepted, etc., etc., nor constant dickering with game laws, but both hounding and jacking should be prohibited, August entirely cut out, and possibly all deer killing stopped for five years; but I do not advocate the last measure, as there are bad features to it, one of which would make it an invitation that would be accepted by a horde from other States to come at the end of the closed period to the Adirondacks, and great would be the slaughter and bad would be the effects.

I do not believe with some that more deer are killed out of season than in season. While some are no doubt killed when season is closed, I believe the number far less, and there is no question that the law protects, yet would be better if better enforced. S. E. STANTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Protection.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 28.—A late decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court, which was duly mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM, has attracted much attention, as it was thought to open the way of Minnesota game dealers to enlarge their traffic in the game of other States, and thus incidentally to endanger the game of Minnesota. Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, has been interviewed by mail by FOREST AND STREAM, and it develops that he does not share the general belief that the Minnesota law has gone to pieces. Mr. Fullerton says the game dealers made a great hurrah over this decision, which allowed them to bring in game from Dakota, in spite of the clause forbidding possession of game between certain dates in Minnesota. (The decision, it will be remembered, was merely technical, and held the Minnesota statute to apply only to Minnesota game, because its title was "An Act for the Preservation of the Game of Minnesota.") So sure were the dealers that they could walk through the Minnesota law that they at once flooded Dakota with circulars and began bringing illegal game into Minnesota.

And in spite of the Supreme Court, Warden Fullerton went right on seizing all such illegal game.

That would appear to be a pretty good kind of warden to have in the family.

Warden Fullerton says, "We didn't care if the game came from Honolulu, we have kept right on seizing it." He bases his action on a section of the law which states specifically that the possession of any game or fish out of season is *prima facie* evidence that it is the property of the State, to disprove which assumption it is necessary for the party holding such game to produce the evidence of the party who actually caught or killed it. It is a poor law which can't squint two ways, and it is a matter of congratulation that Warden Fullerton has succeeded in catching a wink from the other eye of justice. Of the success of his plan he says, "I am glad to say it has had a wonderful effect."

So we may believe that all is not yet lost in Minnesota.

Interstate Assistance.

Another interesting phase of protective work is brought up by Mr. Fullerton in his mention of the assistance rendered mutually by the wardens of Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin. Mr. Fullerton states emphatically the advantages of such co-operation. He says, "When illegal game is shipped out of Minnesota into any one of these States, the Minnesota Commission is furnished with the names of the shippers; we are then in a position to prosecute. The same way in Wisconsin and Dakota. When we find out the names of shippers, we furnish them to the authorities, and they in turn make it warm for the offenders. We consider this to be a most vital question, and we believe that if these States and a few others near by which have still some game left would co-operate and combine to regulate the laws regarding shipments of game from one State to another, the game law question would be solved for the Northwest.

Sportsmen will Fight It.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will back the prosecution of the case against H. Clay Merritt, the Kewaunee cold storage man who won the suit against him last week in the Circuit Court, as reported in FOREST AND STREAM. The State Association will furnish what funds it can to prosecute the appeal to the next higher tribunal, the Appellate Court, and gun clubs will be asked to aid liberally as they can in fighting this case, so extremely important to the sportsmen of Illinois and the entire West. The case will probably come up at the May term of court, the same session in which Merritt's appeal will be heard. This will leave time to get into the Supreme Court by September or October, and the whole affair should be settled before next winter, so that the sportsmen can if defeated ask for a better law in the next legislature.

At the Seat of War.

At the seat of war some interesting things are to be learned regarding the complications in this singularly involved case. Mention was made last week of the fact that State's Attorney Emory A. Graves had filed libel suits against Warden Blow and two Chicago dailies. This action dates back to last summer, when Attorney Graves brought the criminal prosecution against Merritt which resulted in the fining of the latter $805, and which had the further result of acting as a bar in the suit *in rem*, which failed last week. It was an absurd thing to allege improper motives to Attorney Graves, though the action could not have been better to insure his popularity at home, where the city sportsmen have not been popular. As a matter of fact, it was the duty of the State's Attorney to prosecute Merritt, and, as he explains now, he had only three months within which to prosecute under the statutes. He therefore could not wait for the city sportsmen, and went ahead. In his bill he had over 27,000 counts, one charge for each bird Merritt had in possession. The document he prepared was therefore a most unique one in the history of criminal law. It made a mass of closely written typewritten manuscript over 18in. thick. This was bound together by iron rods fastened with nuts, and the whole made a tidy weight of over 60lbs. The country jury to whom this was submitted knew they did not dare fine Merritt even the lowest amount on each count, for that would mean the ruin of a fellow-citizen. They fined him $5 each for the 161 birds he was proved to have sold out of season, and as to the rest they decided they would not impose any fine. Merritt appealed this case, and the rest as to the suit over the birds left in the freezer is now ancient history. It may have been possible that Warden Blow feared the result which came last week, and so was hasty in charging Mr. Graves with acts and motives entirely foreign to his mind. Mr. Graves acted clearly as his duty dictated, and if Merritt eventually goes clear it will not have been his fault. There is a rumor that Mr. Graves will not push these suits, having only thought them necessary to vindicate his character. But so the war goes on merrily enough. The end of it we shall hardly see before next fall, but when it comes down from the Supreme Court there is every likelihood of a victory for the sportsmen, as we have one or two decisions already of record in this State which cover much the same point as that at issue.

Nebraska Sportsmen.

The Nebraska Sportsmen's Protective Association is engaged in organizing a mutual protective league against dog thieves, and is sending out cards soliciting membership at the nominal fee of twenty-five cents to cover printing and record expenses. The members pledge themselves to aid in the search for any dog reported lost, strayed or stolen. When a dog is lost by a member he at once notifies all other members by postal card, giving description of the dog, time of loss, etc. This plan is still young, but is expected to develop into a movement of great utility to owners of dogs. Good results are already obtained and the idea seems to be bound to spread. There are members in every county of the State. Mr. John H. Mooney, Arapahoe, Neb., is secretary of the association and should be addressed.

The game laws of Nebraska are inefficient and poorly observed, and the State has no warden. One of the purposes of the Sportsmen's Protective Association is to try to get a good warden and some better laws.

And they Cry Out even in Montana.

Even in far Montana they begin to realize that the game is going and that swift measures must be taken if it is to be retained. Mr. H. Percy Kennett, chairman of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, at Helena, Mont., is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Sidney M. Logan, of Kalispell, Mont., which recounts a sad state of affairs in the great Flathead game country, and asks help from the State gun clubs to put in an active game warden in Flathead county during the four months when most of the game butchery is done. Mr. Logan says comparatively few elk and deer are killed until the snow has driven them in great bands out of the mountains into the lower lands in search of food. He paints a sad picture of what happens then:

"During the winter," he says, "when the snow is deep and the feed scarce in the mountains, these animals move down into the valleys in the neighborhood of settlements and are slaughtered by the hundreds. I could tell you of a great many instances where one or two hunters have killed from 80 to 300 deer in a single winter. The fact is, that during the deep snows all that is necessary for a man to do in the neighborhood of Tobacco Plains, Stillwater, Whitefish, Swan Lake, Liberty, Troy and North and South Forks of the Flathead River, is to cut down a few fir trees, and the deer will gather around for the purpose of eating the moss. It is no trouble, at such times, to kill as many deer as a person wants. It is simply a matter or question of ammunition.

"The ease with which deer are killed in the winter time encourages a great many persons to kill them for their hides alone. Last winter, within twenty miles of this place, two men killed over eighty deer with the view of shipping them to Eastern markets; but the officers were on the alert, and they found no opportunity of making the shipment. The consequence was that the carcasses were thrown into the Stillwater River, and the hides sold for 30 or 40 cents apiece.

"As I stated, it is impossible to secure sufficient protection from the county authorities alone. The county is a large one, is in debt, the expenses are heavy, a very small proportion of the land in this county is taxable, and the result is the Commissioners do not feel justified in going to the expense of maintaining the office of game warden.

"If you feel that the gun club will do anything toward adopting this suggestion, kindly advise me at once, and I will bring the matter before our club, of which I am a member."

In the above Mr. Logan unwittingly brings into view some of the principles involved in Warden Fullerton's opinions on interstate assistance. The idea is the same, though the field is narrower. The other portions of Montana are asked to help a good game country, which is too poor to help itself. It is a question of thick and thin. To-day the game is thick only in regions where the population is thin. Where the population is thin the people cannot afford to take care of their game. Since the regions of thick population have so great and direct an interest in the game of the thin regions, does it after all seem unreasonable they should be willing to help in preserving the game which they are willing to treat as though it belonged to them? So far from such help being a generous act, it is only one of thoughtful selfishness, and as such it should appeal to the bulk of shooters, they being made up of average humanity. It is the right thing for the thick country to help the thin. Unless this be the case, our game is as sure to disappear as that the night will come after the day. The artificial lines of State

county or township cut no real figure in this. The game of Maine was never protected and preserved by the State of Maine. It was really preserved by the thick population of New York and Boston, who took in money enough to incite and enable Maine to protect her game for them. The result all over the West can be figured out in a similar way to an absolute commercial certainty, a proposition of supply and demand. Game is to-day a luxury which a thin country cannot afford. If the thick country wants it, it will in one way or another have to pay for it, or see the luxury cease to be produced. The passage of every year will make the truth of this more apparent. The day of wild nature and wild game in America is passing very rapidly. Soon we must come to the less desirable and more artificial times of restraint and limitation. It is the fat kine which will then eat up the lean. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MOOSE CALLING.

IN your issue of Jan. 25 Mr. F. A. Mitchell asks, "Is moose calling any better than deer shining?" Well, I don't know anything about deer shining, but I do know some few things about moose calling.

I do not want to be ranked as one who "pours forth a torrent of ridicule or abuse," because as FOREST AND STREAM readers well know, Tiam is no stranger to either abuse or ridicule, but I am fond of moose calling and must say something in its defense, although without any hopes of converting Mr. Mitchell; we all know the saying "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Let us take in order the apparent objections urged against calling. First, "it was a mighty cold and tedious piece of business." Had Mr. M. been with me one cold rainy day last fall, when I spent fully two hours crawling along on my stomach through snow 18in. deep (which went up my sleeves, and down my neck and into every crevice of my clothes), in my endeavor to get within shooting distance of a fine bull caribou feeding in front of us, had he been there he would have agreed with me in saying it was "a mighty cold and tedious piece of business."

Place against this instance my last successful moose hunt. We left camp a little before dawn on a beautiful mild morning in early October, when all nature in her beautiful russet brown robes was looking her loveliest and best, and going out on the barren we sat down in a convenient place all nicely wrapped up in our blankets and there watched the awakening of life, the coming of the day. Later came the intense interest and excitement occasioned by the sound of the gradually approaching moose; then, when it came out from the fringe of bushes, what a glorious sight it was, that noble animal standing there endeavoring to catch some sniff of danger; and then the uncertainty as to how close he would come, and if some whiff of wind might not carry down our scent to him.

Now of the two, which afforded most solid comfort and most enjoyment? I think no one will have much trouble in deciding.

Don't think for a moment, mind you, that I advocate the easiest method of hunting as being the best method; the foregoing is merely a comparison to decide which was most cold and unpleasant.

For that large class of moose hunters, men of business, who seldom enjoy a day afield except on their annual outing, and those also advanced in years, which number includes some of our most noted and most successful hunters, I think "calling" offers by far the easiest and best way for attaining their end.

I would like to see some of the many included in the above description cover sufficient ground to assure success in a short hunt by still-hunting on our ground here. I have youth and strength and a lot of outdoor exercise all the year round, and yet with it all, on a hunt this last year, in November, of two weeks' duration, on every day of which we covered about fifteen miles—all I wanted to do—the night would come finding me so heartily tired that I could hardly move. Yet we had good luck and still-hunting was good, and I go back to it as the best hunt I ever had, although by all means the hardest work.

Secondly, Mr. Mitchell says, in effect, that the guide does everything toward getting the moose, except the mere shooting (which he often does also, I think), in "calling;" but I ask, in still-hunting does not the guide just as often do the whole business too? All the sportsman does is to follow the guide wherever he leads, and to shoot when the time comes.

Probably we have better moose hunting here in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick than anywhere else in America. I know either personally or by repute every guide of any note and nearly all the local sportsmen, so I know what I am saying when I state that the number of men who do the still-hunting themselves is not nearly as large as of those sportsmen who can and do call themselves.

I can call myself fairly well, and I must say the mere calling adds but very, very little to the pleasures of success.

The bull moose may not be himself during the rutting season, he may have his judgment warped and his caution may be largely destroyed; but this I know, he is cute enough and cautious enough to suit the most of people, and entirely too cute and cautious for some. It is not the first time I have known them to outwit the most noted hunters.

Any man going into the woods and getting his moose either by calling or by still-hunting is, in my opinion, amply fitted to take his place at the table of the highest sportsmen in the land.

I know the above will not convince Mr. Mitchell, but if I had him down here for a week or two in September or early October I think he would go home a convert to the sport of moose calling. TIAM.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Quail in Vermont.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: On the afternoon of Feb. 25, while driving in Vermont, having left the lake at Chimney Point and driving north, I saw two quail cross the road ahead of me and fly into a clump of alders, just back from a marsh on the lake shore. There may have been more ahead of them that I did not see, but these were good strong birds and the first I have seen this winter, although I have not been over to inquire or look after them. I am rather surprised that any lived through the cold snap of 30° below zero that we had last week.

CALIBERS OF HUNTING RIFLES.

NORWICH, Conn., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is an article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, written by Mr. Cecil Clay, in which he rejoices in the excellent work which he has done with the .44cal. rifle. I am impelled to express my own views on this gun and also to make a comparison. In the first place I personally know of more than one deer hunter who regrets that he ever used such a gun. I recall incidents of animals having gone miles through the woods, suffering and bleeding sufficiently to be tracked, but not enough to lie down and die. It is not necessary to relate these particular incidents, as one is in a pleasanter frame of mind when not dwelling on such cruelty.

While it is perfectly natural for a man to become attached to some particular gun which has done him service, at the same time one should not become so infatuated with an antiquated firearm as not to be able or willing to see its faults, and faults which I consider serious ones.

While Mr. Clay has done excellent work with this gun on account of his skill as a marksman, I believe he could have done better with another gun.

When a moose would go 300yds. with a .44-40-200 he would probably go 100 with a .45-75-350 or 50yds. with a .50-100-450. If these guns I mention will make this difference there are reasons why they will. There are practical scientific reasons why one rifle and cartridge is better than some other one.

The rifle and cartridge must be adapted to each other. So we will put away all prejudices against new models and all reverence for old pets which have perhaps given us pleasure, and bring to us memories of many a pleasant vacation in Maine or the Adirondacks.

In selecting a hunting rifle certain points must be considered:

1. Caliber.
2. Penetration.
3. Trajectory.

In addition I may mention stunning power, twist and weight, also of greatest importance, accuracy.

A rifle must possess killing power; and as you lessen the caliber you lessen the killing power; therefore as you increase the caliber you increase the killing power.

In deer shooting death is caused more quickly by loss of blood on account of the exit of the bullet than at the point of entrance. Very little blood may be lost at point of entrance, while the deer will be bleeding profusely at the opening on the other side. Therefore it is of great importance that the bullet should go entirely through the deer in order to have great killing power, and this is just what it does not do with the .44-40-200, not only from my own observation, but also from the article of Mr. Clay. In regard to penetration I wish to give some figures of tests made on pine boards, same conditions for each cartridge: .44-40-200 penetrated 9in., .45-70-405 penetrated 14in., .45-75-350 penetrated 14½in., .45-90-300 penetrated 13in., .50-100-450 penetrated 16in.

With any of these guns and cartridges except the first-mentioned the lead will not "lodge just under the skin on the other side." It will go clean through.

The next point against the .44-40-200 is its high trajectory. It is much higher than any of the other guns mentioned in my list.

The greater curve which the .44-40 200 bullet describes makes a miss more liable in the woods, and especially on water, where it is almost impossible to judge the distance of a long shot accurately. A mistake in judgment of a few yards with this gun would insure a miss, while with a gun of flat trajectory it would not be as liable to occur.

I shall also allude to the .50-110 300 and .45-90 300, which Mr. Clay says he might use for target work at 500 or 600yds.

Either one of these guns is entirely unfit for such distances. They are both high-velocity guns and are not good beyond 200yds. While a high trajectory is not best, neither is a very flat one desirable for game shooting. Long-distance target rifles must have a high trajectory when they are accurate. The .45-90 is a third-class gun at 200yds., and the 50-110 a fourth-class gun at same distance, and at 500 or 600yds. you might hit a barn and you might not. The reason for this is that when a bullet attains a certain velocity it "drifts" or is driven out of its course. This is the trouble with these two guns for long range work.

Consequently, for hunting a bullet should have low enough velocity to avoid drifting and flat enough trajectory to avoid great curvature, with sufficient size and penetration enough to go through any American game.

I should recommend the .45-75-350, and better still the .50-100 450 rifle and cartridge. Personally I use a .45-70 rifle, loaded with 75grs. of powder and 350gr. bullet, and also find the 330gr. "Gould bullet" (hollow point) very effective in tearing capacity. It is good up to 200yds., and for long range work a regular .45-70-405 shell can be used.

However, the object of this article is to warn sportsmen who contemplate getting a new gun to avoid the .44-40-200. H. W. BRANNOCK.

Non-Residents in Manitoba.

AND then as to these American shooters. These millionaire sportsmen—men who live for pleasure alone, who have plenty of time and money, and, if I may be pardoned for slang, money to "burn"—men who dote on a soft snap and know it when they see one. These are the individuals that are going to play havoc with our game unless we prevail upon the Government to nip it in the bud, and say you can't come and shoot. Some might say that this is a selfish motive to advance, but why should the sportsmen of Manitoba have their shooting season curtailed to a very limited period in order that our chickens may not be utterly wiped off our fields, and then leave the cream of our shooting to those people? It is not right or just that it should be so. These parties come here with private cars loaded to the brim with all the necessaries of life, with ammunition and everything from their own country. They go to the choicest parts of the province, have relays of dogs and everything that goes to make a shooting trip a success, and they simply slaughter our game galore, and after they have satisfied their avaricious desires they bid good-bye to the country that they would not live in, but now they will come again. Manitoba has plenty of game for the people who live here, and I feel sure that every true sportsman will do his best to see it properly protected, and I cannot see why we should make our province the pleasure ground for American sportsmen. We should look upon it as one huge game preserve and do our best to carry out the game laws to the letter, and by so doing we should have the exclusive right and privilege of shooting over it.—*Correspondence Winnipeg News Bulletin.*

The provincial government, while anxious to protect the large and small game, seem to have overlooked the all-important matter of a paid official. It can only be that they have not fully considered the matter, in the light of the great value the game is to the country, and to my mind this cannot be overestimated. It affords food to many families who would fare badly without it. Life to many a man, by virtue of the healthy exercise obtained in pursuit of it, and a knowledge of nature in all its beauty and variety. I would like to see the arm of the game warden strengthened by an act of the Legislature, making it a punishable offense for any one to kill more than twenty grouse in a day's shooting. Such an act is in force in the Northwest Territories and works well. Then to ourselves, as sportsmen, let us not gauge our superiority of skill in the field by the number of chickens we can kill in a given length of time. Let us not justify the most unsportsmanlike act of killing chickens from the tops of trees or stacks on cold days when birds are unwilling to fly, because we want them for our winter's supply; let us be satisfied to kill in a manly way what we can use during the season, let the rest go to produce sport for another year.

Following this principle faithfully is a protection in itself, and will provide grouse for all time. Each one of us will have his share and to spare, and any birds that may be killed by gentlemen from the American side, in a manly way, and over dogs, will never be missed by us.—*Correspondence Winnipeg Free Press.*

Fourteen-Hundred-Pound Moose.

BOSTON, Mass.—Having had a good opportunity to learn about moose from one of the largest game dealers in Boston, and being prompted to get at the facts from several stories I read in the FOREST AND STREAM, I took particular pains to get the average weight of such moose as the firm had handled in years past. This season they had an average lot and the largest one weighed 823lbs. with head and antlers as well as feet and skin. Another one, a large bull too, was billed at 785, the clerk said. These two were as large as they usually got. The moose that was shot by Col. Barker, of Newport, was shipped on a weigh bill at 1,000lbs. Yet I believe he did not weigh above the average, or about 800lbs. We know that horses are all shipped at 2,000lbs., no matter what the actual weight is; and it may be so as regards moose. I believe it is an estimated weight owing to the difficulty of handling them. I asked a dealer why men guessed a moose to weigh more than a horse of the same size. He said, "The men were generally full when they guessed on a moose and sober when they guessed on the weight of a horse."

I also asked after the shipment of game from other States, and I was told that but very little had been received from the West, and particularly from Minnesota. I asked why and he said that the law in that State was so strong that game could not be handled with any safety whatever, and he said further: "I made a trip to St. Paul to buy game and I offered 17 cents per pound for it there; and all I got on an order for 100 saddles was three." This was very gratifying, as I was directly interested in the passage of that part of the law of 1895 which prohibited the shipment of game out of the State.

A few caribou have been offered for sale, and a fair quantity of venison, mostly from Maine. Some venison will be received this week from Arkansas. In all sections where game is usually found the winter thus far has been mild, and there is fair promise of a larger number wintering well than in many years. ADIRONDACK.

Farmers and Game.

TORONTO, Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game laws of the United States and Canada are founded on right and justice, inasmuch as game is the property of the person owning the land on which the game is found, subject to the laws and regulations controlling the open and close seasons.

Game on public lands is public property, subject to the above mentioned laws and regulations. These being undisputed facts, I take the liberty of expressing my opinion why farmers should be game protectors. Farmers have no difficulty in renting the shooting rights over their lands at the present, and the desire of sportsmen to secure such rights will constantly increase, and it follows that the more game abounds on farms the greater remuneration sportsmen will be willing to give for the privilege of shooting it. If the farmers could be induced to care for and feed the quail during the winter months with the refuse from the grain; it would pay them better than allowing their boys to take a pot-shot at them when the poor things are driven to the vicinity of farm buildings by the inclemency of the weather.

There is no earthly reason why our game birds should decrease with the increase of agriculture. In England, where the most perfect system of agriculture prevails, game is more abundant than in any other country, and a prolific source of revenue, and I fail to see why the same results should not be obtained on this side of the Atlantic.

Game protection by farmers would also have the desired effect of bringing city people and them into closer community. There are few farmers in favorable localities but what would be occupied with summer boarders by city sportsmen and their families if game was plentiful, in connection with other inducements usually found during the summer and autumn in the country.

RANGIER.

Quail at Mount Airy.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., Feb. 1.—Although there was probably a greater number of birds in this vicinity this season than any other locality in the State and considering the general scarcity of birds the sport was fairly good, yet our people are so accustomed to great flocks of partridges that they deemed the supply inadequate and have purchased and liberated 500 quail. They are now happy in the knowledge that next season will afford better sport than any one for some time past. The large valley country and sparse population of this part of the State give the birds every chance to multiply, and it is only when they are frozen out as they were last year that any scarcity is noticeable. QUINCY & GOFF.

Iowa Game.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Feb. 24.—In walking along the streets of Sioux City to-day I had my attention called to the utter contempt shown to game laws. In front of two of the principal restaurants of the city and situated in the most public streets were large signs advertising the fact that they would and were serving prairie chicken, and in one of them was an additional sign advertising quail as being on the day's bill of fare. It looks as if the State protective associations could do a little good work here if so minded. W. R. HALL.

NEVADA, Ia., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: This has been one of the finest winters ever known in Iowa. All game has wintered nicely. Prairie chickens, of which there was an unusually large number last year in this vicinity, have not been shot nor trapped so much as in past winters. Quail would be quite plenty in a few years if they were not hunted out of season. Game laws in this part of Iowa are not respected in the least. I have seen both quail and prairie chickens on sale in our markets this winter.

There is very little timber in Story county, yet there are more wolves here than there were twenty years ago, not the small prairie wolves, but big, fierce-looking timber wolves. Along East Indian Creek, about three miles east of this city, the farmers find it almost impossible to raise poultry on account of the depredations of these sly robbers. George Chapman, who lives about seven miles northeast of town, says that he has quit trying to raise turkeys, for the wolves caught them faster than he could raise them. It seems strange that wolves should multiply in a country so thickly settled.

Rabbits are very numerous, and as many of them "hole up" in the tiling which underlies most of our farms, there is not much danger of them becoming very scarce. Even the man with a ferret cannot get them in tile drains, which are sometimes a mile in length.

If one can judge from the present outlook, we will have the best chicken shooting next fall that we have had for years.

The more I read FOREST AND STREAM the better I like it, and surely no Western sportsman can help but enjoy the department edited by E. Hough, "Chicago and the West." JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Spring Shooting.

I THINK that one of the most important and effectual things that could be done for the protection of ducks in the spring would be to have a United States law by which the season would be brought to a close all over the country at the same time. Of course this law would not prevent a State from making an amendment by which the shooting in that State could be stopped before the date on which the national law came into effect.

As affairs now stand, a man who lives in a State where the season ends on the 1st of April can go into a neighboring State where the season may not close until the 1st of May and kill his birds there. Protecting the birds in one State and leaving them unprotected in another is practically no protection at all.

The point is, at what date should this national law bring the season to a close? It seems to me that the question could be settled by laying it before the associations for the protection of game in the different parts of the country and letting them come to a decision on the matter.

Aside from the date on which the season should be brought to a close, I think that the law should include such birds as brant, geese, coot and sheldrake, which are made exceptions to the law in many States. Although it is a deplorable thing, it is nevertheless true that there are a great many men who go out after brant and coot who would shoot a duck out of season if they got the chance and wink the other eye. If one of these men be called to account, it is always "I got a good chance at the duck, and thought it would make no difference." It is bound to make a difference, and that difference will soon be only too appreciable.

In the future even the coot and sheldrake, which are now so numerous, may be materially decreased if the army of gunners continues to grow larger. Besides, the protection of such birds cannot but tend to increase their numbers and make better shooting.

In my opinion, a law is wanted which will protect waterfowl before they have begun to mate to any extent, and certainly before there could be any chance of a female bird having eggs in her. J. L. S.

[The obstacle to the scheme of a national law is that such legislation is not within the province of Congress.]

A Side Hunt on Vermin.

TACOMA, Wash., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club inaugurated an impromptu raid upon the enemies of game in Pierce county last Monday, Feb. 10. The destroyers of vermin were divided into two opposing parties, and a banquet to be paid for by the losers was hung up as an extra stimulus to exertion. About eight men actually participated in the hunt on each side, though for various reasons the score sheet shows twice this number. The hunters were captained by H. T. Denham for the Mascots, and E. B. Lanning for the Bazaars. The hunt lasted seven days, five of which were characterized by drizzling rain.

The score follows of game killed: 2 wildcats, 4 hawks, 36 skunks, 1 eagle, 3 mink, 9 owls, 7 coons, 2 magpies, 58 crows, 1 weasel; total, 123; Mascots 79, Bazaars 44.

The banquet will be given by the Bazaars Feb. 19, at the Tacoma Hotel. J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

AMONG THE GOLDEN TROUT.

LOOKING east on a clear day from the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad about Visalia in the great San Joaquin Valley of California, one can see many miles of the distant Sierras rising to a great height and falling away on the north and south, though still remaining very high. The very high portion thus seen is the region about Mount Whitney and has the greatest average elevation of any part of the United States. Fabulous reports have long been brought back from those who had explored it about the great numbers of trout in the streams and especially about the golden trout of Whitney Creek, said to be found nowhere else in the world, always a dubious claim. Last August I determined to see for myself.

From Visalia, sixty-five miles of good wagon road brought us to Mineral King, an old mining camp now used as a summer resort. This lies 8,000ft. high, with sharp rough ridges towering all around 5,000ft. higher, even the gap through which one must pass in the saddle lying 2,600ft. and looking rather alarming to one not used to rough country. Brooks that form the beautiful Kaweah River hiss in long streams of foam down almost perpendicular cliffs for hundreds of feet at a jump, and in the shoulders of the mighty hills far above the line of the last timber lie deep, clear lakes of a size one below would little suspect from a glance at the rough, steep hills above. In these are trout of immense size, over which many an expert has worried for days, exhausted all his tricks and inducements and finally fallen back on dynamite. They can be easily seen in the clear water and some have been killed weighing 10lbs., while 28in. is said to be no uncommon size. A very few have been caught on the hook at long intervals, but it is quite accidental, and the lucky man tries the same bait again in vain.

Where these streams unite at Mineral King the trout fishing is good, and so it is in miles of the Kaweah River, where large trout can be seen at almost any time lying in the clear depths. But when one goes so far he wants to see the best there is, and I was also anxious to see the golden trout and learn whether they were mythical or real; so at Mineral King we left the wagon and in the saddle climbed the high ridge and went over into the headwaters of Kern River, one of the largest streams of the Sierra Nevada. Through Farewell Gap, 10,600ft. high, we went, with huge bare cliffs of gray granite towering still above us, from the snow banks on which long lines of froth were streaming below to form the headwaters of the Kern. Where these combined into the first brook of any size the flash of the trout was seen, and a quick twitch on the line followed the first touch of the proper bait upon the water. Stream after stream went singing down the deep defiles into the West Fork of the Kern, which soon began to roar with the velocity of its increasing waters. For one who cares little for very large or rare trout there is probably no finer fishing than on this fork of the river, for it is passed by the great host of fishermen in the chase for something better.

Our ride lay all day on the old Independence trail, through stupendous mountain scenery on every hand. Peaks of 13,000ft. were everywhere, and some rose to 14,000, while long ridges of 12,000 and over were all about us. Above 11,000ft. even the spruce, becoming dwarfed and stunted at 10,000, runs entirely out, and only bare piles of granite shine in the sun. Almost all animal life disappears, though the old woodchuck that I had not seen for many a day I found fat and happy between 10,000 and 12,000ft., many of them entirely above timber line. As far as I could see without killing one they were exactly the same as the woodchuck the boy was after the day the parson was expected. We rode through long stretches of pine and over occasional open meadows green with grass, over a trail perfectly safe and in most places very good, and on the second day reached the main or North Fork of Kern River. Here we found nearly 1,000 cubic feet a second of clear cold water tearing over boulders and foaming in deep pools, and though it was midday when trout rarely bite anywhere in warm weather the first cast of a fly brought a flash from the seething turmoil and in a twinkling the light rod was bending and swaying as the line ran here and there. Standing on a boulder I could plainly see the fish as he dove through a clear spot between the frothy rapids. Not over a pound did he weigh, but he was lively and all the chances were in his favor, for boulders were plenty and the turns of the stream sharp. Careful handling he needed or in a twinkling he would be around some corner and under a big boulder, where I might speedily say goodby to fish, hook and leader. But I was so high above that it was easy to turn him, while the banks were so free of brush there was little danger of entangling the line with any sort of evolution. In toward the shore he ran and out again, then he tried to make for under the boulder I was on, but the spring of the light rod soon checked that movement. When he drove for the depths of the pool he failed to overcome the spring of the rod, and when he rushed for the rapids he found the force of the stream a source of weakness rather than of strength, and it was not long before he came to the surface with open mouth. But still he was not conquered, but made several dashes for the deeper water every time I tried to tow him into some little bay where he could be easily landed.

Another cast of the line brought a lighter fish out of the depths, but still considerable of a fish, and it was for several seconds a question whether to pull him directly out or give him a chance to play among the boulders. The latter course seemed the safer, and though scarcely over 10in. long he made a lively run among the whirling rapids and the boiling pools among the boulders. Another, another and another took the hook so rapidly that it began to look as if the fish would spoil the sport by being too plenty. I had in the early days of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Southern California seen trout as plenty as here, but had never seen such large ones bite so rapidly and in the middle of the day, when the sun was bright and the air really warm. How many one could catch here by fishing all day no one knows. As there is no feed for the horses at this point, no one stops except for lunch and few catch any more than enough for the frying pan. A half an hour's fishing secured enough for the party of six after throwing back more than twice as many small ones. They are so plenty one should really throw back the big ones or the string will soon be too heavy.

In the afternoon we pushed on to Kern Lake, a pond about half a mile long by a quarter wide, formed in the river by a slide in the great flood of 1862. Into this the fish from above and below run and stay to grow large and fat. But as it is practically but a pool in the river the fish do not get lazy, as in reservoirs generally. Here we found two old dug-out canoes and were soon out on the deep, cold waters of the lake. We could see big trout drifting about below and lounging about on the bottom of the river where it entered the lake, but nothing in the line of a fly would tempt them to the surface. This was in the morning. But then why should not well-bred trout bite early in the morning? Only because they are a law unto themselves.

We found it quite different though when the old log trough pushed out on the water, when the sunlight had sunk behind the mighty peaks that engirdled the scene and glimmered in purple and rose on bare cliffs that towered thousands of feet above the last lines of stunted spruce. The trout did not bite so rapidly as in the river, but when one did it was a bite. The first one took my fly with a rush that ran out over 100ft. of line before I fairly realized what he was about, and away off on one side he broke water and threw himself out before I could collect my scattered senses enough to dip the rod. Fortunately I had seen him rise and hooked him well. The hook caught in the gristle of his upper jaw and was anchored too firmly to shake out with any amount of slack, or by his quick movements he would have outgeneraled me. I had been demoralized with too much easy trout fishing and the boat was so clumsy to move in that he would surely have escaped had he not been so luckily hooked. He dashed about from top to bottom under the boat and then way off on the side, coming in with a rush that gave me little chance to reel in well, then darting away again before the reeling was half done. After he came to the surface with open mouth it was some time before he could be brought to the side of the boat and then it was long before we could touch him without his darting below at a pace that looked alarming for the unstable canoe. By the aid of the hook on a large knife the fish was finally landed and turned out a full 4½lbs. trout.

From 30 to 50lbs. of trout was the common catch in this lake for about an hour and a half in the evening. We were satisfied with two large ones and threw back all the rest. Most parties here do the same, only those drying trout to take home try to catch many. Except in the immediate vicinity of good grass, which gathers too many campers, the trouble with the whole stream is the abundance of fish. You cannot give them away, for every party is in the same difficulty. If you throw back the small ones you soon have too many in weight. And if you throw back the large ones you are then destroying too many of these beautiful fish. The best way is to let but one of the party handle the rod while the rest sit down and look on. When he makes a miss he must take a seat and wait until the rest have missed. Even in this way a party of fair fishermen will soon have more fish than they can eat even with a mountain appetite. These trout are the common trout of the Rocky Mountains and kindred ranges to the westward. The large ones are much more gamy than the larger trout further south, nearly all of which are found now only in artificial lakes or reservoirs. Those in Kern Lake are the equal of any fish in dash and style. Though not quite equal to the red speckled trout of the East, these trout are very fine in flavor, for the water flows but a short distance from eternal snow banks. Those who have fished all over the United States and Canada say this is the finest fishing ground they have ever seen. The distance of the stream from all points of travel, the great number of tributaries abounding in trout that no one ever troubles, the great extent of river along which, for want of grass, or from inaccessibility, no one ever casts a line, make it quite possible that this is so. Whether the best or not, it is impossible to see how any one could want anything better than the upper part of the Kern River. There are of course those who cannot catch a trout even here at first trial. But for those who understand it the only difficulty is to avoid making murder of it.

Some three miles above Kern Lake Whitney Creek, a stream of about 100 cubic feet a second, comes roaring down out of the upper world. One can ascend the cañon, but no one does if in his senses. This is easily avoided by a detour of some three miles on a fair trail up hill some 2,500ft., when you reach the stream above the main falls. Below this point it is said a few golden trout of considerable size yet linger in the main stream before it joins the Kern. But those who have fished the Kern for forty years say they have never been seen in the Kern, and very rarely have any been seen below the falls of Whitney Creek. A few have probably been caught napping, and carried over in a cloud burst. They are unable to ascend the fall and they will not go out into the Kern, although no mortal man can distinguish any difference in the water except that late in the season that of the Kern is a trifle warmer. Here they stay in about half a mile of their native stream, and it is said that all attempts to transplant them have so far failed. No matter how cold the water in which they are put or how pure it may be, they generally die, while the few that live generally lose the bright hues that make them the most beautiful of beautiful fish. Trout of the same kind, but of duller hues, are found in a few streams on the south fork of the Kern, but these will not stand transplanting any better.

As I looked at the rushing waters of the creek, across which we could hardly urge our horses, it looked so much like any other stream of pure water that I could hardly believe it contained a trout that lives nowhere else. We went on three miles to Long Meadow, containing several hundred acres of good grass land at an elevation of 10,900ft. above the sea. Around us mountains rose 3,000ft. higher, carrying plenty of snow in deep drifts, from which icy water came tearing down every ravine. After sundown it was intensely cold, and our coffee pot and string of fish froze solid at night. Yet this was the warmest water and air these fish ever see, and we found them as high as 12,500ft.

Through Long Meadow the creek wound in shining curves, with gentler rapids and more quiet pools, and here we cast the first line. We could see the trout drifting about in the clear depths with sublime indifference to our presence. But when we came to try our choicest flies they were equally indifferent to them. Grasshoppers were scarce in this climate, but after con-

siderable skirmishing I secured two. But they were of no use. No matter how carefully I hid or handled the line the trout would not yield to this bait, which is often so effective when the best flies fail. Angle worms were not to be thought of here, and it was too far to the timber for grubs. A fin or an eye might do, but we had brought no fish along and none of the new ones seemed disposed to a sacrifice on the alter of brotherly love. The trout did not try to run away, but either allowed the bait to drift around their noses or came out from under the bank and looked at it and went slowly back. In no case did they seem to care whether I were in sight or not, though later on they would not bite unless I were hidden.

I soon wearied of trying to fathom the mysteries of their tastes, played the grab game on one and slung him over 50ft. on shore at the first trial. I felt ashamed as a gleam of gold and silver sheen slid past me through the air, but really how much patience can a trout expect one to have who has come several hundred miles to see him? He was not over 7in. long, but such colors I had never before seen on a fish. The back was a combination of pearl and silver in fine scales on a background of very light olive green, looking little different from the back of a common trout while in the water, but shining in a hundred tints when brought to the sunlight in the air. Down each side were a dozen or more dark oval patches ¼in. or more in greatest length, with the longer axis upright. These seemed sunk beneath the skin, and over them ran a broad band of carmine from the gills to the tail and about ¼in. wide in the middle. The lower half of each side was of brightest gold, running into lightest lemon on the belly. Down the center of the belly was another band of carmine like that down the side. The black spots or speckles appeared about the middle of the back fin, increasing rapidly in number toward the tail. The whole seemed pellucid as a jelly fish, and against the sun was almost transparent.

And still they would not bite. Vainly I tried the eye and fin of the victim, such good bait many times when other things fail. Then I tried the larva of the salmon fly found in a case of concrete on the side of stones beneath the water. That brought a bite instanter, and another and another was tried with the same result. In half an hour they began to take the brown-hackle, and soon they would take anything. In about an hour more they stopped all along the line as if by electric signal and would look at nothing. As we had all we could eat we were satisfied, and retired to camp to freeze until sunrise, for we were not prepared for such nights as we found here.

Further down the creek we found the fish larger, though none as large as many of the common trout in the Kern. The flavor of them we found superior even to that of the Eastern trout, while in dash and spirit they were not equal to the fish in the Kern. Some were quite dull biters, and the largest one I took (about 10in. long) I should never have hooked had I not seen him rise to the fly. It is said that in times past they have reached 3lbs., but they get no chance to attain that weight now. How they maintain the nselves in that tearing stream, within a few yards of a fall that they cannot pass up, is one of the problems I leave to others. None of the common trout are found in the upper stream, though they are plenty up to the foot of the falls. And scarcely any of these are found below and none in the river. It is evident that a few have slipped over at long intervals and stay in their native stream below.

These trout present also an interesting study in biology. If life sprung from conditions instead of creation, must not heat have been one of the principal if not the principal condition. If so, is it not certain that the home of these trout was once higher and colder than it is even now? And why can they not exist in warmer waters? And when they already live under ice nine months of the year and in ice water the rest of the time, how cold do they need it for creative purposes? T. S. VAN DYKE.

ADIRONDACK FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been renewing my youth for the last few years by fishing over again the Adirondack streams in which I fished a generation ago. My preference has been for Hamilton county, and the streams within a dozen miles of Lake Pleasant. The streams remain much as they were, but everything else is changed. The woods that shaded them are gone, and the trout have almost disappeared; even establishing a hatching house in the heart of the region, the product of which was to replenish the streams, has not stopped the decrease.

I attribute this condition to a number of causes, the first and foremost of which is that the fishermen have increased in number enormously.

During my first visit, just forty years ago, in going from Lake Pleasant to the Lower Saranac, about seventy-five miles, by the streams and lakes, we met four parties, numbering nine persons, during the fourteen days we were on the way. Now one would meet hundreds in going over the same route, and if the dwellers in the hotels were included, thousands; not all fishermen, it is true, but all eager for trout.

Again in those early days the trout held the mastery in all the streams and ponds, and chub and sunfish were comparatively few and were seldom found of any size. But as all the trout taken were saved, and the occasional chub was returned to the stream by the humane fisherman, the chub has gained the mastery, and has become large and fat and self asserting, and will take the fly with all the dash of the former trout, and no doubt feed upon the fry and smaller fish, as they were formerly fed upon.

And then the hatching house authorities seine the large fish in all the adjacent ponds and streams for breeding purposes, and place the fry in comparatively few localities. The consequence is that the fishermen who supply the hotels know just what places to bait, so as to fill their orders most easily. I was told by one well informed that 40lbs. a day were taken during the height of the season by these fishermen from one lake alone, in the tributaries of which a large amount of the product of the hatching house was placed. And then the landlords, in their anxiety to please their guests, and furnish game of some sort every day, are not helping to preserve the trout. I don't know what is done out of season, as all my visits to the Adirondacks have been made during the fishing months, but they are not particular about the 6in. law. During a stay of five weeks in the North Woods last summer, in every instance when we had trout on the table the majority of them were under 6in. The excuse was that they had been caught with bait, and as they swallow it they are too badly injured to be returned to the stream. The consequence is there are few left large enough to reproduce their kind and soon there will be none in public waters.

The remedies for this state of things are many. Let fishermen destroy the trash fish when they catch them. It is said chub and sunfish are good eating when taken from cold waters. They are the first spring delicacies in the South. Let the catchers eat them—at all events do not return them to the stream—enough will remain for food for game fish if every one taken should be used to manure the land.

When the hatching house authorities use a seine in a stream or lake let it be a State requirement to return a portion of the fry produced to the stream or lake from which the parent fish are taken. In this way the streams will be enriched instead of impoverished. The inlet and outlet of Elm Lake are favorite places for using the seine. Formerly a good fisherman could always obtain there some reward for an afternoon's work, with an occasional half or three-quarter pounder; but recently none—or next to none—can be caught, and a 4oz. fish is a monster.

And then if the landlords would resolutely buy no fish under 6in. the market fishers would soon cease to catch them. It is because every size finds a ready sale that so many baby trout are too much injured to return to the water, and small streams are fished for fingerlings.

The charges in the Adirondack hotels now vary from $10 to $30 per week. At these rates the landlords could well afford to put a few thousand fry in their streams every year. The cost to them would be transportation only. There is no investment that would produce larger returns. They might count on an expenditure on the part of visitors equal to $2 per pound for all their streams would produce. The reputation for good fishing took a party of seven, of which the writer was a member, to a certain Adirondack resort year before last and they stayed four weeks. They paid the landlord over $350. There were not 30lbs. of trout taken from brook or lake during their stay by the whole party, and they were all expert fishermen, using flies only for brook trout. The landlord couldn't understand it, of course. There must be something unusual the matter. It never had been so before, etc., etc. The fact was the streams and lake were fished out. An expenditure of from $10 to $20 per year would keep these streams and lake so supplied that fairly good fishing could always be had.

The consequence of this lack of enterprise on the part of landlords is there is no longer any fishing in public waters for those who fish for recreation. And the whole Adirondack region will in the near future be given up to private clubs and invalids, and the holiday fisherman be forced to spend his money in Canada or New Brunswick, as so many are now doing. WALTON.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish Killed by Lightning.

IN looking over the letters on my desk to-day, I found one from Mr. H. C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, containing an account of what he calls a "singular accident." The letter is dated Sept. 5, last. It seems that during a thunderstorm lightning struck one of the ponds at the State hatchery near Allentown, containing 5-year-old trout, and killing from seventy-five to one hundred of the trout. They were fish weighing from 2 to 4lbs. each. It was indeed a singular accident, the like of which I never heard of before. When I read the letter I marked it, "Look into this matter and get particulars," but I never have heard more about it by letter or in the newspapers, as I forgot all about it until to-day. It is not at all likely that such an accident as this would happen to trout in wild waters, as one might at first thought suppose, but I am curious to know if readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever known of a similar accident in any waters either in a hatchery pond or elsewhere.

Only in a hatchery pond would such a large number of big trout be found together in a small space and in such shallow water as to feel the effects of a lightning stroke. Perhaps Mr. Ford will now give the conditions existing at the time and the details of the accident, which I neglected to ask for at the time it occurred.

Record Salmon.

Newspapers, particularly angling newspapers, devote considerable space to the capture of a big salmon, and if the fish happens to be a record-breaker it is usually photographed and every detail of its capture related at length, because the record is not broken every year. Last season, when the Marquis of Zetland killed a salmon of 55lbs. while fishing the water owned by Col. Sandeman on the Tay, in Scotland, the English papers had much to say about the fish in several successive issues, and a number of photographs of the fish, its captor, the owner of the water and the pool where the salmon was killed were reproduced, because it was claimed that it was the heaviest salmon on record taken with the fly.

When Mr. R. G. Dun killed a 54lbs. fish in the Cascapedia, in Canada, the FOREST AND STREAM reproduced a fine picture of it, because it was the record salmon of this country, beating by 4lbs. the salmon killed on the same stream by President Arthur, which was the record fish at the time of its capture.

With these facts in mind I was somewhat surprised to read in a New York daily newspaper of Feb. 16 that Mr. A. K. Sloane, of the Long Island Country Club, had last summer killed a salmon of 74lbs., presumably in the Romaine River, Labrador. Here is a fish exceeding the American record by 20lbs. and the British record by 19lbs., and its capture is announced without beat of drum or blare of horn. I wonder if the reliable compositor did not for once get his hand in the wrong box of type and put a 7 in his stick when he really meant to nail a facer. The Romaine has not been noted for its exceptionally large fish, and that it should suddenly spring a 74-pounder on an unsuspecting public in the dead of winter causes one to look with suspicion on the compositor and proof-reader until other evidence is forthcoming.

On the other hand, the grand Cascapedia is noted for its large salmon. Last year, while visiting Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, president of the St. Maurice Club, I noticed on the wall of his house a photograph of a salmon from the Cascapedia which weighed 50lbs. 8oz., and was 52in. long. Dr. Drummond killed this fish on June 25, 1890, and its weight entitles it to rank between the fish of President Arthur and that of Mr. Dun.

Tarpon in Jamaica.

During my visit to Mr. Drummond in Montreal, already referred to, we talked of tarpon fishing in Florida and Texas, and he informed me that in Jamaica the tarpon furnished excellent fly-fishing. The fish do not run large, as they do in our Southern waters, but in the streams entering the sea the tarpon swarm fairly, as trout do in a well-stocked trout stream, and, averaging about 3lbs. in weight, take the fly readily. The only instance I can recall of a tarpon taking the fly in Florida waters was a small one taken by Dr. George Trowbridge, of New York city.

Record Trout.

A few years ago a friend of mine applied to the State for some brown trout fry, and when he received them planted them in a pond in Essex county, N. Y., containing no other trout than those he planted. Two years ago he and his wife fished the pond and caught trout weighing —lbs. He supposed they were brown trout and so called them, although they looked to him suspiciously like the native brook trout, but not being familiar with the European trout he was not able to note their peculiarities. Last spring he invited me to visit the pond, but it was just after the ice had left it and the water was high and thick and we caught nothing. A little later he sent me a trout from the pond "just like the other trout that had been caught out of it," and it proved to be a native brook trout. Naturally he was not disposed to find fault with a mistake at the hatchery in consequence of which he had received brook trout for brown trout, for there was but one species of trout in the pond. All the trout taken from the pond, so far as can be learned, have been large fish, 4, 5 and even 6lbs. being common, but the fish have not been abundant. To-day my friend writes me that he has learned from a reliable man, a farmer living near the pond, that last season, late in the summer, just at dusk one evening he caught a trout from the pond weighing full 7½lbs. If the trout are all like the one sent to me, and there appears to be no doubt of it, this fish was a brook trout, *S. fontinalis*, and therefore the record trout of this State, as I believe. The trout heretofore claimed to be the record fish of New York waters was found in a dying condition in Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks, and weighed 6½lbs.

Fly Tying.

Anglers in this country are not given to tying their own flies to any great extent, although it is a common practice among British anglers, where it is part of the fishing to be able to tie a fly on the stream to imitate the fly which happens to be rising at the time, provided the fly book does not furnish it. We Yankees find it much easier and a saving of time to purchase our flies of a dealer, and the trout of our waters accept them. If the trout happen not to take the flies provided by the fly book that ends the matter; "they are not feeding," and it rarely occurs to us to investigate the matter, find if the fish are really feeding, and what on, and then to tie a counterfeit on the spot. Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, has written a paper for the first annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York, in which he illustrates the difference between fly-fishing in his country and ours. All who knew the genial, kindly Uncle Reuben Wood will admit that he was a past master in casting a fly for trout; but, in company with Mr. Marston, when he tried his American flies on the English trout Uncle Reuben got a goose egg, until he was forced to put his patriotism in his vest pocket and use an English imitation of the fly then on the water where he was fishing.

Once in a while we hear of some one who wishes to learn how to tie his own flies, or to be able to fashion a special emergency fly when the occasion arises, and for such there are a number of excellent manuals, fully illustrated; but the best method of instructing a novice in fly tying, to my mind, is one practiced in England. For a small sum of money a fly dresser will send a card, to which is attached an actual trout or salmon fly in all its various stages of construction. This seems to be next best to personal instructions from a practical fly dresser, and if it were taken up in this country it might create a demand for instruction cards. We are gradually but surely discarding the conventional fly that resembles nothing under the sun in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms, and adopting imitations of natural insects. The "Joseph's coat" is still a killer in the backwoods of Canada, and so is a fragment of the tail of a shirt; but as trout become educated to the ways of the angling man they require a heap of fishing to kill them, and fine tackle and flies that resemble something other than a fantastic, disordered dream must be used or the creel will be light.

Sunapee Trout.

The fact that the State of New York is to receive some Sunapee trout or American saibling eggs from the State of New Hampshire, as announced in FOREST AND STREAM, does not meet with the unqualified approval of the New Hampshire press. An editorial article in the Manchester *Union* says: "We find the New York *Sun* and Mr. A. N. Cheney, the State Fishculturist, rejoicing together over the promise of 15,000 eggs of the rarest fish found in our waters, a fish, too, which is found nowhere else in the world, with a single exception." Perhaps so, perhaps not, as there is an honest difference of opinion regarding the identity of the fish, all of which has been threshed out in the columns of this journal; but admitting that it is the rarest fish in the waters of the world, the protest of the New Hampshire newspaper appears to be narrow in its conception and unworthy of the commonwealth. Had a Chinese wall been built around the woods and waters of that State back in 1857, when fish propagation was first publicly advocated, it would not in all probability have created the surprise that such a suggestion does in this day, when the State has witnessed the beneficial results of exchanging fish eggs and fish with other States. To-day New Hampshire has natural fish food which came from New York; landlocked salmon which came from Maine; black bass which came from New York by the way of Massachusetts; Loch Leven trout which came from Scotland, the gift of a citizen of New York; brown trout which came from the United States Fish Commis-

sion, and obtained originally by exchange with England and Germany; and rainbow trout which came from California. Had the sentiments expressed in the *Union* been prevalent some years ago, New Hampshire would not have been able now to offer the varied and excellent fishing to her people and guests which she justly boasts of, but I am inclined to think that the case of the *Union* is a sporadic one, and that the people at large believe, as they have always done, in the courtesy of exchanging fish eggs with other States, even if they do possess the rarest fish in the waters of the world.

Blanks for State Fish.

People who apply to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, for fish to be planted in the public waters of the State (and no fish are furnished by the State for private waters) should know that three kinds of blanks are provided for those who ask for them. "Trout fry" blanks should be filled out for lake trout, brook trout and brown trout. "Fish fry" blanks should be filled out for fish other than the trout mentioned, such as pike-perch, frostfish, bullheads; and a third blank is provided for black bass, of which the State furnishes no fry, as none are as yet hatched artificially. Each species of fish asked for must have a blank of its own, and the black bass application should specify whether the small-mouth or large-mouth black bass is wanted. The blanks are printed in black ink, except at the top of each one is printed in big red letters: "Application Blank for Trout Fry," Fish Fry or Black Bass, as the case may be. Again it says in red letters, "A separate application blank must be used for each kind of fish desired." Once again red letters inform the applicant that he must give a prompt and complete reply to the questions on the blanks, to enable the Commission to act intelligently on the application. In big black letters the applications recite that "All applications must be made prior to the first day of February." In spite of these warnings and injunctions one blank may be filled out for half a dozen kinds of fish, so it is almost impossible to enter it in the application book, or file it to know from the outside memoranda, with which the blank is provided to be filled, what it contains on the inside. Trout are asked for on black bass blanks and vice versa, all of which renders it difficult to keep a record of the application in its proper place in the office. Then the mixed and other applications continue to come into the office of the Commission for weeks or months after the fish are all distributed, and consequently the applications must wait until the next year. Feb. 1 is fixed as the time when applications must be in, because there is little time after that date to classify and arrange them and pass upon them before the distribution of fish begins. If applicants would give heed to the simple instructions of the application blanks the distribution of fish would be simplified.

A. N. CHENEY.

Kennebec Fish and Game Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with pleasure that I chronicle briefly the happenings of the annual meeting and banquet of the Association held at Waterville, Me., Tuesday, Feb. 25, at the Elmwood Hotel. About seventy-five or more gentlemen were present, and after the greetings of the evening had been extended to one another, a platter of fine white perch, with a noble 4½lb. trout as a centerpiece, were duly admired. The delegation of hungry sportsmen retired to the banquet hall, where an excellent menu was discussed. After cigars were lighted Hon. W. T. Haines, of Waterville, secretary of the Association and prime mover in the foundation of the Association (indeed, he is affectionately alluded to as its "papa"), reported the business doings of Association for the past year, during which $946 was expended in the interest of game and fish preservation in this county. The sum of $3,738 has been expended in the five years since the organization of the Association. From the remarks of Mr. Haines it is evident that much has been done by this Association in protecting fish and game in Kennebec county.

The officers of the Association remain as last year with the exception of the resignation of Dr. W. H. Harris as one of the directors in favor of C. M. Harris. The officers are as follows: President, W. P. Blake, Oakland; First Vice-President, Nathaniel Meader, Waterville; Second Vice-President, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; Third Vice-President, L. T. Carleton, Winthrop; Secretary and Treasurer, W. T. Haines, Waterville; Directors—W. W. Edwards, C. A. Cochrane, C. M. Harris, E. C. Farrington, A. D. Hall, G. Dexter Libby, W. P. Giddings.

Hon. P. O. Vickery spoke in an interesting manner of the work of the Association, and in conclusion presented the name of the Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, to be our next fish and game commissioner in place of E. H. Wentworth, whose time soon expires. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully and earnestly ask Hon. Henry B. Cleaves, Governor of Maine, to appoint Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, fish and game commissioner, to occupy the position of chairman of the board, and to personally look after the game department of the commission.

"*Resolved*, That the foregoing preamble and resolution be spread upon the records of this Association, and a certified copy of the same be forwarded by the secretary to Gov. Cleaves, and be published in every paper in the county."

E. H. Wentworth and H. O. Stanley, State fish and game commissioners, spoke respectively on "The Brown Trout in Maine Waters" and "Imported Game Birds in Maine." They were followed with interesting talks by Messrs. Arthur Merrill, C. F. Johnson, O. B. Clason, A. M. Spear, L. T. Carleton and G. W. Goulding. It was voted to hold the next meeting and banquet in Augusta. Everybody had a good time, and the banquet was voted a very successful and enjoyable affair. C. M. HARRIS.

New Jersey Marsh Sea Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N.J., Feb. 28.—Striped bass are moving and beginning to take the hook in the headwaters of our bays and estuaries. A correspondent, whom I consider reliable, informs me that about forty have been taken in the vicinity of Morgan Station, C. R. R., N. J., within the week last past. If this be true it is something remarkable. While the bass, as is well known, are more or less active as soon as the ice begins breaking up, yet they rarely take the hook until somewhat later, usually in April, when the bloodworm, which is their favorite food, leaving its bed in quest of a mate, presents itself an easy prey. However, the first favorable day will find me on the grounds and I will report what I find.

White perch are now plentiful in the bays and may be taken freely with the hook, provided the schools can be located. This fish is really a game fish and should be classed as such. Taken with lightest of tackle he makes a splendid resistance, and is a first-class companion for the ardent angler during the season when more attractive prey is not to be had. Regarding bait, he is not at all fastidious, taking readily the earth worm, bloodworm, a bit of clam or fish, as well as small minnows. But undoubtedly the best possible bait is the small beach flea, so abundant during the summer and autumn, but not procurable this early in the season. There is still another bait he takes with avidity, and when you have caught one perch you have two extra baits, namely, the eyes; there is nothing a perch will take more quickly than one of his fellow's optics, presented on the point of the hook. But there is repugnance in the thought, and I mention it more as a matter of information than of recommendation.

LEONARD HULIT.

Massachusetts Fishing Laws.

ON Friday, Feb. 21, a hearing was given at the State House by a committee of the Legislature on the pending House Bills Nos. 448 and 449. Bill No. 449 I described in FOREST AND STREAM of last week. No. 448 is an act to prohibit the taking of brook trout less than 8in. in length. In opposition to these two bills there appeared before the committee J. Russell Reed, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association; Mr. E. J. Brown and several prominent Boston anglers. Mr. Brown spoke at some length, referring to the measures as special legislation, and suggesting that the season be lengthened rather than shortened, if a change must be made. Mr. Reed argued the matter from a legal standpoint, and Mr. Chamberlayne attacked the measures on the same grounds. Other gentlemen present spoke on the matter, and the impression was quite general that the opposition had thrown so much light on the proposed legislation as to raise serious doubt in the minds of the committee before reporting the bills for favorable action. HACKLE.

The aged angler, benign in countenance and alert in manner, was finishing a long discourse to a group of youths, whom he was teaching the mystic methods of the angler's art. "You may perhaps use a frog or a helgramite when flies are not obtainable, and perhaps there may be times when the use of the spoon may be condoned, but, gentlemen," he hurriedly continued, "when it comes to using worms, I draw the line."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CONVICTIONS FOR CROPPING AND DOCKING.

FOREST AND STREAM has pointed out with much insistence during recent weeks that the mutilation of dogs, as practiced by the fanciers of several breeds, was contrary to law, aside from the questions of cruelty and unnecessary mutilation.

While there was a moral certainty that there had been convictions for cropping and docking, the records of any convictions could not be obtained by us before the present time.

We pointed out, however, the danger to which those who practiced cropping and docking were constantly subject; that is, that sooner or later there was sure to be a conviction for such mutilations, and then what was plainly illegal under the law would be a legal certainty in the court records. It was, moreover, pointed out that the specialty clubs would gain a great deal of prestige and good opinion by doing voluntarily what the law required, and doing it before mutilations were known to be illegal as a matter of court record.

To give a resumé of all the arguments pro and con is unnecessary, in view of the fact that they are all of recent occurrence.

In striving to maintain what was lawful, humane and necessary, FOREST AND STREAM has nothing to regret. The recent action of the A. K. C. on unjustifiable mutilations of dogs is no defeat of the law of the land, or the better sentiments of humanity. It is but a check to a reform which cannot be defeated. That FOREST AND STREAM was correct is now a matter of court record.

On Feb. 28 Harry Cummings, of Brooklyn, was prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and convicted of cropping a terrier. He was tried before Justice John Walsh in the Adams Street Court. So that the matter may be brought more specifically before the public the complaint is given in full. The action was brought in the name of the People of the State of New York against Harry Cummings, of 40 Wallabout street, Brooklyn.

The complaint reads as follows: "Nicholas Grace, of No. 13 Willoughby street, of the City of Brooklyn, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that on or about the 5th day of February, 1896, at the City of Brooklyn, in the County of Kings, one Harry Cummings did willfully, unlawfully and unjustifiably mutilate a certain living creature, to wit, a dog, by then and there cutting the said dog's ears with a knife, wherein and whereby unjustifiable physical pain and suffering were caused to the said living creature in violation of the statute in such cases made and provided, wherefore the complainant prays that the said Harry Cummings may be arrested and dealt with according to law, and more especially according to Title XVI. of the Penal Code of the State of New York, and all amendments thereto."

This was duly signed, etc., and other legal requirements observed. It was duly thereon indorsed that the defendant was arraigned on Feb. 28, had plead guilty, and was fined $25 or 25 days. Fine paid.

Mr. Joseph Fitzsimmons, the owner of the dog in question, was tried at the same time on complaint of the officer of the S. P. C. A., "for willfully and unlawfully causing and procuring a dog to be unjustifiably mutilated," the complaint and affidavit otherwise being the same as that made against Harry Cummings. Mr. Fitzsimmons was fined $25, which fine was suspended. Thus at one time it was proven that it is unlawful to crop a dog's ears, and unlawful to be accessory to the cropping. This is not the only case.

In the Second District Court, Brooklyn, Sept. 18, 1889, Valentine Kager was tried, convicted and fined for cutting off the ears of two dogs, and the owner, Philip Wolbruner, was also fined for causing Valentine to cut off the dogs' ears.

In the matter of docking, John Grattan, 52 years old, of Halsey street and Ralph avenue, was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary by Justice Connolly, Gates Avenue Court, June 12, 1893, for cutting off a dog's tail in the manner called docking. The tail of that dog and the scissors used in docking it are in the S. P. C. A. collection of the Brooklyn office.

A representative of FOREST AND STREAM called on Mr. Cummings at his home on the day following his conference with Justice Walsh, for the purpose of learning informally his views on cropping. He seemed an honest, simple-minded negro. He related the circumstances, and gave his opinions with a frankness which was admirable. He unreservedly admitted that he did crop the dog's ears. He said that he did not know that he was doing wrong, and that when on trial he plead guilty to cutting the dog's ears because it was true that he cut them.

"All my life," he said, "I have been honest and truthful, but it does seem as if truth sometimes doesn't help a fellow. The judge fined me $25, and that's all right. I am glad he let me off at that. It might have been a lot worse. I don't cut off any more dogs' ears. But I think they fined the wrong man. I work 16 to 19 hours a day and my money is earned hard. There are plenty of men who have plenty of money who have their dogs' ears cut off. But I would like to have cross-examined that doctor (Dr. McLean) that testified against me, but the judge wouldn't let me. He is an educated doctor, but he don't know everything. Cutting off a dog's tail removes the worm and prevents the dog having sickness. But I didn't know that to cut off a dog's ears is against the law. I am glad I am out of the trouble, and I don't cut off any more ears."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the far-reaching effect of these decisions, and the status of the offenses under the law. It now is not too late for the fanciers to determine officially to go on record in a manner conformable to law. It is a little late, but not too late. The only regret that we have in the matter is that our efforts in behalf of the observance of the written law and the humane sentiments were not heeded. Had they been heeded, they might have saved some humiliation in abolishing mutilations under stress, or avoiding a stigma if the law is not heeded.

We would presume to thank the men who so steadfastly endeavored to abolish unjustifiable mutilations from the dog world, and the multitude who were in sympathy with their principles and efforts, were it not supererogatory to thank men for sustaining what is lawful and humane and right.

A Card of Thanks.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Feb. 26. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* Pray allow me through your columns to thank the many gentlemen who so kindly helped me in regard to the anti-docking resolution at the A. K. C. meeting. I received so many answers that it is impossible for me to thank each individually, so beg to take this means of doing so.

H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR.,
Sec. pro tem. American Fox Terrier Club.

National Beagle Club of America.

AN executive meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York city, Feb. 27. President Hermann F. Schellhass called the meeting to order; members present were J. W. Appleton, A. Wright Post, George B. Post, Jr., George Laick and George W. Rogers.

A standing committee on the Futurity Stake was appointed, consisting as follows: Geo. W. Rogers, chairman; A. Wright Post and J. W. Appleton.

The club will hold their seventh annual field trials at Hempstead, L. I., beginning Oct. 26, 1896, and will continue throughout the week. The trials will, as usual, be run on the Joshua Barnum Farm, which comprises many acres of well-preserved hunting grounds. The usual facilities for the care and handling of the dogs will be furnished by the club, and experienced handlers will be provided to run the dogs in case the owners do not care to handle them themselves, or cannot be there in person during the trials.

It is expected that the Futurity Stake, which is the first to be run at any trial, will attract a large number of entries in this event as well as in the others. Entry blanks are now being prepared, and will be sent to the 500 or more known beagle lovers throughout the country. The entry blanks can be secured from George W. Rogers, chairman Futurity Stakes, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York City.

The club's list of members is increasing in numbers very fast, and now ranks as one of the largest specialty clubs in the country.

Messrs. B. Waters and A. P. Vredenburg were elected honorary members. GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, offer, in our advertising columns, bull dogs and terriers. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer setter. G. B., care FOREST AND STREAM, wants to lease the breeding privileges of an English setter bitch. J. H. Parrott, Towanda, Pa., offers prize-winning bull dog. W. W. Astell, Amelia Court House, Va., offers pointers. W. Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y., offers Scotch hunting puppies.

"Our First Dog."

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a new subscriber to, but a long admirer of your valuable paper, I want through your columns to thank Mr. O. H. Hampton for "Our First Dog," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8.

I had been up several days and nights, without being able to take my clothes off, watching over a very sick boy, not knowing what the final result would be. I thought I saw a change for the better, and pretty soon he asked me to read the FOREST AND STREAM to him; for my boys, like their father, are fond of hunting and fishing, and consequently much pleased with FOREST AND STREAM. In glancing over the paper to find a piece to read to him my eye fell upon that headed "Our First Dog," and mentally recalling my own experience as a youngster with my "first dog," and knowing that my boys had also had a "first dog," I read the piece aloud, and I feel assured, if Mr. Hampton could have heard the hearty laugh of that sick boy, the first for many days, he would have been fully repaid for writing the same, even without knowing a parent's gratitude for the pleasure it had given his sick son, as well as an evidence of his improved condition, which improvement, I am glad to say, has continued.

Well can I recall my "first dog." As a boy, living on a farm (and I have an idea, someway, that a boy raised on a farm has an advantage over other boys), I managed to get hold of a rat terrier pup, called him Trip, and after many trials and tribulations he grew to be a dog, fearless and sagacious, and the attachment between that dog and myself was something that only a fellow who has "been there" can fully understand and appreciate. Often did he ride behind me on horseback, keeping his balance almost as well as I could, and many a time of a cold night did that dog go to bed with me, keeping my feet warm at first, but invariably in the morning would I find him with his head on the pillow with mine—(as I write this my wife is sitting by and she remarks that it is a good thing that dog is not living now, else he would be kicked out of bed. I wonder if she means me or the dog). I remember on one occasion, when, to my surprise, I had caught a muskrat in a "gum" set for rabbits. Upon opening the door Trip put his head in and received a terrible gash from the muskrat's teeth, but nothing daunted, waited till the muskrat came out and soon made short work of him. He was always ready to fight, big or little, and when at last, old and decrepit but still beloved, he got into a mill-race, planked on both sides, and was drowned. He was given a decent burial, and although since that time I have owned many a dog, registered and pedigreed though he may have been and often was, I have never loved a dog as I did that "first" one, and now as I look out of the window and see one of my boys playing with their "first dog," I wonder if it's permissible to wish one were a boy again, freed from the cares and responsibilities of this "work-a-day world."

I note with pleasure the efforts that are being made, and so ably seconded by your valuable paper, for the protection and preservation of game. I regret to say that game in this State, especially partridges (quail), are almost a thing of the past, owing to the severe blizzard of last winter. A few years ago partridges were plentiful. I do not believe that there are now 150 in this (Fauquier) county. Our Legislature is now in session and I have made strenuous efforts to get a law passed to prohibit the killing of all game in this country for two years, but without success. A law has been passed to prohibit the killing of partridges in the State for two years from its passage (Jan. 27, 1896), but I fear it will not have the desired effect. We have no game wardens, and it is almost impossible to keep a certain class from killing prohibited game when the opportunity offers, hence one of the arguments for the prohibition of killing all game for a time, at least, especially when there is no game in abundance.

Well, one can console himself in part that all the bass in the Shenandoah, Potomac and Rappahannock rivers are not extinct, and when one can show, as I can in my office, the head of a bass weighing 5½lbs. (the bass, not the head), and caught on a light rod and reel, one can feel that life is yet worth living. C. M. WHITE.

VIRGINIA.

Gordon Setter Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America was held, pursuant to notice, at Madison Square Garden on the second evening of the New York dog show, Feb. 20, 1896. Present in person and by proxy—Messrs. Blossom, Oughton, Van Zandt, Lee, Billings, Meister, Seehusen, Hendee, Sperry, Bleistein.

Minutes of the year's meetings were approved.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Van Zandt's, report showed a balance of over $80 in the treasury of the club, and was approved.

President Blossom's action in regard to the non-holding of field trials in 1895 was approved, and in view of the hope of better prospects in dogdom during 1896 he was empowered to make arrangements for field trials during the coming Autumn, if in his judgment sufficient inducement offered. It was again decided that the attention of dog show managers and judges be directed to the importance of holding competitions in the show-rings only by daylight, as proper consideration could not be given to correct tan-markings on Gordons by any artificial light. Attention was also requested to the standard of the club, so that while the characteristic head and body of the Gordon might be preserved in their original formations, the old type of heavy head and body might be modified.

The election of new members during the year was approved.

The following were elected officers and executive committee for the ensuing year, viz.:

James B. Blossom, New York, President; John R. Oughton, Dwight, Ill., Vice President; L. A. Van Zandt, New York, Secretary-Treasurer; E. H. Seehusen, New York; C. Cap. Hendee, Milwaukee, Wis.; Geo. Bleistein, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. K. Sperry, New Haven, Conn.

Also resolved that the managers of dog shows be again urgently requested to, as far as possible, give us new judges for the coming shows, so as to stimulate entries, as the judgments upon the Gordons likely to come up for decision are so well known by repetition year after year that there is little encouragement for exhibition of either the older dogs or new and younger specimens.

It was resolved that owners of Gordon setters be requested not to exhibit their dogs at any show where Gordons were not put down upon exactly the same footing in premium lists as other setters.

L. A. VAN ZANDT,
Sec.-Treas., Gordon Setter Club of America.

Mascoutah Kennel Club's Show.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The railroads in the territory of the Trunk Line Association, bounded on the south by the Potomac and Ohio Rivers, north to the St. Lawrence River, and from the Atlantic Ocean to Buffalo and Pittsburg, but not including the New England States, have granted us a reduction of fare of one and one-third for the round trip; that is, visitors pay their full fare going, and procure certificates when they purchase their tickets, and if 100 of such certificates are presented, they receive order for return ticket at one-third fare, etc.

W. J. BRYSON.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following is the entry list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club's seventh annual Bench Show, March 10 to 13: Mastiffs 28, St. Bernards (rough-coated), 90, St. Bernards (smooth-coated) 46, bloodhounds 5, Great Danes 48, Newfoundlands 7, Russian wolfhounds 1, deerhounds 4, greyhounds 11, foxhounds 6, pointers 35, English setters 38, Irish setters 23, Gordon setters 37, Chesapeake Bay dogs 2, field spaniels 11, cocker spaniels 43, Clumber spaniels 1, Irish water spaniels 7, collies 82, Old English sheep dogs 2, poodles 28, Dalmatians 9, bull dogs 3, bull terriers 52, Boston terriers 18, dachshunds 26, beagles 12, fox terriers (smooth) 83, fox terriers (wire-haired) 16, Irish terriers 21, Scottish terriers 6, Black and Tan terriers 13, whippets 5, Bedlington terriers 4, Dandie Dinmont terriers 5, Skye terriers 3, schipperkes 2, Yorkshire terriers 16, toy terriers 11, pugs 22, King Charles spaniels 8, Blenheim spaniels 15, Prince Charles and Ruby 3, Italian greyhounds 7, miscellaneous 14; total 929.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows has been asked to name terms to judge at Los Angeles, Oakland and Seattle shows.

Mr. Henry Bottomly was arraigned before Judge Platt, Toledo, Ohio, on Feb. 24, for stealing a dog at the recent show held in that city. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $75 and costs.

From a Connecticut exchange we learn that Mr. Seldon Minor purchased the foxhound Driver, which has distinguished himself both in the trials and on the bench. His former owner claims that he shot twenty-five foxes ahead of Driver in his first season. As bearing on the matter of sport, it is noteworthy that successful fox hunting as portrayed above from a New England standpoint would be considered an unpardonable infraction of the sport in other sections of the country.

Canoeing.

Modern British Canoeing.

As canoeing is pictured in the following extracts from the *Field*, it cannot be said that any material advance is being made in Great Britain; and as compared with absolute inactivity in designing and building in this country, it is hard to say which side is the worse off, the one which is making no effort for improvement, or the other in which this improvement takes such an extravagant and absurd form as a mercury-ballasted centerboard. It is through this class of freak improvements that canoeing has become almost obsolete.

With the first week of the new year we received the first news of actual building. The owner of the Solo, the fin keel canoe, which last season came from the Midland Club, Birmingham, to compete in the Royal Canoe Club Cup race, sends us information which will greatly interest those who look with favor and trust to the new cruising canoe class. Mr. Wale is building strictly within, not only the letter, but the spirit, of the R. C. C. cruising class.

The new canoe is 15ft. 10in. over all, and 13ft. 6in. on the waterline; 42in. beam, 14in. of freeboard amidships will give her a bold height of side and good internal depth. She will have a whale-back deck, made of two skins; it is a point which men who contemplate building should look to, is the whale-back or very much raised middle line of deck. In the Nautilus, which was built in the winter of 1893, the deck forward of the well was brought up to a high pitched ridge at middle line, instead of a rounded or bumped deck; this ridge gradually dies away as the stem is neared, until the deck becomes quite flat transversely, but it sheers up with the sheer of the gunwale to the stem head; there could well be 8in. rise of ridge of deck above gunwale level on a 42in. of beam at fore end of the well, some 2ft. 6in. forward of mid-length.

It is satisfactorily wonderful how neatly such form of deck casts aside heavy water; at first sight it might be thought that this form of deck would hold wind, but, as a fact, at 20° list of the boat the deck line or beam line is lying horizontal to the transverse water plane, and therefore hidden or under the lee of the gunwale, and when the wind is abeam, or forward of it, is the only time that body-surface exposed to the wind can be detrimental to speed. Mr. Wale has kindly offered to send for publication some important details of her fitment and mode of building, which he considers will hold many novelties.

Both in the case of the above-mentioned canoe, and of another shortly to be put on the stocks, we hear of the difficulty as to setting the exact situation and form of the rudder; Mr. Wale knows the sailing advantage of an under-body rudder fitted with direct tiller action; but as at the same time he wants fixed draft not to exceed 6in., he finds, and anyone would also find, it difficult, if not impossible, to get an efficient rudder operative within such draft. The way, however, would be, if a rudder housing case is objected to as cutting up the canoe's accommodation, to fit an under-body rudder when open water is the cruising or racing field, and for river cruising to have the ordinary stern post fittings and rudder ready for such work.

But in doing this care must be taken to keep the sail plan in proper balance to the very altered condition of the center of lateral resistance. There is far more virtue or viciousness in the balance of centers than commonly meets the eye, and a neat adjustment of the centers or powers above named to a balancing point is of more importance in a cruiser than in a racer; with a neat balance of sail plan to the joint effect of rudder and center-plate in a craft devoid of deadwood at stem and stern (where the rudder is held by gear at midships steady in line of keel or slight weather helm), she will sail her course, long spells at a time, without the constant handling which is necessary in an unruly boat. Of course, not so in a heavy sea, but even then she will be far easier to handle. With the old time form of fine wedged bow or deep forefoot, this was almost impossible of attainment, because as the water heaped up on the lee bow in a freshening breeze the center of lateral resistance traveled forward very fast; but with the latest models lateral resistance is almost confined to center-plate and rudder.

In the same connection, a point of great importance is to obtain a form of center-plate, whether simple or ballasted, which maintains practically the same position, as to its center of resistance, when partly lifted as when down. A slight travel aft is bound to be found in any keel-pivoted plate of folding type; but a very considerable shift is found in all pivoted single plates, and is extremely detrimental to balance, and if loaded is also fatal to trim of the boat. The difficulty, if not danger, of all vertical lifting plates is found when striking hard ground at good speed; the plate is then struck at its lower fore corner or bulb end, and if it cannot lift immediately and automatically, something must go or the boat must stop; but in most cases it would probably be a break up. There are several forms of lifting bulb or loaded plates in the market; but the automatic liftability on striking bottom, coupled with absolute immunity from pendulous oscillation when jumping seas, must be obtained, otherwise a weighted plate is not a safe shipmate, and a vertical dagger is an unpleasant one.

Quite the latest up-to-date idea in regard to ballasting may now be claimed by the canoe sailing fraternity. We mentioned on Jan. 16 that a member of the Midland Club, Mr. Wale, was building a "cruising class" canoe for the coming season, and we gave her leading dimensions. The Solo, which Mr. Wale brought out last year, was certainly novel in many ways, though she was not quite successful in racing; but then the weather played the deuce with the sailing machines, and Solo was one of them. Another matter was that Solo at the last moment had her bulb keel reduced to feather weight, which gave her an all-round complete curve or circle of stability, for she had none comparatively, and she revolved in the water whenever a squall struck her.

Mr. Wale has not been slow to catch on to scientific ideas of ballasting and to blend them with the restrictions of the cruising class. This is as it should be, and unless the racing division better themselves they will find that a canoe, we assume complying in every way with the Royal Canoe Club class definition, has been produced which may prove a hard nut to crack. At present we know nothing about her model or details of design, but the ballast novelty has been opened out, and is both novel and highly ingenious.

Mercury is the ballast used, and though this metal has often been mentioned as possible ballast, and sometimes reported to be actually in use, we have never known of it as a fact. In the present case, however, we have it declared to be so by Mr. Wale. The mode of using the mercury is decidedly ingenious to a certain extent, but there are two great risks always present, which we will mention later.

The drop keel of Mr. Wale's canoe is a composite structure, shaped in what is commonly called the Hope dagger-plate form; it is composed of two very thin, hard-rolled brass plates, tightly riveted together near their edges. The mercury is poured in at a suitable hole at the upper part of the plate, which is subsequently properly closed or sealed. The weight of the mercury distends the plates, like water does when poured into a mackintosh water-bag, and consequently forms a gentle form of bulb keel, the mercury being of course located at the lower part of the (quasi) brass bag. When the keel is lifted, the mercury takes a new position in the keel, now along its front edge, but still at what has become, by lifting, its lower edge—i. e., the ballast always remains at the bottom.

Mr. Wale found, as might be expected, a tremendous difficulty in getting the plates riveted mercury-tight, for mercury will penetrate where water cannot; and herein lies danger the first. Of course the pinhole for pivoting the plate keel on at its fore edge can be so constructed, of solid metal flanged and the plates of the keel riveted thereto, as to be mercury-tight at first, as is the keel plate; but in sailing, a violent collision with ground or submerged obstruction throws an enormous strain on that pin connection; and at the same time the dagger-board is a form peculiarly liable to be twisted by ballast at its lower part. Herein the risk of starting a leak in the riveting along the edges of the plate is a constant source of danger of losing all or nearly all the mercury.

Mercury at about two shillings and threepence a pound, and some 28lbs. to 30lbs. being used, is an expensive item to leave at the bottom of the sea; also mercury, in inexperienced hands, is a most difficult thing to handle; but, on the other hand, it is quite ideal ballast for such delicate toys as sailing canoes up to date are. For our own part a lifting lead bulbed keel is sufficiently effective, and quite expensive enough. Of course the bulb and the case can be so formed as to house the bulb when up equally as much and snugly as the mercury bag can be housed.

The second danger point in the mercury-bag keel is that it's stability properties are lost at the very moment when the sole value of bulb keel should come into action—i. e., when the boat is knocked down flat by a squall, or by a sea into her sails. With sliding-seated or even only deck-seated position of crew a plain center-plated canoe can be sailed without capsizing in all ordinary circumstances, and a bulb keel in such cases is useless; but when the heavy squall or sudden savage gust of wind comes down upon the sails, and the canoe is thrown over to a great angle of heel, the bulb keel comes into real action and rights her. Now, in the mercury-bag keel the very opposite may prove to be the action of the mercury. If the craft is suddenly thrown flat down with mast in the water, as they are often thrown—that is, with keel lifted clean out of the water—the mercury will shoot away from the outer point of the keel and into that portion which is in the case in the body of the canoe, hence giving impetus to the capsize instead of averting it. Of course, this is assuming that we have been told the whole construction of the plate keel.

Again the question has been put to us in relation to the meaning of the Royal Canoe Club rule as to sliding deck-seat length; the wording of the rule is, "Sliding seat, if any, when rigged in to be within the beam of the boat." There are, no doubt, several ingenious ways of forming a telescopic sliding seat which, when shut, does not overlap the side of the boat, but can open and extend out-board a long way further than a plain slide board of 40in.—the extreme beam. A plain board can only be extended some 20in., as its in-board end cannot pass the center in most forms of seat, and in any case must have and retain sufficient connection with the fixed seat to bear the man's weight out on its end. No doubt the fair interpretation of the rule is that only a single board was contemplated as practicable, and indeed the meeting which passed the rule had before it the suggestion of a telescopic slide, but thought it—and we think it—impracticable in real sailing. Probably such a seat could be worked, but with 40in. of beam and a slide of single plank of 42in. all the stability necessary would be gained, and the man would be in a better position for working and steering his craft. The inglorious days and ways of monkeying away out belong to and will probably stick to the 30in. racing machine.

As, however, the Royal Canoe Club challenge cup will probably be raced for by canoes under the rule quoted above, it would be well that the committee should as soon as possible give a decision thereon, and thus prevent a regrettable dispute at the starting line. In any case, those who are building or fitting out intending to race, whether they be members or visitors, should have early information.

The A. C. A. Race Programme.

WE have received from Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, chairman of the regatta committee, the following draft of a proposed programme for the races at the annual meet in August. The programme is given out for comment and discussion, and we shall be glad to hear opinions on it.

Event No. 1: Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.
Event No. 2: Paddling, ½ mile, straightaway.
Event No. 3: Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.
Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.
Event No. 4: Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.
Event No. 5: Unlimited sailing, three classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.
Event No. 6: Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.
Event No. 7: Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.
Event No. 8: Hotel Champlain cup, 4½ miles.
Event No. 9: Orilia cup, 7½ miles. Limited to members of Northern Division.
Event No. 10: Jabberwock trophy, 3 miles. Limited to members of the Central Division.
Note.—Events Nos. 9 and 10 are to be sailed providing a Northern and Central meet is not held. Events Nos. 7 and 8 may be contested for at the same time, in the discretion of the regatta committee.
Event No. 11: Club sailing, three classes, 4½ miles; time limit, two hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1896 meet.
Event No. 12: Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and sliding seat prohibited.
Event No. 13: Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1895.
Event No. 14: Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, two hours.
Note.—The regatta committee reserve the right to handicap in this race.
Event No. 15: Paddling; open canoes not under 30lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blades.
Event No. 16: Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway; decked canoe; double blade.
Event No. 17: Tandem club paddling, ½ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blade.
Event No. 18: Club four paddling, ½ mile straightaway. (Canoes not to be less than 28in. wide and 16ft. long.)
Event No. 19: Hurry-scurry; swim, paddle, run.
Event No. 20: War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 25ft. long nor contain more than nine persons.
Event No. 21: War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 35ft. long, nor contain to exceed 16 persons.
Event No. 22: Ladies' paddling; open canoes; ½ mile.
Event No. 23: Ladies' tandem, open canoes; single blade, ½ mile.
Event No. 24: Mixed tandem, open canoes, single blade, ½ mile.
Event No. 25: Novice paddling, open canoes, ½ mile; open to men who have never paddled a race outside of their own club races.
Event No. 26: Open four; tug of war.
Event No. 27: Tail-end race; open canoes, single blade; paddler to kneel in bow and paddle with the wind, bow first, 200yds.
Event No. 28: Hurry-scurry, obstacle or tournament.
Note.—The committee reserve the right to call any, except the more important and older A. C. A. races, at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are right.
Note.—The right is also reserved by the committee of following the system of handicapping that was used at the last meet.
All events in which less than two starters present themselves at the line will be cancelled.

Yachting.

THOUGH long deferred, the final punishment of Lord Dunraven at the hands of the New York Y. C. has at last taken place, and is severe enough to satisfy even those who for a long time have found fault with the club for its delay and with the special committee for its leniency. It certainly cannot be urged against the club that it has acted either precipitately or unfairly. Lord Dunraven has been given every opportunity, in the first place, to prove his charges, to demand all possible evidence that might help his case, and to examine all the witnesses of the other side; in the second place, he has had ample time to consider the complete evidence, the finding of the committee, and to seek advice of his friends at home. The fears that have been openly expressed that when it came to the final action the club would back down, and that Lord Dunraven would be allowed to escape scot free under some trivial excuse, like another recent offender against it, find no indorsement in the resolution under which his name was dropped from the rolls. This resolution even goes so far as to give the lie direct to his Lordship, accusing him of "numerous misrepresentations of fact," of the most of which "he has been forced himself to admit the untruth."

THE various letters from Lord Dunraven throw no new light on any point, and, as we suggested two weeks since, they contain not the slightest intimation of apology or retraction. The one to Mr. Phelps contains a statement which is in every way characteristic of Lord Dunraven's method of argument; that relating to the employment of a diagram to prove that he did not see what he did see. This absurd, illogical and childish statement is disposed of by the special committee in its letter to Com. Brown; and a look at the evidence will show that the matter may be stated thus: Lord Dunraven and his witnesses actually saw that one side of the yacht was higher—or lower—at certain times, and claimed that this proved a less or greater total immersion. The diagrams and other evidence before the committee showed that the comparatively slight elevation or depression of one side, which, it is admitted, was seen by Lord Dunraven, would be the natural consequence of such a slight heeling of the yacht one way or the other as must happen from time to time with the ordinary movements of crew, boom and other legitimate weights. It was also proven that to accomplish the same variations of height by the bodily immersion or emersion of the yacht on an even keel would have required means which, it was proven, were not used.

THE comments of the principal British papers, with a few notable exceptions, have been against Lord Dunraven and in favor of the report of the committee, and now they take a similar stand as regards his expulsion.

What we have seen, however, of clippings from the smaller local papers of England and Scotland goes to show that, as we have from the first contended, the special committee made a serious error and defeated its own ends by the futile attempts at utter secrecy. These smaller papers have not seen the whole evidence or any part of it they are entirely ignorant of its details, and their judgment is based solely on the report of the special committee. This of itself, unsupported by the evidence, gives a very inadequate idea of the investigation, and many hostile comments are based upon it.

Had the sittings of the committee been open to the press, as the importance and the national character of the case required, the same course would have been followed as in trials in a court of law—a stenographic report of all the material points of the evidence would have been published each day by both American and British journals, and the every-day reader would have had access to the bulk of the evidence. As the matter was actually arranged, while the members of the New York Y. C. and a few other yachtsmen are now able to read the evidence at their leisure, the world at large has no access to it. It is for this reason that we have lately devoted so much space to the publication of the evidence of the more important witnesses; but, though we shall continue the evidence for a week or two longer, there is much that is both important and interesting which we are compelled to omit for lack of more space.

THE continuance of the evidence which we print this week discloses one very interesting fact that has thus far been unknown: that an attempt was made, by Mr. Watson and measurer Hyslop, to measure Valkyrie II. by lamplight on the night of Wednesday, the day preceding Lord Dunraven's withdrawal from the races. An amount of ballast, from 1 to 1¼ tons, was taken out of the yacht on Wednesday, when she was docked in the Erie Basin, in the hopes of improving her in the next race, and Lord Dunraven was desirous of knowing the effect on her measurement. It was proposed to have her afloat before night, but it was 10 P. M. before she was ready for measurement. The attempt was made to adjust the battens by lantern light, but Mr. Watson, after trial, agreed that it was impossible.

This offers additional evidence that Lord Dunraven was fully prepared to start next day until the adverse decision of Defender's protest was made public.

It will be remembered that Valkyrie II. shipped about 2 tons of ballast on the eve of her last race in 1893, a perfectly legitimate proceeding, as was this change in the ballast of Valkyrie III. This is interesting in connection with Mr. Brand's various complaints of changes of ballast in Ethelwynn, as showing the recognized practice in racing.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

TESTIMONY OF CAPT. HAFF AND MEASURER HYSLOP.

AFTER being called to the stand, as narrated last week, Capt. Haff was asked to step aside for a time, and Mr. Herreshoff was recalled, he being desirous of returning home.

Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, recalled as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—It seems that you gave Mr. Iselin some weights of the tanks. Were they estimates, or actually ascertained in the construction? A.—The weights given to him were the actual weights. They were estimated and weighed besides.

Q.—How were those water tanks fastened, if at all, into the vessel? A.—The water tank was fastened—it fits in a V-shaped place permanently, and comes close up under the cabin floor, so that it can rise but very little. Besides that there are cleats from the cabin floor to the frame to hold it into place.

Mr. Rives—Will you try to speak a little louder? It is sometimes difficult to hear you over here.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—These plans are not taken from the original plans of the Defender? A.—No, not at all.

Q.—You know nothing about their construction—about their being made? A.—No; they were not made under my direction. They were made under the direction of Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Are the working drawings of the Defender in existence? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Are they in your possession? A.—Not here.

Q.—Are they in your possession? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Can you tell from your knowledge of the Defender what would be the necessary weight to lengthen her waterline 1ft.? A.—I haven't any figures. For 1ft. length of waterline?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A. (Continued)—I could make a rough estimation.

Q.—What is your rough estimate? A.—I have made an estimation for 1in. in depth and 2in. in depth, and 1ft. would be about 1 5/16in. immersion.

Q.—One foot would be about 1 5/16in. immersion? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What weight would be required for that? A.—I think I have a memorandum that would assist me. It would be a little over four tons and a half.

Q.—As much as that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How much would 4in. deeper increase her load waterline? A.—It would increase her load waterline about 32in.

Q.—As much as that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How much would 3in. increase her load waterline? A.—About 24.

Q.—And 2in.? A.—Sixteen.

Q.—And 1in.? A.—Eight.

Q.—Supposing the trim alone was altered and the vessel put 2in. by the head, how much would that lengthen the load waterline? A.—Very little.

Q.—How much if she was put 3 or 4in. by the stern? A.—Very little either way.

Q.—What do you mean by very little? A.—Perhaps a fraction of an inch.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—Your meaning is, her line would increase as much at one end as it would lose at the other? A.—Precisely; yes, sir. It is about the same angle at each end, and of course the waterline is a little fuller at the stern, so that the immersion of the stern would carry the bow out a little more.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—If she went down at one end she would go up at the other to a certain degree? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—How much weight would be required for this—suppose it was placed in the best position for lengthening the load waterline—to sink the vessel 1in. or 1 1/16in. so as to cover this pipe and at the same time set her, say, 3 or 4in. at the stern? A.—I hardly understand that question. It is a little complicated.

Q.—How much weight would be required, if placed in the best position for lengthening the load waterline, to sink the vessel 1in. or 1 1/16in. so as to cover the alleged pipe, and at the same time set her 3 or 4in. at the stern? A.—I am unable to answer that.

Q.—You are unable to answer the question? A.—Yes.

Q.—It seems to me it is rather complicated? Were those tanks upon the Defender similar to the tanks upon the Vigilant?

Mr. Herreshoff—Which tanks do you refer to?

Mr. Askwith—The tanks that were taken out at New Rochelle.

Mr. Herreshoff—Which? There were three tanks taken out.

Q.—Were any of them similar to the tanks on the Vigilant? A.—The ice tank was similar, I think.

Q.—Had the Vigilant similar tanks? A.—She had tanks.

Q.—Were they permanent tanks? A.—No.

Q.—Were they around her centerboard? A.—In the vicinity of it—that is, the water tanks were.

Q.—The tanks upon the Defender were not arranged in the same way? A.—No.

Q.—What were those tanks on the Vigilant used for? A.—I do not know what tanks you have reference to.

Q.—You said there were some tanks upon the Vigilant around the centerboard? A.—Yes, sir; some water tanks. One each side of the centerboard on the Vigilant. They were intended to hold water.

Q.—Can you tell me, supposing that lead was stowed aft, and the vessel trimmed by the stern, whether much lead would be required to considerably alter the appearance of the boat?

Mr. Herreshoff—Alter the appearance?

Mr. Askwith—Yes; to alter her appearance on the water. Is it not a fact that a comparatively small quantity would do that?

Mr. Herreshoff—Would alter her appearance very much—a small quantity?

Q.—Is it a fact that it would or would not? A.—Of course it would alter her trim; a small amount. In proportion to the load that was put in. A larger amount would alter her appearance.

Q.—I am asking you would a small amount alter her appearance much? A.—I should say not.

Q.—Were these tanks that were taken out of the Defender included in the 7,000lbs. weight of furniture? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When she had raced with them before was there any specified quantity of water in them? A.—No; I think not. I think they generally had only a very little.

Q.—Did you calculate that they should be full or empty?

Mr. Herreshoff—During the racing?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—They were to be nearly empty. I made an allowance for a small amount of water in the tank.

Q.—What was their size? A.—I don't remember the exact size.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—You stated yesterday, I think, their capacity in gallons, approximately, did you not? A.—Roughly. I have the exact size at home, but I haven't it with me.

Mr. Choate—I suppose he may send that.

Mr. Herreshoff—What I stated was only approximate.

Mr. Rives—You can send them in a note to Mr. Choate, if you can get the exact figures.

Mr. Herreshoff—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Did you definitely convoy the first two tons of lead on board at New Rochelle, and then the other ton that we have had evidence of that was bought by Mr. Iselin, on board the Defender, by weight?

Mr. Herreshoff—Did I convey it on board?

Mr. Askwith—Did you have it conveyed? Were you present when it was conveyed on board the Defender?

A.—I think not; I do not remember now that I was present. I may have been.

Q.—Did you order first two tons to be put on board of her? A.—I did not order any.

Q.—Was it at your suggestion that two tons were put on board of her? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—It was? A.—After a consultation with Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Was it at your suggestion that one ton further was put on board of her? A.—Yes, sir; after Mr. Iselin's consultation. We decided together.

Q.—Were you present when the ton was put on board? A.—No, I think not.

Q.—Do you know whether there was the whole of it put on board? A.—I do not.

Q.—Or a part? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You do not? A.—I could not swear.

Q.—Do you know whether there was any more lead on the Hattie Palmer besides that? A.—I do not know whether there was any lead on the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Were you asked, when that last ton was put on board, whether you wanted any more? A.—We decided to put that ton on board which was sent to the Erie Basin.

Q.—Were you present when that ton was put on board? A.—Yes, sir; I was on the boat.

Q.—Did they call out to you from the Hattie Palmer, asking you whether you wanted any more? A.—I do not remember that it was taken from the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Where was it taken from? A.—I think it was taken from the dock.

Q.—Did anybody call out to you from the dock? A.—In fact, I do not know. I am not sure. I was busy at other things at the time.

Mr. Choate—Mr. Iselin testifies that it was waiting in a truck on the dock.

Mr. Askwith—Then I suppose it was loaded from the dock; but I want to know whether Mr. Herreshoff was present when that was loaded.

Mr. Herreshoff—I was simply with Mr. Watson and Mr. Hyslop. I do not recall now the exact incident.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—While the lead was being put on, were you not asked whether you wanted any more? A.—No, I think not. I do not remember being asked.

Q.—Do you know the time during the summer when the sail area of the Defender was increased? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you seen any plans of the Valkyrie at that time? A.—No.

Q.—Have you ever seen any plans of the Valkyrie? A.—No.

Q.—What lead you to increase the sail area? What was the object?

A.—To put more sail onto her.

Q.—What was the object of putting more sail on? A.—To give her more power.

Q.—When the sail area was altered, which as you say was to give her more power, was her ballast at all altered by your direction? A.—No.

Mr. Askwith—Those are all the questions I wish to ask now.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—I seem to recall that the general judgment of experts upon the two boats before the races was that the Valkyrie would be at her best in light weather, and the Defender at her best in heavy weather. Was that so? A.—I think that was the general opinion, from what information we had from abroad at that time.

Q.—Was that your opinion? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you think you had a surplus of stability on the Defender as compared with that of the Valkyrie? A.—Yes, sir; that is, judging from other yachts, the Vigilant and Defender.

Q.—The Defender has turned out to have very great stability; greater power to carry sail, as I recollect it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—I saw her in a squall. What day was that? The first or second? A.—That was the last of the trial races.

Q.—What object would anybody have had to have increased the immersion of the Defender? A.—Of course, to make a longer vessel of her; a longer and larger vessel.

Q.—I mean, in fitting her to compete against the Valkyrie, would you have preferred at that time to have increased or decreased her ballast?

Mr. Herreshoff—You mean, taking the vessel just as she was?

Mr. Whitney—Yes, just as you had been racing with her.

A.—We felt very well satisfied with the trim.

Q.—But your danger, if at all, as I understand it, was in light weather? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you want more ballast then? A.—In light weather, of course, we would want less.

Mr. Choate—That is all. I would like to call another witness before I recall Capt. Haff.

The Chairman—Is it understood that any questions are to be sent to Mr. Herreshoff? Do you desire to send any?

Mr. Askwith—I really have not studied Mr. Herreshoff's evidence at all. I could not hear half of it, and I did not listen to it with that view.

The Chairman—I have no doubt Mr. Herreshoff will answer them, if you choose to send him any at his address.

Mr. Choate—I would like to call the captain of the Flint, who towed the Defender down at certain times.

Capt. E. Walter Brandow, of the tug Flint, was then called, and testified as to the towing of Defender to the Erie Basin on Sept. 6.

Capt. Henry C. Haff, being recalled, further testified:

Capt. Haff—You asked me in relation to the crew. I want to qualify the answer I made by saying—you asked me if I engaged the crew. I say, with the advice and consent of Mr. Iselin I did.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—To what extent were the officers and crew that were on her during the trial races the same as were on her during the Cup races? A.—The same.

Q.—Were you at New Rochelle on Sept. 4 and 5, when the Defender was being stripped? A.—I was.

Q.—Did you sleep on board up there? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And you know what was done there in the way of taking out the trimmings and the tanks? A.—I do.

Q.—And the putting in of two tons of lead, as Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin have testified? A.—I do, yes, sir.

Q.—And you agree with the statements they have made? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you sail her, or go in her, from New Rochelle down to Erie Basin? A.—I did.

Q.—On the morning of the sixth? A.—I did.

Q.—And you were on board of her until the time of her measurement in the Erie Basin? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had anything been taken out of her except what Mr. Iselin and Mr. Herreshoff have testified to, at New Rochelle or on the way down, or anything put into her, except what they have stated? A.—Not anything.

Q.—Before the measurement was she lightened at all for any purpose or by any means? A.—We had taken out the bedding. That is all, the cots—which we always had.

Q.—That is the rule always? A.—Always.

Q.—Will you state what there was in that shape to take out? A.—There were some beds, for about forty men. Forty cots, with the bedding and blankets; the mattresses and blankets.

Q.—Were there forty men besides the officers? A.—Forty all told, with the officers. I believe that is the complement, within one. That is about the number.

Q.—Those were taken out openly, in the usual way, before she was measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Where were they put? A.—On board the Palmer.

Q.—Did you observe anything about the Defender being on an even keel when she was measured, or did you not look? A.—I know there was some talk of her having a little list.

Q.—When was that? A.—That was while we were getting ready to measure.

Q.—Prior to the measurement? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You heard that? A.—Yes, sir; I remember distinctly a talk about it, and something was done about it, but what was done I do not remember. We shifted the boom a little; Mr. Leeds said she had a little list. He was astern of her, I believe, in a small boat.

Q.—When the measurement was completed, how long did you remain there until you started for Sandy Hook? A.—We started for Bay Ridge—I could not tell within half an hour. Probably about 8 o'clock.

Q.—In tow of the Flint? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How long did you stay at Bay Ridge? A.—We laid at Bay Ridge until very near sundown. Something in that neighborhood.

Q.—Where was the Hattie Palmer in the meantime? A.—The Hattie Palmer had left us after we were measured. The Hattie Palmer had to go for coal and water. She hadn't enough to go to the Hook with. She went down to Twenty-sixth street, Brooklyn, and she was fitted out for Bay Ridge.

Q.—You waited for her with the Defender at Bay Ridge? A.—We did.

Q.—And she having come up, she was taken in tow also by the Flint? A.—Yes, sir. We waited for her there. We got tired of waiting. I put all the men on the Flint, as it was getting near supper time, and I sent them to meet the Palmer, and they met the Palmer. They came off and it was very near sundown. The Palmer went ashore and put our mainsail ashore. We had an extra mainsail on board, that was in the sail room, and it filled it up so that it didn't leave enough room to put the beds under cover on a stormy day. It was a small mainsail that we had on her previous to enlarging the sail.

Q.—Had you orders up to this time to cut the twenty-one pigs of lead that were received on board at the Erie Basin? A.—Yes, sir; we had.

Q.—Why did you not cut it while you were waiting at Bay Ridge? A.—We had no good solid block to cut it on, and there is not a suitable place on a boat's deck to cut it, and again the chisel that we cut with and the maul, and so on, were on board the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—You did not leave the Defender at all? A.—No, sir. I was on the Palmer long enough to get my meals; that is all.

Q.—That was always when the Palmer was alongside of you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And the two made fast? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You went on to Sandy Hook or the Horseshoe and made fast there about 9 o'clock? A.—My recollection is about 8:30. Notwithstanding the log, 8:30 is my recollection.

Q.—Did you anchor there the Defender by herself? A.—Yes, sir; we anchored.

Q.—What did the Hattie Palmer do? A.—The Hattie Palmer came alongside.

Q.—As soon as the tow was loose? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And made fast in some way? A.—Made fast. Took a line out.

Q.—How long did the Hattie Palmer remain alongside of the Defender? A.—About an hour, until about 9:30.

Q.—It would make it about 9:30 or 10? A.—About 9:30. It might have been fifteen minutes from that. It was somewhere between 9 and 10, at any rate, when she left.

Q.—Left for the night? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Askwith—Which night was that?

Mr. Choate—The night of the 6th.

Q.—From the time of the measurement until the Hattie Palmer left was any lead or ballast or water taken on board the Defender? A.—Not a pound of anything.

Q.—What happened during the hour or more that the Hattie Palmer lay alongside of the Defender in the Horseshoe from 8:30 or 9 on? A.—This lead that we had on the cabin floor was taken out to the Palmer, on her sampson post, a good solid block, and we cut it. It was there cut in two and put back again on the Defender and passed below.

Q.—Had there been any opportunity until then to take it on to the Hattie Palmer to be cut? A.—No, sir; there had not. There had been no time when it was possible for us to do it.

Q.—Did you take part in the cutting? A.—I did. I held the chisel to cut every pig that was cut.

Q.—Was it a chisel or axe and hammer? A.—A chisel. Any woodcutter will know what an old-fashioned wedge is to split logs. I held it while the man mauled it.

Q.—Your crew, or some of them, were engaged in bringing the pigs from the Defender to the Hattie Palmer, and assisting you, and taking them back in pieces, in halves, and packing them away? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was all that done under your direction? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was any lead introduced into the Defender from the Hattie Palmer, except what had been brought from the Defender to be cut and carried back? A.—Not a pound.

Q.—Or anything else of weight? A.—Nothing.

Q.—There was something, in the way of cots, that had been taken out? A.—They were put back in the Basin.

Q.—They were restored at Bay Ridge? A.—At Erie Basin.

Q.—Was there anything else carried backward and forward while the Hattie Palmer lay alongside of the Defender, except these twenty-one pigs of lead? A.—Nothing.

Q.—You saw to their being stowed away under the floor, where you say that the two tons were? A.—Mr. Berry, the mate, was in charge of it while we were cutting the lead.

Q.—Is he here? A.—Yes, sir. There were about twelve or fifteen pieces that were perhaps not already stowed. I went down in the hold and saw where it was stowed, and saw the condition of the lead where it was stowed, and to see that it was in the place where we intended to place it.

Q.—You say of your own knowledge that from the time of the measuring until the Hattie Palmer left there was nothing brought into the Defender except the twenty-one pigs that were taken out, cut in two and brought back? A.—I do say so.

Q.—Where did the crew take their meals that evening, if they had a

supper, while the Hattie Palmer was alongside? A.—That was one reason why I placed them all aboard the Flint, to hurry up the Palmer and to get their supper while there.

Q.—To get their supper on the Hattie Palmer while being towed back? A.—No, sir, while they were going ashore to take the mainsail ashore. I got mine when she came back. She lay alongside long enough for the quartermaster and myself to get our meals, and then started on.

Q.—At Bay Ridge. A.—At Bay Ridge.

Q.—Did you turn in that night until after the Hattie Palmer had left? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you know where she stayed that night? A.—My impression is that she went into the Highland Dock. I won't be positive about it.

Q.—Did you turn in that night? A.—I did.

Q.—At what time, about? A.—I could not say. It was somewhere in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock, I should say.

Q.—What time were you out in the morning? A.—Between 6 and 7.

Q.—Do you know of no craft having visited the Defender in the mean time? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Who did you leave in charge of the Defender, or the deck, whatever you call it, when you turned in, from that time until you came out in the morning? A.—The quartermasters had charge of the deck then, on watch.

Q.—Are they both here? A.—They are here, yes, sir. Three of them are here now. They will all be here Monday morning.

Q.—You were on hand, on deck, two hours about before Mr. Iselin came with the gentlemen who accompanied him? A.—Yes; on deck and below and around—aboard the boat, at any rate.

Q.—During that time was anything whatever brought into the vessel? A.—Not anything.

Q.—Did any craft of any kind visit the vessel before Mr. Iselin came? A.—Not to my knowledge. Nothing came alongside. No craft.

Q.—Do you remember taking part with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin in the examination to see whether the lead had been properly stowed? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—About what time was that? A.—Somewhere a little after 8, I should think.

Q.—How was it got at? How was it examined? A.—The floor was taken up. The floor was down in sections, so that you could rip it up.

Q.—You had assisted in putting in the last fifteen half pieces of the extra ton, had you not? A.—I don't know as I took hold of the lead.

Q.—You saw it done? A.—I stood there and saw it done, yes, sir.

Q.—You saw in what condition that left the hold, with the lead in it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When you made the examination the next morning with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin, did you find it in the same condition? A.—The same condition it was in the night before.

Q.—And nothing had been added? A.—No, sir.

Q.—And then you sailed upon your race? A.—We did.

Q.—And came back. It is testified that you got up to Bay Ridge after dark? A.—Yes, sir. Somewhere in the neighborhood of—somewhere from 8 to 8:30, I think; probably 8:30.

Q.—During that return trip, or going down, at any time, from the time you made your examination with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin to the time you got back to Bay Ridge, was anything thrown out of the vessel or taken out of her in any way? A.—No, sir; not anything.

Q.—Did you remain upon the Defender until she was remeasured the next day? A.—Except to get my meals on the Palmer, alongside, as I say.

Q.—You went no further from her than that? A.—No.

Q.—When did she get alongside the Palmer on her home trip?

Capt. Haff—The night after the race?

Mr. Choate—Yes; the night after the race.

A.—Soon after we anchored. I think she was laying off there, waiting for us, somewhere around 8:30 or 8:40 perhaps.

Q.—Did you sail up to there, or were you taken in tow below? A.—Towed up.

Q.—By what boat? A.—The Flint.

Q.—Was anything taken from the Flint on the way up, or transferred on to the Flint? A.—Nothing but the end of a line to tow us with; that is all.

Q.—How long did the Hattie Palmer lay alongside that night? A.—She might have laid there until 9:30, I should think, probably. Long enough for the men to get their meals, and for them to transfer the boats.

Q.—Was there anything transferred from the Defender to the Palmer at that time? A.—Nothing from the Defender to the Palmer, no. She stayed there long enough for us to transfer the bedding again, and our boats that we wanted to use. The sail covers perhaps, and so on; everything that we usually put out when we sail on a race we took back.

Q.—That included everything besides the cots and you say some boats? A.—The boats we have ready to use. The gig; I don't remember whether we took the gig off that night though, or not.

Q.—Some ropes or cables or anything of that kind? A.—Whatever we put out for a race generally we took back. The sail covers. I don't think there was anything more than the sail covers, I think that we put out.

Q.—What were the movements of the Defender from the time the Hattie Palmer left her at 9 or 10 o'clock, the night of the 7th, until she was remeasured the next day? A.—She lay there anchored at Bay Ridge.

Q.—How did she get back into the Basin before Sunday afternoon?

Capt. Haff—Erie Basin?

Mr. Choate—Yes

A.—The Palmer towed her up.

Q.—When did the Palmer make fast to her to tow her up? A.—I think about in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock the next morning. I am not positive as to the hour; I could not say.

Q.—So that she lay at anchor from about 9:30 or 10 in the evening until 10 in the morning? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Half-past eight? A.—Half-past eight; I don't say within a minute.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Was anything put out of her during that time? A.—Nothing. Not a pound of anything.

Q.—When the Hattie Palmer joined her it was to take her in tow, was it not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And nothing was put from her on to the Hattie Palmer? A.—Nothing.

Q.—When did you get your orders to go to the Erie Basin? A.—I think on Sunday morning.

Q.—From whom? A.—From Mr. Iselin. I am not positive now whether he sent a verbal order or sent me a note aboard. I could not say.

Q.—When the Hattie Palmer had towed you into the Erie Basin, did she leave you there where you were subsequently measured, or did she remain fast by you? A.—She lay off from us. She didn't lay alongside.

Q.—How far? A.—I couldn't say. She laid along by the dock after we had stripped ready for measurement

Q.—During that time, up to the time of the remeasurement, was anything removed out of the Defender? A.—Not anything more than to strip for measurement.

Q.—No ballast? no lead? no water? A.—Not anything.

Q.—You have covered the whole period of time from Friday, before the first measurement, to Sunday, after the remeasurement? A.—I think so.

Q.—Where did you sleep on the two nights? In what part of the Defender? A.—I slept in the sail room; on a cot in the sail room.

Q.—If any ballast had been brought out or carried in on either of these two nights, could it have been done without your hearing it, where you were? A.—Not unless somebody gave me a little chloroform, or something of that kind. The end of my cot was, I suppose, within 3ft. of the hatch where this would have been taken up.

Q.—How is it about sounds on the Defender? Are they easily heard from one part of the vessel, or from where you were in the sail room, to the center of the vessel? A.—They are. On that boat it is heard with great distinctness. You can hear any step on the deck, in any position. It sounds all over the boat, from any part of the deck.

Q.—What do you say to the suggestion that before the measurement on Friday she was lightened to make her set more out of the water; that after the measurement nine or ten tons of some heavy substance was carried on board of her to immerse her deeper in the water, and as much taken out of her before the remeasurement to restore her to her original condition? A.—I say there is not a word of truth in it. There was no such a thing done.

Q.—You have personal knowledge of the whole time covered? A.—I do. I was there, sure.

Q.—It has been said here by some witness that he believed the Hattie Palmer anchored for the night within 100yds. of the Defender? A.—It is my belief that she did not.

Mr. Choate—It was in the affidavits brought from England.

Capt. Haff—I heard it; yes.

Q.—Is that correct? A.—No, sir; it is not.

Mr. Askwith—Which affidavit is that in?

Mr. Choate—The night before the race, at Sandy Hook.

Q.—How far was the place where you supposed she was from where the Defender lay that night? A.—If she went to the Highlands, as I thought she did, she would be two miles away.

Q.—Was there any communication between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender from the time she passed off from you, at about 10 o'clock, until she rejoined you the next morning? A.—Not any.

Q.—Was there any work being done on the Defender after the Hattie Palmer left and while she was there independent of this moving and cutting of the lead? A.—There was.

Q.—What was that? A.—The riggers were at work attaching new wire straps to the main sheet blocks.

Q.—What was the matter with that? A.—It needed new ones, because the others had got stretched too long.

Q.—When did they begin the work? A.—They began on the work some time during the day, I believe, on the Palmer, and came aboard at Bay Ridge that night, and continued the work until they got through with it.

Q.—How late in the night were they working? A.—Somewhere up to 2 o'clock, I think—up to 2 or 3 o'clock.

Q.—Were they working when you turned in? A.—They were.

Q.—Did they make more or less noise? A.—Quite a little pounding; yes, sir.

Q.—What was it? Pounding on metal? A.—Pounding to pound the splices down, yes. To splice heavy wire.

Q.—Can you determine, from coming up port side to a yacht or vessel, or a vessel like the Defender, whether she has a list on of one or two degrees? A.—I would not like to say that I could.

Q.—Do you think that anybody could? A.—It would be doubtful.

Q.—What would you do to ascertain whether she had a list on of a small degree? A.—Either go fore or aft of her and sight her, on deck or away from her.

Q.—And you had a telltale on the Defender that would tell? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you noticed the discharge from the pipe on the port side while the Defender was under way, sailing? A.—When she was in racing trim? While she was sailing? I don't remember.

Q.—At any time? A.—I have noticed it when we have been pumping the boat out sometimes in the morning. I noticed water coming from it, from the deck.

Q.—Did you notice it at that time at all? A.—I don't remember that morning particularly. I know when we generally pumped the boat out I would look over the side to see whether the water was coming out or not.

Q.—You have seen that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How did it come out? A.—It was just under water.

Q.—Were you present when an observation was made to see if she had any water in her the morning before the race? A.—Yes, sir; I was.

Q.—That was done by the carpenter, under the oversight of Mr. Iselin, and you were present? A.—I think the carpenter took up the floor, but I am not positive whether he or—I am not certain whether one of the men, Sellers, did not do it.

Q.—What was the result? Was any water found in her? A.—No water there.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Where did you leave your boats? A.—I left one on the Hattie Palmer, the gig. Both of them; we had two boats on her.

Q.—You did not use the boats going backward and forward on that night, or perhaps generally during the races, did you, between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender? A.—One boat we could use if we wanted to. No, we never used the boats to go backward and forward to the Hattie Palmer, because she was always alongside of us when we boarded her.

Q.—How big was the pump for this hole? A.—I could not say what was the size of the pump. I know the discharge pipe was about an inch and a quarter, perhaps.

Q.—Can you give me the height of the pump? A.—I could not say exactly. We had to set a brake on board the deck to pump. The brake was screwed on flush with the deck.

Q.—Were there any other pumps in the boat? A.—No pumps. What do you mean?

Q.—On the Defender? A.—After the water tank was taken out there was none. We used to have a pump to pump the water tank out. Water closet pump

Q.—We have heard that they were used on the starboard side forward? A.—There might have been a water closet pump there.

Q.—Had there ever been a tank there? A.—No tank there.

Q.—There was no pump in connection with it? A.—Water closet pump; there is always a pump connected with a water closet.

Q.—Was there a water closet forward on the starboard side? A.—One at the bow; yes, sir. I won't say whether that pipe is on the starboard or port. But there was a water closet there and a pump attached to it.

Q.—Was there not a pipe about amidships, and was there not another pipe hole in the starboard side forward? Was there or was there not? A.—I think there was. If there was any there it was a water closet pipe. I would not say whether it was starboard or port. I think it was starboard.

Q.—Had there been a water closet forward on the starboard side? A.—Yes, sir; it was on the starboard side.

Q.—Was that water closet taken out or not? A.—No.

Q.—How many water closets were left in? A.—Four.

Q.—Where were they situated? A.—One forward in the bow; the next one was forward of amidships on the port side; just about amidships on the starboard side, and one further aft on the starboard side.

Q.—You got three on the starboard side, did you not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was there a pipe to each of them? A.—There must have been?

Q.—An outlet through her skin? A.—Of course.

Q.—Was not the wind blowing rather strongly on the evening of Sept. 6? A.—No, a nice breeze; not very strong.

Q.—Was it not rising? A.—I didn't think so.

Q.—Did not the wind on the morning of the 7th rather suddenly drop away? A.—It died down some, I think. It died down some. I don't know that it dropped away very sudden, I don't know about that.

Q.—Was there not considerable sea left running? A.—I think there was.

Q.—Was not that the kind of weather, with considerable sea, in which it would be an advantage for the boat to be rather stiffer—of the type of the Defender? A.—No, sir; I do not think so.

Q.—Would she sail better if she were light, in a considerable sea? A.—I think so; a boat that had as much weight as she did; as much stationary ballast as she had.

Q.—As much stationary ballast in the form of lead? A.—As much in her keel. That is what I mean by stationary ballast—her keel was lead.

Q.—Had she had seas of the kind in any of the previous races during the previous summer? A.—Not very much, I think. One or two races we had.

Q.—Do you call to mind the sea that there was upon Sept. 6? Was that the kind of weather that you had had in several races during the summer? A.—I don't know that we had exactly the same kind of sea. We had had a sea that was nearly as bad, perhaps. We had had one or two races.

Q.—Can you give me any of the races during the summer which you would compare in roughness of sea? A.—The nearest to it was the first race we had with the Vigilant, outside the Hook. I don't remember the day, some time in July, I think. July 20, or about there. Another time, I think, was the first trial race.

Q.—The first trial race and the race about July 20? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had she then the same amount of furniture and stuff in her as was put ashore at New Rochelle? A.—The same things.

Q.—Then the trim in which she sailed those races would be a trim that satisfied you? A.—Well, yes; nearly so.

Q.—Assuming that she was lightened before measurement, would it not be an advantage to get her back into the trim? A.—It would have been an advantage to have had her lighter than she was, anyhow.

Q.—Lighter than she was when she was sailing in July? A.—When she sailed.

Q.—Sailing in July and the first trial race? A.—In the last race, I mean.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—The Cup races? A.—The Cup races.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I am upon another point. Would it not be an advantage for her, assuming that she was lightened, compared with what she had been before the ballast was taken out at New Rochelle, to return to the same trim that she was in before the ballast was taken out? A.—We didn't know then whether she was in the right trim or not.

Q.—You had been sailing all summer. You told me that you were satisfied with the trim that she sailed in on this race in July and the first Cup race, did you not? A.—We were satisfied the boat had stability enough. In fact, more than she needed.

Q.—She was too stiff? A.—Yes, sir; plenty stiff enough.

Q.—Had you taken the whole summer to come to that conclusion? A.—No; I don't know as I had, altogether.

Q.—Have you ever altered a boat just before an important race by taking all her furniture out of her and putting in a new kind of ballast? A.—I don't remember any particular instance. I think we have some, yes.

Q.—Do you think it a wise sort of thing to lighten a vessel just before a race? A.—I do, yes. I thought her—

Q.—Altering the ballast and taking a ballast which you did not know what it came to? A.—A ballast that common sense would teach a man what to do better with.

Q.—Did you do it by rule of thumb? A.—I guess at it—what little experience I have had. Yes, that is it. I don't pretend to know so much about the theoretical part as some. I am not an expert about this business at all.

Q.—You like to have ballast in that suits best according to your practical views of sailing? Is that it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When did they begin to cut these pigs up? A.—Immediately we got the Palmer alongside, after dropping her anchor.

Q.—What time of the day was that? A.—Somewhere near—we commenced to cut the pigs, I think it was about 8:35, if I remember right, or 8:40, or somewheres there.

Q.—Who told the men to cut the pigs up? A.—I did.

Q.—How many were occupied upon it? A.—Oh, I couldn't say; a good part of the men were around. Some were passing the pigs out about as fast as we cut them, and stood ready to pass them back.

Q.—With the chisel and hammer? A.—Yes, sir; chisel and hammer—or chisel and maul.

Q.—An odd way to cut up lead; an old-fashioned way? A.—I never saw any better way to cut them, unless you had a steam saw-mill to saw them. That is the only way to cut it. They cut it very nicely and very quickly, in about three-quarters of an hour.

Q.—Was there any more lead on the Hattie Palmer? A.—Not to my knowledge; no, sir. If there had been I would have known it.

Q.—You cannot tell me the weight of the cots that were taken out? A.—I could not tell. I would not like to say positively. I should judge that there was some—

Q.—What kind of cots were they? Iron? A.—They were these iron-framed cots, a part of them. Twenty-two—yes, there were thirty of those, I think, or nearly thirty. I should judge that they would weigh in the neighborhood of 40lbs. apiece, with the mattresses and blankets and all attached. Then there was some dozen or more cots that would be pretty nearly about the same amount. Twelve or fifteen hundredweight, probably.

Mr. Choate—Is that all?

Mr. Askwith—Yes, that is all.

The Chairman—Is there any other witness that you particularly desire to discharge to-night?

Mr. Choate—Mr. Hyslop would take about five minutes. We will examine him. I would like to ask Capt. Haff what the condition of the water about the Defender was on the morning of the 7th, when Mr. Iselin came on board, and from there until you left your position?

Capt. Haff—Some little swell, coming in from the Hook. Naturally would be with the sea that was outside.

Mr. Choate—The boat did not lie entirely still?

Capt. Haff—No, sir. I want to say, gentlemen, that that boat sailed those races with just every pound of weight aboard of her that she was measured with, and not a pound more.

Mr. Choate—If your opinion had been asked after she had been stripped, would you have put in the two tons or the three tons of lead—if you had had your way?

Capt. Haff—If I had had my way I would have taken out every pound of lead she had in her to sail those races with, whether it blowed high or blowed low.

John Hyslop, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

Direct examination by Mr. Choate:

Q.—I understand that you were the official measurer who made the two measurements of the Defender, one on Friday and the other on Sunday? A.—That is correct.

Q.—The 6th and 8th? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were those two measurements correctly made? A.—They were.

Q.—On Sunday, after the remeasurement, she was marked upon the stem, and with a red disc on either side, at the waterline? A.—Yes sir.

Q.—You saw that done? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You know that was correct, according to the measurement then taken? A.—Yes, sir. Let me say that all those measurements were made with the joint observation and concurrence of Mr. Watson and Mr. Herreshoff and myself; each and all of them.

Q.—Have you seen the Defender since those marks were put on? A.—I have.

Q.—When last? A.—Last Saturday.

Q.—At New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And is the mark upon the stem, and the two discs, exactly as they were placed there after the measurement was made? A.—They are there, to all appearances, identically as left.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—I would like to ask you a question about the marking of the boat on the first occasion, on Friday. Did you put any marks on her deck A.—The customary marking.

Q.—What is the customary marking? A.—Simply a round-headed copper tack, perpendicular to the intersection of the water with the stem or stern, as the case may be.

Q.—That was driven in on the deck of the Defender, and also on the deck of the Valkyrie III? A.—It was.

Q.—You speak of that as a customary thing. How long has that been the custom? A.—It has been the custom ever since I have measured for the New York Y. C.

Q.—How long was that? A.—I should say somewhere about ten years.

Q.—Was it the custom in 1893? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you measure Valkyrie II.? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you mark with a tack on deck? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—There were no external marks put on the Valkyrie or Vigilant, were there? A.—No, sir.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Did you preserve the batten that was used in measuring on Friday? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How came you to do that? A.—I did that as a result of a conference held between Mr. Canfield, Mr. Watson—I think Mr. Rogers took a part in it, I know as to the others—and myself.

Q.—What was the conference, and when did it take place? A.—The conference took place on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6.

Q.—Before the measurement? A.—After the measurement, and had reference to putting marks on the two boats that had been measured. There was not at that time an agreement as to which would be the best way of marking. It was seen that it would be exceedingly difficult to change any mark under the stern of either boat; and, if painted—I think it was allowed by every one engaged in the discussion—that if painted it would not be easy to observe any marked place at the intersection of the water at the stern It was more easy to place such a mark at the stem and to discern it, and it was agreed that such mark would be satisfactory. Mr Watson suggested that a mark placed on each side about the rudder, resembling, as he said, a Plimsoll mark, a mark customary, I believe, on the other side, and put on trading vessels, beyond which depth they are not permitted to be loaded. It is an arrangement of the Commercial Marine Mr. Watson's suggestion was that would be a satisfactory mark, and I was asked, if I came on Sunday morning, if the boats were there on Sunday morning, I could arrange to be there to mark them. At that time the Valkyrie, as I recollect, had gone away. I stated that I would be there on Sunday morning if the boats were there, and the best recollection I have is that an hour was named on Sunday morning that I should be there, and the two vessels should be there.

Q.—What hour was that? A.—My recollection is 10 o'clock.

Q.—Did you hear anything about a remeasurement to be made on Sunday, that evening, Friday? A.—No, sir. Nothing was known by me. Nothing was mentioned or suggested about a remeasurement, but to re-mark, to put those marks—to mark the spot to which the measurement was made on Friday—put those marks there on Sunday, it was necessary that the batten should be retained; and that—I first ascertained from some one connected with the yard, I do not remember who it was; but the first person I came across who could tell me as to the customs of the yard. I first ascertained whether it would be practicable to get into the yard, to secure entrance on Sunday. I was told it would be; that there was a man always there, who could enter the carpenter shop and procure the batten if it was deposited there. The batten was left in the charge of Captain Haff, to send up immediately to the carpenter shop for preservation, and it was found there on that Sunday following.

Q.—Will you look at this letter that I now show you and say if you received it from Mr. Canfield Saturday evening, the 7th? A.—Yes, sir I recognize the letter.

Mr. Choate—I will read that, and it may be written into the minutes

"SEPT. 7, 1895.—*John Hyslop, Esq., Measurer, N. Y. Y. C.*—DEAR SIR: The America's Cup committee request that when you mark the yachts Valkyrie and Defender to-morrow at 10 A. M. you measure the l.w.l. length of each vessel again, in order to verify the measurement of l.w.l. taken on Friday. As this is only a check for the satisfaction o the committee, you will kindly send the measurements to the America's Cup committee at the N. Y. Y. C. Please acknowledge the receip of this by the bearer. Yours truly,

"A. CASS CANFIELD, Sec'y America's Cup Committee.

"P. S.—The committee wish very much you could arrange to go with us on the tug Luckenback, which carries the regatta committee She leaves foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, at 8 A. M."

Q.—Did you on the same night, or at an early hour on Saturday morning, receive this other letter from Mr. Canfield? A.—I received that letter about an hour after the other. An hour or an hour and a half.

Mr. Choate—I will read this:

"SEPT. 7, 10:15 P. M.—*My Dear Mr. Hyslop:* You have misunderstood my letter. I asked you to measure the two yachts to-morrow at 10 A. M. at Erie Basin, it having been arranged that you were to be there to mark them at either end of l.w.l. with Mr. George L. Watson. I also asked you to go on the regatta committee boat during the racing days—not to-morrow, but next Tuesday—leaving at 8 A. M. foot o Twenty-sixth street, East River. Yours truly,

"A. CASS CANFIELD."

Mr. Hyslop—Yes, I remember that.

Q.—One more question. What do you say as to the practicabilit

of measuring yachts in the dark—at night? A.—Yes, sir; I have attempted that.

Q.—You have attempted it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—With what result? A.—The attempt was made with the Valkyrie.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Which Valkyrie? A.—The Valkyrie—the last boat here—Valkyrie III. The attempt was made on the night of Sept. 11 to measure the Valkyrie in that way. A ton or a larger quantity—it may have been a ton and a half—of ballast was, as I was informed, taken from the Valkyrie. She was in the dock. This was removed and it was desired that she should be remeasured, so that in the race that was intended to take place on Thursday, the day following, she could have the advantage of the lessened measurement on the load line. I went there. My information was that she would be afloat about 4 or 5 o'clock, I think. But I went over there at that time and found that it was misinformation. The boat was not afloat until after 9 o'clock that evening; probably nearer 10. Mr. Watson and myself had been discussing the possibility of measuring her when she should be afloat, and I think he conceded the point that it would be pretty well impracticable. But, desiring that no injustice should be done to the boat, and no occasion for complaint be given, I remained there, that there might be no doubt whatever about it, and prepared to make the attempt. Lanterns were secured, a certain number of electric lights were arranged about the yard, and Mr. Watson and myself made the best efforts to secure even an approximate measurement of the boat, but it was utterly futile, and so conceded by Mr. Watson, and, of course, acknowledged by me.

Q.—You do not consider it possible? A.—It is not. It is utterly impossible with a modern vessel such as the Valkyrie and Defender.

Q.—Did you understand this was to prepare the Valkyrie on the third race on which she went over the line? A.—Certainly, yes.

Q.—Who gave you the information?

Mr. Hyslop—Who asked me that I should measure it?

Mr. Rives—Yes; who told you what the plan was, for taking out a ton and a half or putting in a ton and a half?

A.—I do not know that I had the information, I may have had, until I went to the dock; but I didn't know that it was desired that a new measurement should be obtained. As to who informed me I cannot now state.

Q.—Was it to be made after the removal or the addition of a ton and a half? A.—A ton, or whatever it might be; I can't say as to the quantity. I presume that quantity of ballast was taken out on Sunday, the 11th, and the measurement was wanted to ascertain the extent to which her waterline was shortened.

Q.—Was Lord Dunraven aboard then? A.—He was not; not in my sight.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—All this new alteration of the Valkyrie that you are alluding to is, under the terms of the agreement and under the rules of the New York Y. C., that if a vessel desires either to increase her load waterline length or her spar measurements, she must obtain a new measurement by special appointment, before the next race, under that rule? A.—Precisely.

Q.—Are you the person who is responsible for the term "physically impossible" in the America's Cup committee report? A.—I do not remember the use of such a term.

Q.—The term "physically impossible" to remeasure her that night? A.—I had nothing to do with writing that report. I am not a member of the Cup committee.

Q.—You have not seen that? A.—I do not recognize the term. It is, nevertheless, true.

Q.—When did you arrange with Mr. George L. Watson, as alluded to in this letter of Sept. 7? Was that the arrangement made the evening of Sept. 7? That is the supplementary letter to the first one Mr. Choate read.

Mr. Hyslop—When did I arrange with Mr. George Watson to make the measurements here referred to? Is that the question?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—On Friday.

Q.—Was Lord Dunraven present? A.—I believe he was near by. That is my recollection. I have a further impression, I will not say it is a matter of distinct recollection, that there was some conference between Mr. Watson and his Lordship in reference to the matter.

Q.—There had been a conversation about marking upon the Friday with some members of the Cup committee and yourself, had there not? A.—That is precisely what I have been referring to; yes.

Q.—Was that after the Valkyrie had been measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was she out? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And Mr. Watson stayed behind for the measuring of the Defender? A.—He was—yes, he stayed behind, and that may have been a part of his object. I do not know.

Q.—Was not Lord Dunraven absent? A.—I remember that Mr. Watson was behind and the Valkyrie was away.

Q.—The remeasurement came as a new thing to you on Saturday evening? A.—It did.

Q.—Are you aware that as long ago as January, 1894, attempts were made to suggest that there should be an alteration in the rules as to marking, after the races between the Vigilant and Valkyrie II in 1893? A.—I have no knowledge or recollection of that. It may have been within my knowledge at the time, but it is not a matter with which I should have officially to deal with.

Q.—Dou you know that Mr. Tams, of this club, was requested to take the subject up officially, as it would be embodied in any rules that would be made to govern a contest between an English and an American yacht in the future. A.—Yes, sir. It would not be a matter that it would be necessary to bring under my cognizance in any way.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—In the statement of Lord Dunraven there is a reference made to you: "I may mention that according to Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, the Defender was some 6in. shorter when measured for the Cup races than when measured for the Goelet cup race." What do you say with reference to that? A.—I have not the slightest recollection of anything of the kind. As a matter of actual fact there was a remarkable coincidence between the measurement of the Defender—the first measurement, made about Aug. 16—and the Valkyrie measurement; they precisely coincided. I had no recollection of having mentioned anything—such as "previous measurement of the Defender"—to Lord Dunraven, but the matter was sufficiently remarkable, and it would not have been at all wonderful when I came to measure the Valkyrie to mention that coincidence; but I have not the slightest recollection of doing so or making any comparison between the first measurement of the Defender and any subsequent one. I have no knowledge of it whatever.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Was the Defender measured for the Goelet cup? A.—No, sir; there was only one measurement of the Defender previous to that of Sept. 6. That measurement was made on Aug. 16.

Q.—Was that the first of the trial races? A.—Well, the measurement taken then, I suppose, would determine all preceding events, as between the Vigilant and the Defender. That was, however, the date of the first measurement.

Q.—Was that the first and only occasion on which you had made a measurement? A.—That was the first occasion on which I measured the Defender—Aug. 16.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—Have you the statistics showing the third measurement? You measured the Defender three times? A.—Yes, I measured her three times, Aug. 16, Sept. 6, and Sunday, the 8th, three measurements.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—It has not been stated on authority yet how much difference you actually found in each vessel, between the Friday and the Sunday. Will you state? A.—The Defender was 1-16in. less. The Valkyrie was ⅛in. more.

Q.—And that was as near as you could expect they would come to it, with the same trim, condition and ballast as before? A.—Well, sir, it was commonly spoken of as a thing impossible to do.

Q.—To make them twice exactly the same? A.—It was done to my satisfaction; it was done, as far as there was any expression of it, equally to the satisfaction of the representatives of the contesting yachts, Mr. Watson on the one hand, and Mr. Herreshoff on the other; of course to my satisfaction.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—I would like to call your attention to a statement on pages 4 and 5 of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet, in which he says that he was under the impression that the rule of the New York Y. C. meant that a vessel should be marked on the stem and stern in such a way as to make the marks externally visible; that he learned this at a meeting of the Cup committee on Aug. 20; that according to the practice of the New York Y. C., the l.w.l. length is marked by a couple of tacks on the deck. I understood you to say that same practice existed in the summer of 1893, when Valkyrie II. was here? A.—It did, and for many years previous to that.

Q.—And at that time you did mark Valkyrie II. in that way? A.—In that way.

Q.—And in only that way? A.—In only that way.

Q.—So that Lord Dunraven must be mistaken in saying that he learned this on Aug. 20, 1895? A.—Precisely. Most certainly the Valkyrie II. was marked in the same way.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—Have you got the figures showing what your three measurements were of the Defender? A.—I can procure them very readily. I have got my note book in my overcoat pocket. I will get it. It is right here.

Q.—Do you mean the waterline measurement?

Mr. Whitney—The waterline measurement.

A. (continuing, after looking at note book)—Aug. 16, 88$^{15}_{16}$ft. Sept. 6, 88$^{15}_{16}$. Sept. 11, 88$^{447}_{1000}$.

By Mr. Morgan:

Q.—Sept. 8 that was, was it not? A.—The last one was Sept. 11. I measured her on Wednesday, the 11th, also. I measured her on the 8th and also on Sept. 11.

Q.—The Defender?

Mr. Hyslop—Wait a minute; let me see!

The Chairman—You have given the measurement on the 8th.

Mr. Hyslop—There is an explanation there. I shall mislead you. I did measure her. I measured the rig on Sept. 11, but the waterline measurement was taken on Sunday.

The Chairman—On the 8th?

Mr. Hyslop—The waterline measurement was taken on the 8th, but there was a spar carried away and it was necessary to remeasure the rig on Sept. 11; 88.445 is the measurement of the waterline as taken on Sunday, the 8th.

Mr. Whitney—Then the three measurements of the Defender's waterline were, first 88.85, second 88.45, and the next 88.445.

Mr. Hyslop—Precisely.

Mr. Askwith—In respect to this rule that you are alluding to, Lord Dunraven only says: "I was under the impression." The rule itself is absolutely distinct. In reference to the interpretation that appears to have been, by custom, changed.

At 6 o'clock P. M. the committee adjourned.

New York Y. C.

THE adjourned meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 27 with 240 members present, Com. Brown being in the chair. After the meeting was called to order the following letters were submitted:

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 8, 1896.—*The Honorable Secretary of the Special Committee of the N. Y. Y. C.:* Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the report and proceedings of the special committee of inquiry of the New York Y. C., and trust that you will express to the members of the committee my appreciation of the courtesy and patience with which the conduct of so difficult an inquiry was marked. I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

DUNRAVEN'S LETTER TO PHELPS.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 12, 1896.—Dear Mr. Phelps: The attitude of assisting the inquiry as a witness and not prosecuting, which, in the nature of the case, I had to adopt, and which I have consistently maintained, prevents me from presuming to accept or reject or criticise, either affirmatively or negatively, the committee's report officially; but in view of the many misunderstandings which have occurred I have felt myself justified in writing briefly to you (as I should be sorry if you or the committee misunderstood my silence), and in saying a few words to which you may give such publicity as you think fit or necessary.

My complaint was made *bona fide* on the direct evidence of eyesight—my own and that of competent men—as to effects the cause of which we did not know or attempt to define. It would, in my opinion, be impossible to find stronger reasons on which action could be taken, or as justification for a complaint of like nature to that which I most reluctantly made, and I am unable therefore to agree that my complaint was unreasonably originated.

I cannot admit a mistake in observed facts, as is suggested by the employment of a diagram accepted by the committee as mathematically proving that we did not see actual objects which we did see.

The only time for absolute proof or disproof of my complaint that Defender did not sail the race on Sept. 7 on her measured l.w.l. length must have been the day of the race. My conduct after the first race; my attitude toward the inquiry when I offered to go to New York, and before the inquiry when I was present in New York, all show my belief in that proposition—a proposition in my opinion self-evident, and I think admitted in evidence by members of the Cup committee.

Feeling as I do on this point, I am unable to adopt toward the judgment of your committee the attitude I should have unhesitatingly taken had the inquiry been conducted at the proper time by the authority under which I sailed, to which I made my complaint, and whose decision I was bound to accept. But I fully realize the difficulties of the situation, which have arisen, I think, largely through mutual misunderstanding, and, on the evidence before them, I most willingly accept the main conclusion of your committee and am only too glad to consider the dispute closed.

I have throughout frequently stated that I made no charge against Mr. Iselin and the other owners of Defender, and I do not agree that he and his friends and all connected with the vessel must have been aware if Defender sailed the first race deeper than when measured. As this is a matter personal to them, I have written to these gentlemen, to make the point perfectly clear.

There are two less important matters to which I may briefly refer. I believed, and for reasons given in evidence think I was justified in believing, that the owners knew of my complaint at the time that it was made, but I fully accept Mr. Iselin's statement that he was only cognizant of it on Oct. 24.

I have also written to Mr. Canfield and Mr. Rogers, admitting the error of my belief that the vessels were ordered to be marked in deference to my request made to the Cup committee on the 7th. Though neither I, nor any one on Valkyrie, understood that the yachts were to be marked on the 8th, I fully accept Mr. Canfield's and Mr. Rogers's statements that they believed they had explained the intentions of the committee to me. I remain, dear Mr. Phelps, yours very faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

Hon. E. J. Phelps.

THE COMMITTEE'S COMMENT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1896.—*To the Commodore of the New York Y. C:* Sir—Enclosed herewith will be found a communication from Lord Dunraven. As the committee, at its request, was discharged at the last meeting of the yacht club from further consideration of this matter, this communication is transmitted to the club for such action as it thinks proper. The committee has acknowledged the receipt of the letter and has notified Lord Dunraven of its transmission to the yacht club.

They cannot submit this letter without observing that Lord Dunraven misstates their report in an important particular. He says that a diagram was "accepted by the committee as mathematically proving that we did not see the actual objects which we did see." Nothing in the report justifies this statement. It was not denied or doubted that he saw the discharge hole of the bilge pump above the surface of the water on the day before the race, and that it was below the surface of the water on the following day. The fact demonstrated by the evidence and found in the report is, that the hole could not be visible above the water when the vessel was on an even keel, and consequently it was made visible on the first day by the vessel having a slight list to starboard, the probable cause of which the evidence pointed out. The apparent change in the relative position, therefore, afforded no evidence whatever that the immersion of the vessel had been increased in the meantime. Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD T. PHELPS,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
A. T. MAHAN,
G. L. RIVES.

THE VARIOUS CABLEGRAMS.

W. M. 35. Cable, Feb. 12, 1896.
London 12. Received at 3:45 P. M.

Oddie, New York Y. C., New York:

Forwarded letter Rives Saturday. Phelps to-day.

DUNRAVEN.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 12, 1896.—Dear Sir: Seeing that the New York Y. C. was to meet on the 13th to consider the report of the committee of inquiry appointed on Nov. 18 last, I thought it right to inform you by cable that I had written to Mr. Rives on the 8th inst., and to Mr. Phelps on the 12th inst. I remain yours faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq.

W. M. 16, Cable Feb. 14, 1896.
London 32. Received at 12:15 P. M.

Secretary New York Y. C., New York:

According papers here Ledyard's motion postponed pending arrival letters. These in my judgment do not affect terms of motion. Request leave Rives Phelps publish them here.

DUNRAVEN.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 14, 1896.—Dear Sir: I see by to-day's papers that a motion before the New York Y.C. affecting my position as an honorary member of that club was postponed pending the arrival of letters, the dates of the dispatch of which I had cabled to you.

Viewing that in connection with certain unfounded paragraphs which had lately appeared in the papers, I think it desirable that the contents of my letters should be known as soon as possible, and cabled to you to obtain permission from Mr. Rives and Mr. Phelps to publish them with a view to their being cabled to New York. I remain yours faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq.

"No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 19, 1896.—Dear Sir: I should be obliged if you would inform Mr. Iselin that while thinking myself fully justified in believing that he must have known of my complaint against Defender on Sept. 7 last, seeing that it was made to the Cup committee through Mr. Fish, I wish to express my regret for having fallen into an impression which is shown to be erroneous by his statement in evidence that he first heard of my complaint on Oct. 24. Also that in respect of the alleged alteration in Defender's l.w.l. length affecting the owners of that vessel, I am in agreement with the report of the committee, an opinion which I have persistently expressed. I remain yours faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

"J. V. S. Oddie, Esq."

Mr. Oddie's reply was as follows:

"Sent Feb. 24, 1896.—*To Dunraven, 27 Norfolk street, London:* Letters confirming cables received. Iselin abroad.

ODDIE."

After the reading of the letters, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard addressed the club as follows:

"At the last meeting of this club I introduced a resolution which called upon the Earl of Dunraven to resign his honorary membership in the club. I thought at that time, and I think a great many members of the club thought, that that method of dealing with the situation—asking him to resign, instead of taking more summary action against him—was more in accordance with the way in which we had been dealing with this matter up to that time. It seemed then more consistent with the courtesies and dignified and careful way in which all this subject has been treated by the New York Y. C.

"I do not think there has ever been in the mind of any member of the club, sir, an idea that we should accept any resignation by Lord Dunraven unless it was accompanied by a full, complete and ample apology, and at the same time a retraction of his charges.

"I have seen in the papers to-night a statement that he has resigned. I suppose, sir, under the circumstances that the secretary has made no mention of any such communication, that none has been received by the club. When I suggested, by the introduction of my resolution, that Lord Dunraven's resignation should be requested, I had in mind a resignation to be given by him in answer to a demand by the club—not a resignation such as any member in good standing could voluntarily tender and expect to have accepted.

"I think, sir, that the communications which we have received since the last meeting have put a different aspect upon the matter. Lord Dunraven, by these several communications, has shown that he has not accepted the result of this inquiry. He is still carping, still hedging, still evading and still insisting that he saw with his eyes what we all know that he never did see, and what has been conclusively proven to have been impossible.

"I think his course has been such that it is due now to the dignity and self-respect of this club that action should be taken which will leave no room for doubt as to the attitude of the club. And with that view I shall ask the unanimous consent of the members of the club to withdraw the resolution which I offered at the last meeting, for the purpose of submitting in its place another and different one."

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to inform the Earl of Dunraven that his resignation as an honorary member of the New York Y. C. is requested by the club.

The substitute was as follows:

Whereas, the Earl of Dunraven, as honorary member of this club, has publicly charged foul play on the part of the Defender in the recent races for the America's Cup, of such a nature as necessarily to implicate the managing owners of the vessel.

The charge has been investigated by a commission of the highest character, which has proceeded judicially, and before which Lord Dunraven has appeared and given his own and other testimony, and has been heard in person and by counsel. The commission has unanimously decided that the charge was false; that it was not merely unproved, but was affirmatively disproved by competent and uncontradicted evidence, leaving no possibility of doubt.

The commission has also found that the facts upon which Lord Dunraven acted, according to his own statement, furnished no justification for making such a charge.

We deem it to be among the unquestioned rules which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen that when one finds that he has been led by mistake to cast unjust imputations upon the character of another he should promptly make such reparation as remains in his power by acknowledging his error, withdrawing the imputations and expressing his regret. Such reparation to Mr Iselin and his associates the Earl of Dunraven, after full opportunity, has failed to make.

It further appears from the evidence, including Lord Dunraven's own admissions, that at the time of the Cup races he intentionally refrained from making the charge formally, or making any protest, as required by the rules, because it was impossible for him to verify the charge, and he was unwilling to undertake the responsibility of maintaining it.

It is not open to discussion that when gentlemen are engaged in any sport, and one suspects another of foul play, he is bound to make the charge then, and in such form and manner as to assume full responsibility therefor, or thereafter to remain silent.

It further appears that in print and in public speech Lord Dunraven has sought to justify the making of the charge by numerous misrepresentations of fact. He has been forced himself to admit the untruth of most of these, yet he stubbornly refuses to retract the injurious inferences drawn from them.

The representatives of this club engaged in the international yacht races with Lord Dunraven, as the representative of English yachtsmen, upon the footing of mutual confidence and honor. He has requited their courtesy and confidence by distrust, suspicion, unfounded imputations of fraud and a refusal of reparation.

Lord Dunraven by his course has forfeited the high esteem which led to his election as an honorary member of this club; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the privileges of honorary membership heretofore extended to the Earl of Dunraven are hereby withdrawn, and that his name be removed from the list of honorary members of the club.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, after which a vote was taken.

Out of the 240 members present, forty were yacht owners and privileged to vote; all but one, Mr. Chester C. Munroe, voting in the affirmative.

After Com. Brown had declared the result of the vote, and that Lord Dunraven was no longer a member of the New York Y. C., the meeting adjourned.

The Chicago Challenge.

E. P. WARNER, of the Lake Michigan Y. A., has lately been in Toronto for the express purpose of arranging the terms of the proposed match between the Lincoln Park Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. The objections on the part of the R. C. Y. C. were on the ground that the new challenger was considerably larger than any yacht available on the lake, and that a specially constructed racing yacht would be of no use save for this one match. The challengers are very desirous of making a match, and after giving the length of the new Vincedor as 48ft. racing length, they have finally offered to guarantee that she shall not exceed a measurement of 45ft., or that if she does any excess shall rate at a double allowance. A meeting of the sailing committee of the R. C. Y. C. was held on Feb. 28, at which the following acceptance was drawn up:

TORONTO, Feb. 28.—*C. O. Andrews, Esq., Sec'y Lincoln Park Y. C., Chicago, Ill.:* Dear Sir—The Commodore, Rear-Commodore and myself had great pleasure in meeting Mr. Warner, chairman of your regatta committee, and hearing his suggestions as to meeting the difficulty as to the size of the Vincedor, which we felt was such a serious obstacle to our accepting your proposals for a series of races between yachts of our respective clubs.

We now feel, however, that the proposals made at that interview, and corroborated in Mr. Warner's letter of Feb. 24, will surmount the difficulty, and that we can now appoint the committee to arrange details suggested by you in your original letter.

We think, however, in order that there may be no misunderstanding of the subject, owing to changes and modifications of the challenge, it would be well to recite them:

1. We understand the Vincedor is designed to be 48ft. corrected length, being about 44½ft. l.w.l., and that her construction has proceeded so far that it is impossible to now alter the dimensions of her hull.

2. That you agree to reduce the Vincedor to 45ft. corrected length, by reducing her sail area.

3. That should Vincedor measure over 45ft. corrected length, double time allowance to be allowed on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed ½ft. corrected length.

4. That our club is to meet the Vincedor with a yacht 42ft. c. l., as near as possible, but in no event must she exceed 42ft. by more than ½ft. c. l.

5. That the sailing rules of the New York Y. C. to govern the races, subject to such modifications and alterations as shall be mutually agreed upon between the committee on details.

6. That it is understood that corrected length, wherever mentioned in connection with this match, shall mean the racing length for time allowance, and shall be obtained, as per Lake Yacht Racing Association rules, viz., to the square foot of the sail area, add l.w.l., and divide by 3.

From the above you will see we do not contemplate that you can meet our representative with a new Vincedor designed to be 45ft. c.l.

My committee greatly regret that it is impossible to make the match with similar sized yachts, as where a difference of size exists, to be adjusted by time allowance, the result is never so satisfactory.

If the above is your understanding of the subject, we would suggest that your committee draft what other conditions they think expedient, and forward for the consideration of our committee to Æmilius Jarvis, chairman.

I might mention that we have appointed Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, our vice-commodore; Æmilius Jarvis, our rear-commodore; and E. H. Ambrose as our committee on details, and that Mr. Jarvis is chairman, to whom kindly address all further communications.

P. S.—I am sending by concurrent mail a copy of the Lake Yacht

Racing Association book for 1895, which is the last issued, there being no changes since.

This arrangement, while all that is possible under the circumstances, will by no means make a fair match between the new yacht and Zelma, the only yacht available for the R. C. Y. C. The latter is but one stage advanced beyond Minerva in model and construction; and it has been conclusively proved about New York as well as in British waters that such craft can by no possible means compete with the modern fin-keels of the same size; much less with larger ones. Minerva has no chance whatever with Gloriana, to say nothing of Wasp, and yet the latter are far from being bulb-fins. The 35-footer Norota, a semi-fin with no bulb, is practically as fast as the old 40-footers; and yet she would be outsailed by an extreme fin-keel. It is out of the question to make a fair and satisfactory match between a new bulb-fin of 45ft. l.w.l. and an old cutter of but 37ft. waterline; the larger yacht may give an amount of time which seems very liberal and yet outsail the smaller and older one; or, on the other hand, should the latter win, all the credit will be discounted on the grounds of her excessive allowance.

It of course remains to be seen how fast a yacht the new designer Mr. Poekel will turn out, but it seems probable that she will be as speedy as her modern design and construction and his long experience with the Herreshoffs should warrant. It is in every way unfortunate that the matter was not started in a different way, by a mutual agreement with the R. C. Y. C. as to the best size of yacht before the design was completed and the work of construction begun. Now it is too late to alter the size of the new yacht.

Lord Dunraven's Resignation.

THE following letter reached New York on the Britannic on Feb. 28, the day after the meeting of the New York Y. C:

"27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 19, 1896.—*To the Secretary of the New York Y. C., 67 Madison avenue, New York:* Dear Sir—In supplement of my cablegram and letter of Feb. 14, I wish to emphasize the fact that my letters to Mr. Rives and Mr. Phelps were written and dispatched before I heard of the motion made by Capt. Ledyard.

"Without commenting on the grounds and terms of a motion with the justice of which I do not agree, I wish to say that in view of the fact that a motion of such a nature has been made and is upon the Agenda book, I do not desire to remain a member of the club, whatever the result of the motion may be.

"I therefore beg that you will lay my resignation before the club, a course which will probably be approved by the majority of the members. I remain yours faithfully, "DUNRAVEN."

The same letter, with several differences in the wording, was cabled from London to the New York papers, by whom does not appear, and was published on Thursday afternoon preceding the meeting. Although the club had no official knowledge of the letter or warrant of its authenticity at the time of the meeting, it has been blamed for not accepting the resignation. The London *Globe* is quick to insinuate foul dealing, as follows:

"We are at a loss to understand why it was that the club had not received the letter at 9 o'clock last evening which had been published in the New York papers of that afternoon. We are strongly inclined to the belief that if the letter had not reached the secretary it was for the reason that arrangements were made to prevent his receiving it. It will be remembered that in the earlier stages of the controversy the period at which a certain note was received was the subject of some dispute and the cause of a deal of trouble."

Some of the other London papers, and Sir George Baden Powell, echo the same charge. The fact that the letter arrived by the Britannic on Friday is proof enough that it was not in the hands of the secretary on Thursday evening, in addition to which are the postmarks on the envelope. Sec'y Oddie has indorsed the envelope as follows:

Copy of a communication from the Earl of Dunraven, bearing mark, P. O., N. Y., 2, 28, '96, 3:10: also F 2, 28, '96, 4:12. Received at the club house Feb. 28, at 7:10 P. M.

This note means that the letter was received at the New York post-office at 3:10 o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 28, at station F at 4:12 o'clock and at the New York Y. C. at 7:10 o'clock, Feb. 28.

In view of the fact that the resignation would not have been accepted, even had it been before the meeting, the whole incident is of little moment.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The seventh annual meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on Feb. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., A. J. Prime, Yonkers; Vice-Com., E. Langerfeld, H. R. Y. C.; Sec'y, G. Parkhill; Treas., R. K. McMurray; Executive Committee, A. F. Adams, Newark Y. C.; A. F. Roe, Jersey City; Dr. Brandt, Pine Ridge; Capt. J. Ellsworth, Bayonne; A. C. Longyear, Newark Bay B. C.

The following amendments to the sailing rules were adopted:

Resolved, That Rule 2 of the sailing rules be amended so as to read as follows:

Rule 2. Measurement and Allowance.—All races or regattas given by any club a member of the Association or by the Association open to one or more club members of the Association shall be sailed under the rules of the Association, and the measurement for allowance for time shall be by one of the following systems, which shall be known respectively as the "Hull measurement" and "length and sail area measurement," which are as follows:

Section 1. Hull Measurement.—"The measurement for allowance for time shall be the length of the load waterline measured when in sailing trim, to which shall be added one-third of the overhang forward and aft, which shall be the sailing length."

Section 2. Length and Sail Area Measurement.—Yachts shall be rated for time allowance according to the following measurement:

To the load waterline length add the square root of the sail area and divide the sum by 2.

The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim, with all persons on board when the measurement is taken amidships. The measurer, at the time of taking the measurements, shall affix a distinctive mark at each point.

Section 3. In all races or regattas given by any club belonging to the Association open to one or more clubs, members of the Association, notice shall be given in the notice or invitation for such race or regatta of the rule of measurement to be used in such race or regatta, and this rule shall not prevent races or regattas being given under the length and sail area measurement for cabin yachts and hull measurement for open yachts, provided notice thereof is given in notice or invitation for such race or regatta.

Section 4. Allowance for time shall be figured according to the table of N. G. Herreshoff.

The Oceanic and Shrewsbury clubs were dropped from membership. The Association will hold its annual regatta on Labor Day.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Huguenot Y. C. was held on Feb. 15 at the Hotel Logerot, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles Whann; Vice-Com., C. M. Connolly; Rear-Com., S. K. Gorman; Sec'y, R. T. Badgley; Treas., A. L. Laukota. Trustees—For two years, W. H. Jacob and N. Pike, Jr.; for three years, A. F. Townsend and L. C. Ketchum. The club will lay out new courses, including a special one for the 15-footers.

The engines of the new Higgins steamer Varuna will be in charge of Chief Engineer Thompson, formerly of the steam yacht Sapphire II., who has sailed for Glasgow to overlook the yacht while under construction.

Col. C. McK. Losser, a well-known New York yachtsman and member of the New York Y. C., died very suddenly at his home on Feb. 23.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Union held a meeting on Feb. 24 preparatory to the general meeting of the association on March 9, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The following definitions were suggested after much discussion: "Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity, or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive, higher than mercenary, found in the ranks of naval officers and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive, while it is inconsistent with the trade of the shipwright or the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this spirit (and with special cases subject to interpretation by competent judges) the following general definition is given: A Corinthian yachtsman is one who has never received pay for sailing a yacht or vessel, and who has never followed the water as a means of livelihood. No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who by calling is a shipwright, sailmaker, or rigger, and one who has accepted remuneration for services rendered or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in other sports, shall now be considered a Corinthian yachtsman." A definition of what constitutes a cabin yacht was given as follows: "A vessel to be considered a cabin yacht must have substantial cabin accommodations, forming part of the permanent structure of the boat." At the meeting action will be taken on the proposed racing rules, the dates for races and the assignment of permanent racing numbers.

We have received notice of the coming publication of a guide to the rivers and canals of Great Britain and Ireland, edited by F. E. Protheroe and W. A. Clark, and intended for the use of oarsmen and canoeists. The publishers are George Philip & Son, London.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Yachting Association was held at Detroit on Feb. 15, with about twenty-five delegates from different lake clubs in attendance. The following classification by waterline length was adopted: First class, 50ft. and over; second, all over 42ft. and under 50ft.; third, over 35 and under 42ft.; fourth, 30ft. and under 35ft.; fifth, 25ft. and under 30; sixth, all 20ft. or under. The following officers were elected: Com., George H. Worthington, Cleveland; Vice-Com., C. J. Lichtenberg, Detroit; Rear-Com., Henry Tracy, Toledo; Fleet Capt., George Bliss, Erie; Sec'y and Treas., Frank R. Frey, Toledo; Meas., Joseph Hepburn, Toledo; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. George Duffield Stewart, Detroit; Race Committee: Schulze, Bean and Nicholson, of Detroit; Potter, of Toledo, and Hubbard, of Sandusky.

The annual meeting of the Milwaukee Y. C. was held on Feb. 21, the following officers being elected: Com., C. J. Williams; Vice-Com., B. A. Coleman; Rear-Com., Thomas Camp; Treas., John J. Oys, Jr. The club resolved to hold a regatta on July 4, regardless of the dates of the Lake Michigan Y. A., and also that yachts holding legs for the club cups must enter in this regatta or forfeit their rights.

The latest addition to the new 30ft. class is a yacht for Com. Gillig and Vice-Com. Work, of the Larchmont Y. C., designed and built by Sibbick, at Cowes.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Feb. 3, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry Andruss; Vice-Com., Henry Doescher; Rear-Com., William H. Simonson; Sec'y, J. C. Lippincott; Treas., E. B. Strong; Meas., Henry A. Doude. Trustees—1896, J. W. Adams; 1897, E. T. Smythe and G. W. Fuller; 1898, D. J. Krackehl and John T. Rough. The regatta committee was increased from three to five members by an amendment to the constitution, and the following were elected: C. T. Power, B. Talbot, W. N. Davies, P. A. Myrowitz and A. P. Weston. The Membership Committee are Eugene Lambden, W. S. Spencer and W. E. Moore, and Law Committee, J. W. Lambden and C. W. Voltz. These appointments were made: Fleet Captain, E. H. Kingsland; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. G. W. Chandler; Fleet Chaplain, the Rev. J. Ernest McGill. Some important changes were made in the club courses.

The body of Cuthbert S. Johnson reached New York on the steamer Trinidad last week, Mr. Marion Story accompanying it. The following account of the unfortunate occurrence is given by the Bermuda *Colonist:* "About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Palmer and his other guests not then being on board, Culford, Mr. Palmer's valet, brought Mr. Johnson some beef tea and milk, which he took, and rubbed him with some liniment which Dr. Curtis had prescribed. He then helped him to change from the bed in which he was lying to another one. Mr. Johnson then put on a suit of pajamas, and complained to the valet of feeling very ill. About 4:30 deceased rang for the valet and inquired of him whether Mr. Palmer was on board. The servant told him the gentlemen had not yet returned, but were expected soon. A few minutes later Mr. Johnson rang again and put the same question to Culford, who had answered the summons, and received the same reply. No more than three minutes at the most had elapsed when the ship's crew were startled by the report of a pistol shot. Culford and the steward immediately ran to Mr. Johnson's cabin and found him lying on the floor on his right side against the dressing table, with his head close to the floor, the carpet around his head being saturated with blood. The servants, greatly frightened, reported to the captain that Mr. Johnson had committed suicide. The captain immediately sent for Dr. Trott and Mr. Palmer." Preparations were under way for a reception on board of Yampa on Feb. 22, but they were abandoned. The yacht sailed from Bermuda for Barbadoes, Eugene A. Willard, son of E. A. Willard, having joined her by steamer from New York.

At the meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. on Feb. 28 the following letter from Mr. Linton Hope was read: "GRENENHITER, Feb. 8.—*Charles A. Sherman, Esq.:* Dear Sir—Many thanks for your letter of Jan. 24. I much regret that the races cannot take place before Aug. 20, as it will make it impossible for me to race this year now. Will your race committee allow me to postpone my challenge till next year, when we could no doubt arrange dates? Please accept my best thanks for the trouble you and your race committee have taken to try and arrange a race. Hoping to have better luck and more time next year, believe me, yours faithfully, LINTON HOPE." The annual dinner of the club will take place shortly.

Toronto C. C.

THE annual supper of the Toronto C. C. on Jan. 24 was a record-breaker. The club house was gayly decorated with flags and bunting and was filled by a jolly crowd of canoeists and their friends. A very enjoyable programme of music, songs and athletics was provided by the house committee, during an interval in which supper was served. Tables were arranged for 250 and every seat was occupied and a small overflow meeting arranged in one corner. There were no speeches except one by Com. Wilkie which dealt briefly with the prosperous condition of the club, showing a membership of over 300 and assets of $1,100 and no liabilities. The main part of his speech was in reference to the coming A. C. A. meet at Grind stone Island. Elaborate arrangements are being made for a big turn out of Toronto canoeists which is expected, and the probability is that not less than 100 members will go down to the meet.

The T. C. C. Minstrels have since been organized and will probably give an account of themselves there.

Taking it altogether the supper was the most successful yet given by the club, and a pleasing feature of it was the enthusiasm manifested in connection with the A. C. A. meet.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

MR. W. H. MULLINS, Salem, Ohio, has just made an offer of one of his stamped and embossed sheet bronze boats to "Ofveringenior" Andree, of Stockholm, Sweden, for use in his proposed expedition to the Arctic regions, which will start about June 1. Mr. Andree's party intends making this trip by the use of balloons and boats. This boat will be constructed especially, being braced and strengthened to prevent being crushed by the ice, etc.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Edwin Kingsley Abbott	——	Northampton.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The Zettler Rifle Club's regular weekly competition came off this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. Fourteen members put in an appearance and shot their scores, three of them, R. Busse, Dr. W. J. Furness and Gus. Nowak, shooting up a back score in addition to their regular five strings of 10 shots. Dr. Boyken, who is shooting in excellent form just now, was high with two scores of 249 out of a possible 250. The scores made were as follows:

R Busse	244	237	239	240	241	H Holges	238	240	247	244	243
	245	237	238	244	242	H D Muller	241	241	241	237	240
Dr J A Boyken	243	246	249	245	249	H Muens	237	238	235	236	230
S Bussini	233	238	239	232	233	G Nowak	238	243	234	239	241
G W Downs	232	234	229	237	232		242	240	246	246	240
M B Engel	236	245	241	238	236	F C Ross	246	244	247	246	244
L Flach	246	244	245	242	247	C G Zettler	243	243	247	243	245
Dr W J Furness	234	242	231	237	234	B Zettler	240	247	242	243	242
	231	241	237	238	246						

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 23.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot this evening at its Sixth avenue range. Nine members were present and shot their scores, which averaged better than usual. The conditions are: 40yds., off-hand, standard American target, 100 points possible:

Schmidt	74	65	63	66	64	..	66	Whiting	73	77	82	79	81	..	78
Sorg	76	62	67	63	..	..	67	Hurlit	65	63	66	67	..	..	64
Lawrence	70	65	68	67	64	..	67	Ittel	..	90	77	89	79	85	84
Hofmeister	69	79	69	62	76	..	70	Preston	51	66	71	70	..	..	65
Lincoln	78	81	77	64	78	78	75								Hal,

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The New York Rifle Club's regular weekly shoot was held this evening at Zettler's, 219 Bowery. Only three members shot their strings, the following being the two best scores made by each man, together with his score on the honor target:

			Honor Target.
D Crocker	242	241	67
William Uhler	249	240	..
R J Young	245	243	65

On Feb. 19 R. J. Young scored 247, 247, and on the honor target 71; William Uhler, the only other member of the club present, scored 243, 240, and 66 on the honor target.

Revolver Club.

A MEETING of all those interested in the proposed revolver club, of which Sergt. W. E. Petty and Wm. Maynard are the prime movers, has been called for Friday, March 6, at 8:30 P. M., in the range No. 12 St. Mark's place, New York.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 12.—FANWOOD, N. J.—Second monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club. League team race at 2 P. M.

March 17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, $5 entrance, birds extra; handicap commences at 11 A. M sharp.

March 17-18.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Tournament of the Morristown Gun and Athletic Club, at the driving park; live birds.

March 18-21.—BATCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York city; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. F. A. Kerker, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apgar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. B. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 13-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $300 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WORCESTER, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 23-25.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The North Side Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is one of the go-ahead clubs of a city where, Elmer Shaner says in a letter dated Feb. 28, "Shooting in this neck of the woods is booming." The North Side Club has its grounds on Marshall avenue, Allegheny City, Pa., just across the river from Pittsburg. It has decided to hold a monthly series of 100-target races, open to all, $5 entrance, targets included in the entrance fee. Seven of these contests are already arranged for and occur on March 11, April 16, May 14, June 11, July 16, Aug. 13 and Sept. 10. The American E. C. Powder Company has donated a silver cup which will become the absolute property of the shooter who makes the highest aggregate score in four of the above 7 shoots. The circular announcing the shoots says: "It will be the aim of the management to have all shooters placed on an equal footing, and the right to use a handicap, if deemed necessary, is reserved by the club.

Trap-shooting along the border between the United States and Canada is on the boom. A communication in regard to the prospects for sport in the vicinity of Sutton Junction, Province of Quebec, Can., appears in our trap columns. From it we gather that four new clubs will keep things moving in that locality during the coming season. The clubs named are: Waterloo Gun Club, Sutton Junction Gun Club, Sutton Gun Club and the North Troy Gun Club of Vermont; the three first named clubs are located in Canada.

William Morison, secretary of the Forest Gun Club of Philadelphia, writes us under date of Feb. 19 as follows: "The annual meeting of the Forest Gun Club was held recently and officers for 1896 were elected as follows: President, Stephen J. Hothersall; Vice-President, Arthur Baum; Secretary-treasurer, Wm. Morison; Field Captain, W. S. Stevenson; Assist. Field Captain, J. A. Ross; Official Scorer, Wm. Collins. Our club would like to arrange some matches with nearby clubs. On Easter Monday, April 6, we will give an all-day tournament; will send you programme later."

W. G. Sergeant, secretary of the Joplin, Mo., Gun Club, under whose auspices a 3-days' shoot will be held April 28-30, sends us the following communication: "We do not think that it is fully understood yet just the kind of a shoot we intend to give in April, and for the purpose of setting matters right we desire to make the following statement: With the exception of one event, our shoot will be open to all comers. This exception will be the Owl Shoot, consisting of one event only, and which is a contest between teams of three from any club in either Missouri or Kansas. We ask you to make this statement for us in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the kind of a tournament we will give. We desire to emphasize the fact, that this tournament will be wide open (except as above stated), and that no one will be barred, and that we add $1,275 in cash."

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., had a small live-bird shoot on Washington's Birthday. The chief feature of the day's shoot, aside from the regulation dinner at Jake Gidney's, was a friendly race at 50 live birds per man, the contestants being Jas. S. Taylor and Capt. George Taggart, both members of the club. Taylor won easily, scoring 42 to 36. The wind was blowing a gale, which accounts for some of the birds getting away. Jack Halstead and M. Perry, of Peekskill, N. Y., were among the visitors. A couple of $3 miss and outs were shot; the first was divided between Taylor and Taggart, Taylor and Halstead dividing the second.

C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, Kan., has challenged E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan., the present holder of the Kansas live-bird championship trophy, to shoot a match for the same, under the conditions that govern the contests. Hoffman has accepted, and has named March 12 as the date, and Galena as the place where the contest shall be held. It will be remembered that Hoffman won the trophy from W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City, last December.

An amusing story is going the rounds about a shooter who made a big record on 50 live birds while shooting shells which he believed were loaded with a powder he wanted to try. After having cracked up the powder as just exactly what he was looking for, he opened one or two of the shells only to discover that he had been using the powder that he always shoots! We understand it took more than one bottle to settle it.

At the Eureka Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot, an account of which is given in these columns, the single-trigger gun shot by F. P. Stannard attracted much attention, and was closely examined by all the shooters. This gun was made for the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co., which firm Mr. Stannard represents, after a model furnished by Mr. Stannard, whose ideas were embodied in the model.

The second monthly meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Thursday, March 12, on the Climax Gun Club's grounds near Fanwood station on the line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A special programme will be gotten up for the occasion.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club announces that it will hold a 100-target handicap race, $5 entrance, targets extra, on Tuesday, March 17. An optional sweepstake will be shot on each series of 25 targets. The time for the shoot to commence is 11 A. M. prompt. Other events will be shot if time permits.

The officers of the Huntington, Pa., Gun Club are: President, J. A. Fleming; Vice-President, John McCahan, Sr.; Secretary, R. K. Foster; Assistant Secretary, H. V. Johnston; Treasurer, L. R. Leister; Captain, G. S. Williams. The club is one of the live organizations of Western Pennsylvania, having been reorganized on April 5, 1895.

Rollo Heikes has been doing some record work in the way of rapid smashing of targets. His last record of 100 targets out of 120 in 4 minutes and 20 seconds is an eye-opener, and will take some beating.

Tom Callander says that the Nashville Gun Club will get in line this season. It intends to give a 3 days' target tournament some time in September, and will add $1,000 to the purses.

We understand that in future an entrance fee will be charged at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., whenever there is any shoot in progress.

MARCH 5. EDWARD BANKS.

Repeating Shotguns and Balks.

THE following case has been stated to us for the purpose of obtaining our views upon it:

A shooter enters in a live-bird event and uses a Winchester repeating shotgun; he fires his first cartridge, but is prevented from firing his second cartridge by the brass head of the first cartridge breaking away from the paper, lodging in the mechanism, and thus causing a non-ejectment of the paper case. The bird escapes over the boundary. What should the referee decide in such a case?

Our answer is: Were we referee, and should such a case occur, we would allow another bird, as provided in all cases where a missfire has occurred in the second barrel of a double gun, or where a shooter has been balked when using any gun.

Being informed that the Interstate Association might be asked to make a ruling on the above point prior to the commencement of the Grand American Handicap, on the ground that such a case might actually arise during the meeting at Elkwood Park to be held under its auspices, March 24-26, we wrote to Mr. John S. Hoey and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Association, stating the case, and asking them to favor us with their ideas on the point involved. Mr. Hoey will act as one of the referees in the Grand American Handicap, and is, without doubt, one of the ablest referees in this or any other country. Mr. Shaner has had great experience as a live-bird shooter and as a referee, and while his opinion would not be official, his really national reputation in trap-shooting circles would add much weight to that opinion.

Mr. Hoey's answer to our letter is dated Feb. 26, and runs as follows: "As to that pump gun decision: In the first place, I don't think any man ought to use such a gun, for he is always or rather sometimes liable to have it not work properly. I have seen it happen at clay-bird shooting. However, it is not for me to condemn any gun. Pumps will be used, though I think a man who uses one handicaps himself. *Chacun a son gout.*

"As to a pump gun catching in its mechanism through a defective cartridge after the first cartridge has been fired at a live bird, which was not killed, I should say: The shooter should have another bird, with powder only in the first shell (*if the referee was confident that the bird was not hit with the first barrel*). A shooter should be protected. I am not thoroughly posted on the A. S. A. rules, but the generally accepted rule of all gun clubs I go to is as I have quoted touching the case in point. No man should be penalized for defective ammunition. Anyway, in view of so many pump guns being used, a definite decision should be arrived at anent the case in point."

Mr. Hoey's letter, the main part of which is given above, and which was written while he was slowly recovering from a very serious attack of the grip, closes with the following postscript: "There may be something in the claim that a defect in the gun is the shooter's loss, but my head is too weak to reason it out just now. However, it seems to me that every man should have an equal chance—and if one man can only fire one shell at a bird, where is his equal chance?"

In the second paragraph quoted from Mr. Hoey's letter we have italicised a sentence that was placed in brackets by the writer. We made use of the italics to mark what we take to be a very important point indeed; not so much as relating to the case in question, but to all guns, double or repeating. As we interpret Mr. Hoey's meaning, the sentence implies that if the referee was confident that the bird had been hit with the first barrel, he would then allow, in case of a missfire with the second, another bird and give the shooter the benefit of using two good shells. We think such a decision would be news to most of our readers, but there is just that amount of equity in it that characterises all Mr. Hoey's rulings on similar points—"A shooter should be protected."

We thus have Mr. Hoey's opinion to back up our own. Mr. Shaner's letter was a complete surprise to us; we stated the case to him in almost precisely the same terms we did to Mr. Hoey, being perhaps a trifle more explicit in our communication to Mr. Shaner. As will be seen by a perusal of the following letter, he takes directly the opposite view of the case to that which is held by Mr. Hoey and by ourselves: (For the sake of ready reference later, while considering Mr. Shaner's arguments, we have designated each paragraph by a letter of the alphabet.)

(a) "Referring to the pump gun decision: 'I'm ferninst ye.' Old Hoss says: 'Me too.' According to my way of reasoning, I don't know of a set of live-bird rules that would allow a contestant another bird in a case of that kind. I'll admit that much can be said in favor of the decision for the pump gun, but we should not forget that the rules as framed at the present time are for double guns, and until they are changed to cover the point you raise, and others, my ruling would be, 'Lost bird.' To go back to the point in question: The shooter's gun, or rather shell, does *not* miss fire, in fact, the gun was not loaded at all to fire the second time. Would a contestant using a double gun be allowed another bird if he went to the score with but one shell in his gun? Never in the world! A contestant by using a pump gun handicaps himself by choice, and takes the risk of being able to do with a single gun what another contestant does with a double gun.

(b) "You say: 'Our claim is that the missfire is the fault of the ammunition. * * * No man will use shells that burst at the rim (*if he can help it*, as it handicaps him too much' (italics are mine). Can't he help it? Will the ammunition companies sustain him in this? Why did the shell burst? Was it not because he was using more powder than the shell would stand? Or was the shell really weak? Will the ammunition companies say that their shells are faulty? Never in the world! They will say: 'These shells will stand a certain amount of powder, and if you use more than that it will be at your own risk.' Therefore, cannot the shooter help it by using a stronger shell or less powder? Another case: If the shooter using a double gun has a shell burst at the rim, or where the paper joins the brass, and he does not shoot the second barrel, failing to kill with the first, will he be allowed another bird? If not, why not, according to your reasoning? The ammunition was just as faulty in the double gun as in the single.

(c) "Coming down to solid fact—is it really the shell's fault or the gun's fault through the chambers being a little larger than the shell? Would a shooter using a pump gun be allowed another bird in the following cases: If a shell got wet and got swollen, or if large wads were used, making a shell bulge so that it could not be fed properly? If the shells were poorly crimped, leaving a frayed edged, so that they would go into the chamber of the gun from the magazine? Or, if the extractor failed to grasp the head of the shell and did not extract the same? This same point in question came up at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 1894, while I was refereeing, and Capt. Bartlett was at the score shooting doubles. His gun failed to extract a shell from some cause or other, and the first time it acted that way I allowed him another pair of targets; he shot and broke them. I then and there said that I would not allow another pair under the same conditions, as upon thinking it over I considered it wrong to do so. So you see this decision of mine is not made upon the spur of the moment, but has been talked over many a time. You will, of course, understand that the foregoing is my personal opinion, and does not come from the Interstate Association. I don't know what ruling it will make."

As a postscript to the above letter, Mr. Shaner adds: "Upon reading your letter over again, and my reply to it as well, I honestly believe that the very best that a shooter could hope to get in a case of the kind mentioned would be to allow him another bird the first time it happened, on account of a *defect in the gun*, not *ammunition;* but should he continue to use the same gun another bird should not be allowed, as he knew his gun was defective and he should remedy it. Understand me though—were I the referee, it would be lost bird *all the time.*"

Replying to Mr. Shaner's arguments categorically, let us first consider what he advances in the paragraph marked *a;* "* * * We should not forget that the rules as framed at the present time are for double guns * * *." A. S. A. rules, revised 1893, certainly do not specify any style of gun, single or double; they merely say: "Rule 16. No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used, and the weight of all guns shall be unlimited." Thus Mr. Shaner's statement in this connection is personal assumption not borne out by the rules.

The use of the terms "first barrel" and "second barrel" should often more correctly read "first cartridge" and "second cartridge." For example: "Rule 20. If a missfire occur with the second barrel, the shooter shall have another bird, using only a full charge of powder in the first barrel." Construing "barrel" as cartridge, a common sense construction as it seems to us, the present set of rules can be made to apply to repeating shotguns equally with double guns. Proceeding: "To go back to the point in question: The shooter's gun, or rather shell, does not missfire; in fact, the gun was not loaded at all to fire the second barrel." While it does not actually missfire, the occurrence is of the same nature as one, in that it is a balk. The only importance of a missfire is that it balks the shooter. The loading of a gun is complete when the shells are in their proper place, whether it be chamber or magazine. Mr. Shaner makes a great mistake when he says that the gun was "not loaded at all to fire the second barrel;" he might as well contend that a double gun was not loaded because a shooter cannot fire the second barrel owing to the safety bolt having jarred safe when the first shell was fired.

Mr. Shaner's query as to the man with the double gun and only one shell in it is a matter entirely irrelevant to the point at issue. The closing sentence of paragraph *a* would be scarcely worth noting were it not for the fact that he wrongly terms a repeating shotgun a "single gun." A repeater is no more a single gun than a Maxim, Nordenfelt or a revolver is a single rifle. In shooting a double gun the cartridges are shot one at a time, each cartridge having its own barrel; but in a magazine gun the cartridges are shot successively through the same barrel. Everyone knows the difference between a single gun and a repeater. A conclusion based on the assumption that a gun is a single gun because it has a single barrel, even though a multiplicity of shots can be fired through it more rapidly than is possible in a double gun, is not warranted by the facts and partakes of the nature of a quibble.

In paragraph *b* Mr. Shaner quotes from our letter to him. If we are correctly quoted, the two words "or balk" should have been written after the word "missfire." Mr. Shaner then puts into italics the words "if he can help it." We are glad that he has done so, as it emphasizes a very strong point. No man is going to use faulty ammunition if he knows it, simply because if he gets a missfire, or balk, through such faulty ammunition, he is severely handicapped by having to use a blank cartridge in the first barrel. No man is likely to use shells that are liable to missfire or blow the brass head off unless he wants to drop a bird or two for financial reasons without laying himself open to the charge of dropping for place. Such an act, however, would come under the head of misconduct, not balk, and is therefore an outside matter. Mr. Shaner is well aware that shells of good make do sometimes missfire or blow the head off in double guns as well as in repeaters. His query as to what should be done to a man who has a shell go to pieces in his first barrel, and who does not fire his second barrel, is decidedly funny. We fail to see that the question has any weight, as the shooter could not possibly claim a balk, missfire, or water on the brain, not having been prevented from pulling the trigger by the mishap to the shell in the first barrel. What a shooter voluntarily does is foreign to the issue, and a shooter could not tell that a shell had gone to pieces in his first barrel until he opened his gun. What the ammunition companies would say is not to the point either, but we don't think that any of them will deny that shells do missfire or part where the brass head joins the paper case, whether the gun be single, double or a repeater.

In paragraph *c* Mr. Shaner gets down to "solid fact." For his information we will state that the chambers in Winchester repeating shotguns (the gun in question) are standard size. As for Mr. Shaner's next few queries in regard to decisions where shells swollen by moisture, bulged by wads, or poorly crimped, were used by a shooter, such queries are totally irrelevant and altogether so much outside the question that we are surprised at his quoting them. The question at issue is whether the brass head of the shell separating from the paper case and lodging in the mechanism of a repeating shotgun, so as to prevent a shooter from using his second shell, constitutes a balk in the same degree that a snap of a primer in a double gun causes one. The cases quoted by Mr. Shaner in paragraph *c* are plainly instances where the shooter and not his ammunition is at fault.

Mr. Shaner's first decision in the Bartlett case was, in our opinion, correct. If, upon examination, the referee in a similar case found that the fault lay with the gun and not with the shell—in fact, that the extractor was faulty—and if the shooter continued to use the gun, such referee would be bound to call "lost bird" if the case occurred again. This decision, however, would only be based upon a common sense construction of any of the trap-shooting rules now in the hands of the shooters, there being no rule that actually covers the point. The fact that Mr. Shaner's opinion, as expressed in his letter to us, is his personal and not his official opinion must not be overlooked. The Interstate Association has its own set of rules, under which the Grand American Handicap and other live-bird events at Elkwood Park will be shot during the last week of March. It will be well for the association to consider the point raised, since it is possible that the referees in the various events may have a case of the kind to adjudicate upon.

The postscript to Mr. Shaner's letter is very much on the same order as the inevitable postscript to a young lady's letter which is said to contain more meat than all the rest of the communication. In it Mr. Shaner says positively that were he "the referee it would be lost bird all the time;" he also states that another bird could only be allowed for "a defect in the gun—not ammunition." That's the very point: Which is defective in this case, the gun or the ammunition? Can a gun be said to be defective when it works satisfactorily as long as the shells hold together? Is a missfire always the result of a faulty primer?

The Interstate Association rules (Hurlingham rules, revised 1894), as stated above, govern the referees' decisions during the Grand American Handicap week. These rules say:

Rule 6. A missfire is no shot under any circumstances.

Rule 8. If the missfire occur with the second barrel—the shooter having failed to kill with his first—he shall have another bird, but must shoot an ordinary charge of powder without shot in the first barrel, firing in the direction of the bird, which must be on the wing.

Rule 9. The shooter's feet shall be behind the shooting mark until after the gun is discharged. If in the opinion of the referee the shooter is balked in any way, he may allow him another bird.

Rule 25. The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and no guns larger than 12-bore, or over 8lbs. in weight, shall be allowed; 1¼ozs. of shot is the maximum charge.

American Association rules, revised 1893, Rule 23 says: "If a contestant is balked or interfered with, or there is other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another bird."

In target-shooting rules the Interstate Association rules provide: "Rule 23. If the shooter fails to shoot after calling 'Pull,' the target shall be scored 'Lost,' unless the target fails to fly at the proper time, the gun shall be found at fault, or the shell properly loaded fails to go off when the primer is hit by the firing pin. The gun is not considered at fault when a hammerless gun is loaded and not cocked."

Rule 19 of the A. S. A. rules, revised 1893, says: "Section 1. The shooter shall be allowed another target for the following reasons: (a) For a target broken by the trap. (b) For any defect in the gun or load, causing a missfire. (c) If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target." A note is added to the above rule, as follows: "When a shooter, in breaking his gun to put in the shells, fails to break it far enough to cock the gun, it is considered his own carelessness, and not sufficient excuse for the allowance of another target."

We have purposely quoted the rules that can be construed as bearing on the case, in order that the public may see on what grounds we base our claim of another bird in the point at issue. "When doctors differ," etc., and we have shown above that they do differ, some final decision must be arrived at, as the case may come up in some important match, and a referee should have some precedent to go upon. We believe that a referee has decided in a match shot within the past year that a bird lost under the conditions stated was a "lost bird," the bird so lost having probably cost the man shooting the repeater the match. We are also aware that in the recent Elliott-Morfey match Elliott shot the race under protest, in case the point came up for decision (which did not happen), the referee agreed upon not being willing to say that he would give another bird under the circumstances.

Although under Rule 19 (target rules) of the A. S. A., quoted above, a referee may allow another target "for any defect in the gun or load, causing a missfire," in the case under consideration it is immaterial whether the fault is that of the gun or ammunition. The question really is, Was it a balk? Discussions as to the merits of ammunition, chambers of guns, etc., are really foreign to the issue. No matter whose make of ammunition is used, there will sooner or later be a missfire or some other defect in the shell, causing a balk, and it is in this connection that the matter is under discussion. No man can tell whether a shell will missfire or blow the head off until he has used it. Such occurrences, as stated above, happen in double guns as well as in repeaters. To penalise a shooter, therefore, for something he cannot know nor avoid, is an absurdity and contrary to all the principles of equity. Of course, if it can be shown that a shooter willfully uses swollen or bulged cartridges, or cartridges that are otherwise manifestly defective, then he should be punished. But that is another matter.

Further, in regard to Mr. Shaner's argument that the present rules were drawn up solely with a view to double guns; It can be assumed that the framers of the rules had in mind a common equity to all guns and all shooters. To assume that the framers of the rules had in mind in the matter of balks only such as could happen to double guns is to assume discrimination in favor of a class of guns and a class of shooters. The mechanical construction of a repeater and its use may induce some happenings impossible to a double gun. If the repeater is a factor in trap-shooting and the rules do not recognise it, as Mr. Shaner claims, it would seem to be the proper move to revise the rules at once to meet the conditions. The rules should treat all guns and all shooters impartially alike. If, as Mr. Shaner says, a contestant handicaps himself by using a repeater, there is nothing inherent in the sport that compels him to do so. Any legislation which imposes a handicap in the matter of balks for which the shooter is blameless is class legislation. It is arbitrary ruling, not a ruling on the equity and necessities of the competition.

Rollo Heikes's New Records.

THE great shooting done by Rollo O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., on Feb' 22 and 26, has been the subject of much comment among trap-shooters. We have been asked many times since he made his record in Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 22, just how many guns he used in accomplishing his task of breaking 100 targets out of 111 in 5 minutes and 35 seconds, his record on that occasion. Since that date, he has, on the 26th, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club at Indianapolis, Ind., made a far better record as far as speed is concerned, scoring 100 out of 120 targets in 4 minutes and 20 seconds.

Mr. Heikes uses in these exhibitions six Winchester repeating shotguns: each gun carries one shell in the chamber and 5 in the magazine. While the exhibition is in progress, these guns are loaded by assistants and placed on a table where Mr. Heikes can take hold of them readily. The incessant crack of the gun may be imagined from the fact that the 120 shots at Indianapolis were fired at the rate of a fraction over 27 to the minute!

That fancy shooting does not spoil Rollo's form for unknown angles is shown by the fact that at Louisville, though barred from taking part in the division of the purses, he shot along with the boys and broke 99 out of 100. At Indianapolis, he, Ralph Trimble the champion of the Blue Grass State, and Ed. Rike, Heikes's fellow townsman from Dayton, O., gave an exhibition 100-target race, unknown angles. Some idea of the form these three men were in may be gathered from the following scores: Heikes 99, Trimble 99, Rike 98!

Staten Island Trap-Shooters.

GERMANIA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb 25.—The Germania Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day at New Dorp Grove, Staten Island. The scores made were as follows:

Club shoot, 15 targets per man, handicap rise: William Glander (14) 14, G. H. Becker (16) 13, J. Knoebel (16) 12, C. L. Meyers (18) 11, C. A. Gurlech (16) 11, A. O. Schmitt (18) 10, H. J. Wolfsine (18) 12, R. V. Wagner (16) 10, W. H. Schneider (16) 9, J. O. Brehm (16) 6, J. H. Dreuss (16) 4, T. L. Murphy (16) 3.

CLINTON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb 26.—The regular shoot of the Clinton Rod and Gun Club was held to-day at New Dorp Grove, Staten Island. The club shoot is at 7 live birds, handicap rise; in this event George J. Kingsland scored his 7 birds straight, being the only man that accomplished this feat. The scores were:

G. J. Kingsland (26) 7, Dr. Emil Schraeder (26) 6, H. J. Williamson (27) 5, T. P. Longrief (26) 2, E. W. Schraeder (26) 3, L. G. Wilson (26) 3, S. G. Porter (27) 3, R. S. Williamson (27) 2, J. O. Henderson (26) 2, A. W. Harton (27) 1, D. J. Schneider (26) 2, T. P. Lee (26) 2, R. D. Morgan (26) 2, W. H. Smith (26) 3.

The E. C. Tournament.

WE have received the following communication from the American E. C. Powder Company, relative to its tournament next May:

"The E. C. Powder tournament which will be held at Guttenberg Race Track during first week in May promises to be an immense affair. Inquiries from all over the country are being received concerning it.

"Four sets of traps will be run continuously during the whole tournament: two sets of bluerock targets and traps and two sets of empire targets and traps. Guttenburg Race Track is an absolutely ideal place to hold a shoot. There is plenty of accommodation, while Elmer Shaner and Jack Parker, who will look after the running of the shoot, are prepared to manage any crowd, no matter how big it may be.

"Eastern shooters have invariably received such a lot of hospitality and had such a pleasant time socially at the numerous large tournaments held in the South and West that it is hoped that all New York sportsmen will join together as much as it is possible and aid the E. C. Powder Co. in making visiting shooters from a distance have as pleasant a time during the first week in May as possible. The following representative New York sportsmen have been requested by the E. C. Powder Co. to serve on an entertainment committee: T. H. Keller, New Utrecht Gun Club; Col. Heber Breintnall, South Side Gun Club; Col. Chas. Lenone, Passaic Gun Club; Louis H. Schortemeier, Emerald Gun Club; H. Folsom, Elizabeth Gun Club; H. Thurman, Keystone Shooting League; W. N. Drake, Maplewood Gun Club; E. D. Miller, Union Gun Club; Chas. Smith, Climax Gun Club; August Schmitt, N. Y. German Gun Club."

Grand American Handicap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Interstate Association is in receipt of numerous communications from sportsmen who represent firms other than those who are members of the association, inquiring as to whether they would be permitted to take part in the Grand American Tournament. For the benefit of all concerned, we desire to announce that all sportsmen are cordially invited to participate no matter what firm they may represent. A hearty welcome is assured, and every consideration consistent with fairness and equity will be shown them.

While on this subject it might be well to state that at the present writing every indication points to the complete success of the Grand American Handicap for 1896. The new method of dividing the purse has grown in popular favor so rapidly that it is highly probable this year's handicap will prove to be the greatest shooting event ever held in America, if not in the world. ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Feb. 22.—At the last shoot of the Joplin Gun Club six 20-target events were shot, unknown angles, the scores made being as given in the table below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Huntley	19	16	20	16	19	20	Frye	18	18	19	20	17	19
Thurman	17	19	18	19	20	17	Cragan	19	20	19	17	19	20
Malloy	18	20	16	19	18	20	Sergeant	16	17	18	19	20	19
C W Green	20	19	13	19	20	17	Wilcox	15	17	18	14	19	18
E D Porter	19	15	20	17	20	17	A Dixon	19	17	18	19	20	17
G Stevenson	20	18	19	20	19	16	C Dixon	20	19	16	20	18	16
Davidson	16	19	17	20	18	18	W E Morgan	14	16	17	19	18	19

W. G. SERGEANT, Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

MORGAN VERSUS WILLEY.

Feb. 18.—Allen Willey and Eddie Morgan, the latter a shooter from Paterson, N. J., shot a race to-day at Arthur Bunn's hotel, Singac, N. J. The conditions were rather severe for Willey, who was conceding his opponent no less than 6yds. The birds were a good lot, and were aided by a strong wind. Willey, who was using a new gun, lost his second bird by going to the score without any shells in his gun. He was thinking too much about the safety bolt, something to which he was not accustomed, as his old gun was automatic. The race was very close, Morgan winning by just one bird, scoring 42 to 41. W. Dutcher, of Paterson, acted in the dual capacity of referee and scorer. The scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                2 1 3 1 5 5 5 5 4 3 4 5 5 4 4 5 2 4 2 4 5 1 2 4 3
                ↗↙↗↙→↙→→→↘↗→↖→↖↗↗→↑→↑↗↗→↗
A Willey (30)...2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—19
                1 4 5 1 4 5 3 2 5 5 1 3 4 1 3 1 5 2 3 1 1 5 3 5 2
                ↖↑←←↰→→→→↘↗↴→←←↗↘↗→↱↓→→↑↙
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—22—41

                5 2 4 5 3 3 5 2 2 5 3 1 3 2 2 3 4 4 4 5 3 1 3 4 5
                →↑↙→H→↘T↖↘↱↗↴↖↗↗↗→↗→↙↗↗→↘
E Morgan (24)...0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1—20
                2 5 3 1 2 2 1 4 2 3 3 2 3 3 2 2 2 3 1 1 4 5 3 4 5 1
                ↙↘→↖→↖↙↴↗←↖↙↖↗↗↑→↑↗↗→↶↘→↗
                0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22—42
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KEYPORT DEFEATS SOUTH AMBOY.

Feb. 22.—The Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, N. J., was royally entertained to-day by the members of the South Amboy Gun Club. The occasion was the return match between the two clubs, the first having been won by the Baysides on their own grounds. The South Amboy Gun Club's grounds are located directly on the shore of and facing the bay, there being thus a good background. After a most enjoyable afternoon of sport the Baysides were victorious by 52 breaks. The conditions were: Teams of 18 men, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. Below are the scores:

Bayside Gun Club—Jas. Walling 20, T. Compton 14, H. Bennett 13, Jos. Vigne 15, D. A. Heyer 16, C. Ackerson 13, J. R. Walling 14, J. Aumack 10, H. E. Ackerson, Jr., 20, Wm. Brower, Jr., 7, P. M. Force 12, J. Crammer 22, A. Carhart 18, D. W. Walling 20, G. G. Hoagland 15, Wm. Watts 22, Nitro 17, Raritan 16; total 284.

South Amboy Gun Club—E. Ivins 12, S. Newton 13, F. Disbrow 13, A. Alcott 10, J. Deworth 16, J. Nau 16, J. Wallace 20, W. Dill 13, J. Edwards 9, H. Bloodgood 15, H. Greene 11, W. Mundy 9, J. Jacobs 14, J. Bloodgood 13, C. Rea 18, B. Dominick 10, F. Jacobs 8, L. Green 12; total 232.

WIDGEON.

MAPLEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The attendance at the Maplewood Gun Club's shoot to-day was small, but those present had lots of sport and spent a thoroughly enjoyable day. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	10	10
W Smith	9	8	14	8	17	8	9	6	8	7
A Sickley	8	8	14	5	19	6	5	5	..	7
E Sickley	10	9	14	7	18	9	8	9	6	7
T Tilton	6	7	3	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
W N Drake	9	9	13	8	15	9	7	9	6	9
G Smith	6	8	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Iderstine	7	6	10	5	16	7	..	..	..	..
E D Miller	..	9	15	10	19	8	9	9	5	9
Sopher	..	8	11	..	15	..	..	..	6	4
Sprague	..	7	9	6	13	..	..	..	..	..
Roll	..	4	9	7	12	..	..	..	..	..
Colquit	..	..	..	8	13	..	6	8	5	8

No. 1 was at known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7 and 8 at unknown angles; No. 4, reversed order; No. 6, expert rules; Nos. 9 and 10, doubles.

BOONTON GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The newly organized Boonton, N. J., Gun Club held its first live-bird shoot to-day. The weather was bright and clear, but rather cold; the coldness of the wind may have had something to do with the comparatively small attendance. Those present were: Lewis van Duyne, Geo. B. and A. J. Neafie, D. R. Conklin, Wilbert Garrison, C. E. Banta, E. Fitzgibbon and W. H. Cole. G. B. Neafie scored 23 out of his 25, one of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. The pigeons trapped were only a fair lot of flyers. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Van Duyne	21110—4	01222—4	11212•2•11— 8	.....
Conklin	20110—3	10101—3	2112201•0•— 6	10010—2
G Neafie	11122—5	11221—5	212212•221— 9	20111—4
Banta	022•1—3	02112—4	2111111222—10	10111—4
Fitzgibbon	10010—2	.....	....	.....
A Neafie	222•0—3	2220•—3	11201•22•2— 7	22120—4
Garrison	121•1—4	11112—3	2121122201— 9	10211—4
Cole	01102—3	11011—4	000•112101— 5	.....
Williams	.....	.....	....	22210—4

C. E. BANTA, Sec'y.

FORRESTER GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The Forrester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held an all-day shoot at targets to-day. There was a fair attendance of shooters, who kept the traps busy all the time. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
F Sinnock	5	7	9	8	13	8	9	7	6	14	7	4	7	11	6	8	8	8	8
J Fleming	8	5	7	2	9	6	4	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	8	..	..	..	..
J Sinnock	6	6	5	3	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Wambold	6	8	5	7	11	9	6	4	..	8	..	6	7	13	8	9	7	6	6
H Smith	2	2	..	..	1	..	2	..	2	..	2	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Winans	..	4	5	7	..	5	5	2	7	..	..	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	4	4	8	5	7	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopper	..	..	..	3	7	..	4	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	2	5	4	3	..
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	4	4	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	9	12	4	9	6	10	6	7	9	6	8
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	9	8	..	7	13	..	6	8	4	7
J H Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	5	3	5	3	..
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	7	6	8	8	10	..
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	13	..	7	9	..	..
T Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	5	5	2
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	5	5

A team race was also shot between teams of six men, captained respectively by Wambold and F. Sinnock. Wambold's team won by 57 to 54. Each man shot at 15 targets, 90 to the team. Scores:

Wambold's team: Wambold 13, Dr. Cummings 11, D. Fleming 10, Hopper 8, Winans 8, J. H. Cummings 7; total 57.

F. Sinnock's team: Hayes 12, F. Sinnock 11, C. Smith 11, T. Smith 10, Backus 7, H. Smith 2; total 53.

In the above events Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 11 and 17 were at known angles; Nos. 4, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16 and 19 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 10, 13 and 18 at reversed order.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

THE ELIZABETH BI-MONTHLY TOURNAMENT.

Feb. 25.—This was the opening day of the Elizabeth Gun Club's sixth bi-monthly tournament. As usual the club was favored with fine, clear weather, but a strong wind that blew nearly all day made the shooting very hard, particularly during the first eight or nine events. All events were at targets and at unknown angles (with the exception of No. 4, which was reversed order, and No. 6, which was shot expert rules, both barrels). Altogether 2,500 targets were trapped during the day, although shooting did not commence until after noon. Considering the number of shoots held recently, and to be held in the near future, in this vicinity, an attendance of twenty-five shooters should be very satisfactory to the management of the Elizabeth Gun Club.

A special feature of the day was the work of squad 1 in event No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles. The squad was composed as follows: Apgar, Edwards, Dutchy, Piercy, Miller and Breintnall; their scores were: Apgar 15, Edwards 14, Dutchy 15, Piercy 13, Miller 14, Breintnall 15, a total of 86 out of 90 targets. This total would be good in any kind of weather, but to-day, with a good wind, and with the targets thrown hard and low, it is worth recording. As a matter of fact the targets to-day were thrown a little too hard; not too fast, but too low and too much up and down the screen; with a good background it would not matter much, but the Elizabeth Club's background, when targets are thrown low, is a hard one.

Before closing this necessarily brief account of the day's sport something must be said in praise of the management of the shoot. The president of the club, Robert E. Chetwood, acted throughout as scorer, and for a portion of the coldest part of the day stood at the score and kept tab until driven inside the club house by the bitter cold of the northwest wind. Nate Astfalk, one of the moving spirits of the club, shot along in every event save one—No. 7; his absence from the score in that event was due to the attention he was bestowing on a beefsteak that needed his entire attention. Wm. Parker, secretary of the club; Billy Hobart, secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, and J. Roberts, of the home club, acted respectively as receiving teller, paying teller and referee-puller, etc.

The scores in to-day's events are given in the table below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	15	25	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
N Astfalk	8	7	9	5	17	10	..	11	18	6	10	11	9	9	7	9
L Thomas	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5
Cramer	9	10	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..
Watts	6	7	10	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..
J Roberts	6	9	11	8	..	..	..	13	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	9
W Parker	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Woodruff	..	8	14	..	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	5	10	9
A Bunn	..	5	7	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	4
Dutchy Smith	..	..	13	10	17	12	17	15	24	9	14	11	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	..	..	12	7	14	11	14	13	17	7	8	12	10	..	..	..
E D Miller	..	..	12	7	11	15	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6
J A R Elliott	..	..	13	10	16	14	16	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Dr Jackson	..	..	13	7	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
N Apgar	..	..	12	7	18	12	18	15	20	9	14	12	..	..	..	9
E Edwards	..	..	11	6	18	13	17	14	15	7	14	10	12	..	..	9
G E Greiff	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Folsom	..	..	..	..	11	6	..	11	12	8	9	8	10	..	..	..
R H Breintnall	..	..	..	..	16	12	17	15	21	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
M Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	..	22	9	12	13	12	..	..	..
Al Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
W C Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	7	9	10	10	..	..	..
Erhardt	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	4	12	5	..	..	..	..
A Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	19	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	5	9	9	..	..	..	..
Meisel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..

The second day of the Elizabeth bi-monthly tournament was not favored with the same kind of weather that has hitherto been such an important feature at these popular New Jersey gatherings. Instead of bright and clear weather, snow fell pretty nearly all day, and at times the fall was so heavy as to make it decidedly uncomfortable outside the club house.

There was a good attendance of shooters, and while the birds were not so fast as usual owing to the climatic conditions, some excellent shooting was done, notably by Morfey and Woodruff. The former killed 52 out of 54, while Woodruff was answerable for 48 out of 51.

The scores are given below: Nos. 1 and 5 were 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5, birds extra; No. 3, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, handicap; No. 4 was also a handicap, 5 birds, $5; No. 6 was a $1 miss-and-out.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Hill	1121212—7	0121211012— 8	1222112—7	1112—4
Morfey	2210112—6	0122221212— 9	1112222—7	....
Zwirlein	2112102—6	1112121022— 9	0212212—6	1210—3
Thomas	1210220—5	2212201002 - 7	....	....
Astfalk	2001211—5	2020010110— 5	....	....
Canon	2112212—7	....	2202111—6	....
Hollis	1210220 - 5	2112021211— 9	....	....
Woodruff		1221112122—10	1111212—7	1211—4
Jones		1221120111— 9	....	....
Brewer		0112111112— 9	....	....
Hassinger		....	2111010—5	210 —2
Christy		....	1112121—7	....
Earl		....	0222021—5	....
Blodgett		....	....	10 —1

	No. 3	No. 4.
T W Morfey (30)	2221222122222222212222211—25	12222—5
J L Brewer (32)	2212221102222222222222222—24	.....
Capt Jones (29)	2111221102222212211121211—24	.....
Christy (28)	2222222212112122212111201—24	22112—5
Hollis (29)	1100122111111211101112221—22	01110—3
Woodruff (30)	1102221112102202212211111—22	22211—5
Zwirlein (29)	0222212210121201221222222—22	01121—4
Hill (30)	2120102212211020112012111—20	11102—4
Hassinger (29)	....	21221—5
Earl (26)	....	01210—3
Canon (26)	....	12102—4
Eley (27)	....	00001—1

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Feb. 27.—The first meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League for 1896 took place to-day at Dunellen, N. J., on the grounds of the newly organized Dunellen Gun Club. After the snow of yesterday, to-day was simply a perfect one from a target-shooter's point of view. Not a breath of air was stirring, and there was a bright, clear sky overhead; the sun, too, was so warm that the snow which fell yesterday was only left in shady spots by the time the whistle blew for dinner. The beautiful weather, coupled with the fact that this was the first league shoot in 1896, brought together a good attendance of shooters, although only 7 out of the 10 clubs composing the league were represented by teams of 6 men. The missing clubs were: Boiling Springs, of Rutherford; Union Hill, of Weehawken, and the Riverside, of Red Bank. The number of shooters that took part in the team race and the sweeps shot during the day was 46, and 8,650 targets were thrown between the hours of 12 M. and 6 P. M.

The Dunellen Gun Club is a new organization, so that any little imperfections in the way of lack of management at this shoot should be pardoned. This was the first shoot of any size yet given by the club, and it is no easy thing for veterans in the business to handle comfortably some forty odd visitors, all of whom want to shoot at the same time. There is one thing that this club has which might be copied with great advantage by pretty nearly every club in the league: It has a solid platform that is wide enough to accommodate everybody without a fear of the shooters being interfered with.

The scores to-day were somewhat disappointing. The Maplewood Club led as usual, but its score of 123 out of 150 targets, known traps and angles, is not what we had looked for in the way of a winning score under the conditions that existed at the Dunellen grounds to-day. When 23 is high out of forty-two shooters, and when only four men score that number it looks as if something was wrong with the light. As a matter of fact the background was a hard one, nothwithstanding a bright sun behind the shooters' backs. There is something else to consider: To-day's contest was at known traps and angles, a style of shooting that has almost dropped into disuse. It is too mechanical and too monotonous for most shooters, and as a natural consequence many get slow and lose their time entirely. No doubt one result of to-day's race will be to make the clubs practice up a little on known angles. Then look out for some high scores, because there are some very warm shots in this portion of New Jersey.

The league management did a capital thing to-day in splitting up the squads; each squad was composed of men from different teams. This method of shooting off so large a team race, as this one always is, has many things to recommend it. In the first place, it does away almost entirely with the chances of weather, such as a sudden change in the wind, a cloud coming up and obscuring the sun, a heavy rainstorm, and all similar occurrences which would be important factors in scores on targets. In the next place it entirely removes all chance of a suspicion that the home team is being favored by the trappers; this is more particularly the case when team races are shot at unknown angles. At known angles, however, the slackening or tightening of the tension on the main springs of the traps has a great effect on scores, and it might be suggested that the trappers favored the home team that way. Splitting up the teams is a li tle more trouble, but it gives the best satisfaction after all. Manager Drake, of the N. J. Trap-Shooters' League, who takes charge of the team race, showed very conclusively that he was well able to handle the men under the changed conditions. The scores in the team race were:

Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood: E. Sickley 22, Dean 22, O. Yeomans 21, A. Sickley 20, W. N. Drake 19, Parry 18—123.

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield: C. Smith 23, Neaf Apgar 22, T. H. Keller 21, R. Manning 21, L. H. Schortemeier 17, D. Darby 16—120.

Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth: N. Astfalk 23, J. Williams 21, W. Parker 19, H. Folsom 19, A. Woodruff 19, Heiney 17—118.

Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City: Edwards 23, C. von Lengerke 19, G. Piercy 19, E. Ingram 18, Al. Heritage 17, E. Collins 15—110.

South Side Gun Club, of Newark: Asa Whitehead 23, C. M. Heddon 22, R. H. Breintnall 20, E. A. Geoffroy 17, L. Thomas 15, I. H. Terrill 11—108.

Union Gun Club, of Springfield: M. Herrington 18, E. D. Miller 16, Dr. Jackson 16, T. W. Morfey 16, G. S. McAlpin 15, Ed. Young 14—95.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen: T. H. Brantingham 22, Henry 18, Brokaw 15, Runyon 12, Grey 13, Sisty 12—92.

In the scores of the Union Gun Club the totals given above are those furnished by Mr. Drake, to whom we are indebted for a complete copy of all the scores. As we understood it, while the shoot was in progress there was some dispute as to the correctness of E. D. Miller's score, and we were under the impression that some change had been made in it.

EDWARD BANKS.

Advance entries for the Cobweb Handicap, to be shot March 21, on the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York, at Baychester, N. Y., should be made to F. A. Kerker, secretary of the club, 2812 Third avenue, New York City; each entry should be accompanied by a $5 forfeit. The "Handicap" is set for the fourth day of the Cobweb Gun Club's tournament, at which the first two days are given up to target events, and the last two to live birds. The conditions of the main event, the Cobweb Handicap, are: 25 live birds, $15 entrance, birds extra, $250 guaranteed, all surplus added, handicap rise. Coming as this does the week previous to the Grand American Handicap meeting at Elkwood Park, and also taking place while the Madison Square Garden is occupied by the exhibits of the second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, this tournament should be well patronized by out-of-town shooters, who can thus kill two birds with one stone.

On Long Island.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 18.—The Emerald Gun Club's regular monthly shoot was held to-day at Dexter Park. There was a very large attendance of members, 37 taking part in the club shoot. Out of this number there were only two clean scores of 10, and only four 9s and four 8s. The scores are given below:

H Miller (28)	1111222112—10	J H Moore (28)	2122100022— 7
F Laurence (28)	1212212122—10	T P Purcell (25)	12202•0121— 7
H P Fessenden (28)	222222220•— 9	R Regan (25)	21102022•2— 7
Dr Hudson (28)	1122202211— 9	C F Wash (28)	1202222002— 7
G E Loble (28)	2222202122— 9	J Woelfel (28)	2200101121— 7
R Woods (30)	2220222122— 9	G E Greiff (30)	2222002002— 6
G Nowak (28)	2222220 2•2— 8	J H Hood (28)	012•220012— 6
T Short (28)	2111•22•22— 8	Dr Little (28)	0022222001— 6
C Steutzle (25)	2221110201— 8	F W Place (25)	0012011210— 6
P Thiele (25)	1120122110— 8	W Sands (28)	•012022021— 6
E Bell (28)	2210222••2— 7	L H Schorty (30)	0••1220122— 6
P Butz (28)	0020222221— 7	G K Briet (25)	1020101002— 5
W Catton (25)	220222•022— 7	H Amend (25)	0020002201— 4
T Codey (28)	2211201020— 7	H Lemaire (28)	00•0011210— 4
M Herrington (30)	2•21120022— 7	E A Vroome (25)	0100200021— 4
Dr Klein (28)	122•210220— 7	M Hawkins (25)	2120000000— 3
C Maesel (25)	2122200021— 7	Dr Richter (25)	0020201000— 3
J Maesel (28)	2221201002— 7	E Weiss (25)	00002001•2— 3
N Maesel (25)	1212001210— 7		

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 19.—The regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park, 19 members taking part in the club shoot; among the number were H. Oehl and H. Leopold, two new members, to whom no handicap in the way of points has as yet been awarded. August Schmitt, Dr. Hudson, Peter Garms, Jr., and J. Wellbrock, were the only shooters to score any points, each man adding 1½ points to his score in the contest for the yearly prizes. In event No. 2 August Schmitt and Dr. Hudson, who were tied for the President's cup, being the two highest men of the winners of last season's prizes, shot off the tie at 5 birds; they tied again, both scoring 4 out of the 5. They then shot at 5 more birds in No. 3, and Dr. Hudson won the trophy by scoring 5 to 3.

The officers for 1896 are: President, August Schmitt; Vice-President, J. Wellbrock; Secretary, G. A. Leutheusser; Treasurer, J. P. Dannefelser; Captain, Fred Sauter; Finance Committee, J. Racky, F. Sauter and John F. Wellbrock.

PLUM ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—Nine members of the Plum Island Rod and Gun Club attended the weekly shoot to-day at Coney Island Point "East." After the first event all but three of the members went out on the bay gunning, with the result that Harry Williamson, of Sheepshead Bay, shot two wild geese. A number of geese have been seen flying over the eastern point of Coney Island and vicinity the last few days, but these are the first we have heard of being killed. Mr. Williamson killed his geese within half a mile of the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach. To-day's scores were:

Club event, 10 targets: L. Casey 7, F. Lawrence 7, H. Williamson 7, H. Lemaire 6, W. Monroe 6, Capt. Frazier 6, Fred Tuttle 6, A. Batesby 6, W. McCorkle 4.

Fifty-target race between the following three shooters. Mr. Lemaire did not shoot in his usual form owing to his trying a new gun:

F Lawrence	11111011001110011111110111111111111011111111011111—42
W Monroe	10111000111110110001000010010011011001011111101010—25
H Lemaire	00000100000100000010100000100010101010101000001000—12

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Feb. 25.—The regular monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, which was held at Dexter Park this afternoon, was well attended, 31 shooters taking part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds, the scores made counting in the yearly averages for prizes. So good were the birds that Eugene Doeinck was the only one to score all his birds, while C. Weber was the only man with 9 out of 10. This is something extraordinary when the caliber of many of the other shooters is taken into consideration. The scores were: E. Doeinck 10, C. Weber 9, H. W. Voss 8, G. Nowak 8, J. H. Voss 7, J. Himmelsbach 7, A. Schmitt 7, C. Rabenstein 7. E. Stephens 7, E. Metz 7, S. J. Held 7, L. H. Schortemeier 6, H. Kohle 6, J. P. Dannefelser 6, R. Linder 6, J. Sehm 6, A. Knoedel 5, R. Regan 5, J. H. Block 5, G. Dege 5, A. Kreuter 5, L. T. Munch 5, P. Geipel 4, E. A. Stradtman 4, P. Woelfel 4, E. Marquand 4, C. Lang 4, C. Neuman 4, E. Peterson 3, W. Rabenstein 3, L. Steutzle 3.

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 26.—The regular monthly shoot of the First German Gun Club, of New York, was held to-day at Dexter Park. Fred Pfaender won the club shoot with 8 out of 10. The scores made were:

F. W. Pfaender (30) 8, Louis Hoffman (25) 6, W. Soll (28) 5; W. Michel (28) 5, P. Mensch (28) 4.

BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 27.—The members of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club held their February live-bird shoot to-day on the club's grounds near Flushing, L. I. The club event is at 7 live birds, and in this event three men—Maasson, Richards and Boddey—tied for the medal on 6 out 7. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Richards won by scoring 3 straight; Maasson dropped his 3d bird, while Boddey only killed one before retiring. The scores were:

T. D. Richards (26) 6, G. H. Maasson (26) 6, E. V. Boddey (26) 6, Dr. J. F. Behrens (28) 5, W. Rathgen (26) 4, N. G. Schneider (27) 4, T. W. Murphy (26) 3, J. G. Schaffer (28) 2, R. B. Kohler (26) 1, R. G. Van Zandt (27) 3, A. W. Ulrich (28) 5, H. J. Geiseller (26) 3, J. G. Paulsen (26) 3.

WALLABOUT GUN CLUB.

Feb. 27.—The Wallabout Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Wallace's Ridgewood Park, L. I., this afternoon. The club event is at 8 live birds, and J. G. Betz was the only member to come off with a clean score to his credit. Scores:

J. G. Betz (26) 8, Dr. W. G. Schirmer (26) 7, C. H. Meyers (27) 6, J. H. Frazer (28) 6, P. Garms, Jr. (28) 5, L. Laumann (26) 5, C. H. Steckmest (26) 5, C. Edwards (26) 4, J. H. Remmell (25) 4, W. H. Bucholz (26) 3, A. V. Dale (28) 3, W. H. Dreyer (26) 3, A. Olivette (26) 3, M. Bunden (26) 2, F. Flatiunen (26) 1.

AT DEXTER PARK.

Feb. 29.—Conny Furgueson did some great work this afternoon in his shoot with Lenone, the latter undertaking to concede him 2yds. and 3 misses as kills. When the race was over Conny had scored 26 to 18. Morfey's match with Lenone was a farce, the scores showing Morfey 44, Lenone 27. Other sweeps were also shot, the attendance being very good notwithstanding the heavy rain. Scores:

Match, Conny Furgueson versus C. F. Lenone, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds:

Conny Furgueson (28)	02211 21120 12212 22222 22222 22222—26
C F Lenone (30)	22000 01111 22022 2110• 111•0 ••011—18

Match, Morfey versus Lenone, loser to pay for the birds:

T W Morfey	22211 22210 12210 22212 21220—22
	21222 22221 22•22 02212 12022—22—44
C F Lenone	02220 12220 20222 20000 22222—17
	00000 12010 20200 22002 02200—10—27

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 birds, $7, two moneys: Morfey, Smith and Hill 9, J. Jones 8, Lenone 6.

No. 2, $2, miss-and-out: Held (re-entry) and Jones 9, Morfey 8, Hill 4, Fessenden 1, Lenone 0, Held 0.

No. 3, 10 birds, $5, one money: Hill 10, Jones 9, Lenone 1.

No. 4, same as No. 2: Jones (re-entry) 8, Held 7, Hill 4, Morfey 2, F. A. Thompson 2, Jones 0.

No. 5, same: Morfey (re-entry) 12, Hill 11, Held, Jones and Thompson 1, Morfey 0.

No. 6, same: Hill and Jones 7, Morfey 6, Held 1, Thompson 0.

Beaver Crossing Defeated the Milford Team.

BEAVER CROSSING, Neb., Feb. 20.—In a team race shot to-day the Beaver Crossing team won by 13 breaks. The conditions were: 9-men teams, 25 targets per man. Scores:

Milford.

Alexander	1100110001111111100111111—18
Shaaf	1111100011000001111100000—12
Johnson	1110111110011010100111110 17
Chichester	1101101100111111111111111—19
Engelhaupt	1111011100011111111100101—18
Atwood	1000101101110100100111100—13
Brandon	1111011100100101000001001 -12
Lampson	1101011101010011111101110—17
Prosser	1100101100010011011111011—15—141

Beaver Crossing.

Hilbery	1111111111111111011110111—22
C C Evans	0111111101111111001111111—21
J C Evans	1010111110001111111011111—19
Organ	1111101001110001101110111—17
Klemm	1101000011101101101100001—13
G Evans	1010011000110010100100111—13
Moore	0110010111011101101000100—13
J L Evans	0111111101110111011100100—17
Dimery	1110111010011101111011111—19—154

Records of Hartford Shooters for 1895.

THE secretary of the Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., Mr. M. F. Cook, has compiled very carefully a tabulated statement of the performance of his fellow club members during the season of 1895. The table, which unfortunately we are not able to give in full owing to the pressure on our trap columns, shows each man's score at every shoot he attended; it also shows the handicap allowances or deductions. The following table, however, gives the general averages for the year:

	Targets shot at.	Broke.	Scores that count with handicap.	Percentage.	Shoots attended.		Targets shot at.	Broke.	Scores that count with handicap.	Percentage.	Shoots attended.
C Bailey	575	372	14	647	23	Burbridge	200	182	..	910	6
Pitkin	525	464	18	884	21	W Hills	175	164	..	894	7
M Cook	475	464	11	808	19	Pitt	150	107	..	713	6
Olmsted	475	356	7	644	19	Kehoe	100	60	..	600	4
A Bailey	475	340	13	716	19	Main	100	61	..	610	4
Nichols	450	281	8	625	18	Capen	75	55	..	733	3
Alger	425	306	7	720	17	House	75	59	..	787	3
Colt	425	329	8	780	17	McMullin	50	39	..	780	2
A Cook	400	300	9	750	16	Willy	50	43	..	860	2
Peard	400	191	7	478	16	W Johnson	50	32	..	640	2
Green	350	266	7	760	14	Geisleman	50	27	..	540	2
Bishop	350	266	11	760	14	Hotchkiss	50	41	..	820	2
Thompson	350	170	6	486	14	Burke	50	18	..	360	2
Goodwin	300	221	6	737	12	O B Treat	25	18	..	720	1
Hoskins	300	142	4	473	12	Sexton	50	37	..	740	2
Whittlesey	300	224	10	747	12	Tucker	25	13	..	520	1
Viberts	275	217	8	789	11	Sibley	25	10	..	400	1
Carter	275	168	5	598	11	Barnes	25	15	..	600	1
Manross	250	214	5	856	10	Ferguson	25	8	..	320	1
Owen Treat	250	165	4	660	10	White	25	12	..	480	1
Bill	250	189	8	756	10	Risley	25	25	..	1000	1
Foster	250	123	6	492	10	Putnam	25	24	..	960	1
Storrs	250	80	0	320	10						
Willard	225	165	..	862	9		10093	6944		653	

In regard to the programme carried out during 1895 Mr. Cook adds some explanatory remarks, showing just how the club runs its prize competitions, which we give below, as we think many secretaries and others interested in furthering their clubs' welfare will be glad to read to examine the system:

"The club had a series of twenty-four shoots, having one shoot every two weeks, for which the club donates $35 in cash, divided as follows: $6 for best attendance, $4 for second best; $6 for ten best scores without handicap, $4 for second best. The remaining $35 to be shot for with a handicap divided into six prizes. The handicap is on the basis of 18. To the poorer shooters broken targets are allowed to be added to their scores; to the better shooters targets are deducted from their scores, and if their scores made are good enough after taking off their handicap not to go below 18, they have perfect scores. If the poorer shots break enough with their handicap added to make 18 or better, they also have perfect scores. It is necessary for any shooter to compete ten times out of the twenty-four shoots to qualify for any of the prizes. For the merchandise prizes any shooter that qualifies has an equal chance, as they are drawn by lot."

At the annual distribution of prizes the cash prizes were distributed as follows: J. Pitkin got $6 for best ten scores; F. Bishop, $4 for second best ten scores; C. Bailey, $6 for best attendance; J. Pitkin, $4 for second best attendance; M. F. Cook, $11 for ten best scores with handicap; C. Bailey, $11; J. Pitkin, $11; A. Bailey, $11; F. Bishop, $11; A. Bailey, $11.

Twenty-three members qualified for the merchandise prizes, the necessary qualification being attendance at ten out of the twenty-four shoots. The names of the lucky 23 will be found in the table given above, being the first 23 men on the list, C. Bailey leading with an attendance record of 23 out of 24.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 22.—The New Haven Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day with about 30 shooters on hand. Some good shooting was done, although some of the boys seemed to find lots of space on both sides of the targets. Uncle Edgarton, of Willimantic, had a new kind of gun with two barrels and three holes, and even then he couldn't seem to get them all. Old man Sherman and his pump didn't seem to agree with each other as to the proper way to hold the handle. Deacon Potter plodded right along in his usual manner, and got there most of the time. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	15	10
Bristol	10	10	8	7	12	9	6	16	9	8	12	6
Whitney	8	9	10	8	13	10	8	18	11	8	14	9
Washburn	7	5	8	7	12	7	5	..	11	4	..	..
Stevens	8	10	9	8	11	8	7	9	..	8	..	7
Edgarton	7	7	7	8	8	6	9	15	11	5	9	9
Potter	10	8	8	8	14	8	9	18	13	10	13	9
Savage	8	8	9	7	11	8	10	17	13	8	14	7
Barnard	8	8	7	9	..	2	8	..	..	..	..	..
Meigs	5	5	7	5	7	6	5	9	12	4	9	8
Cowee	..	8	9	9	14	9	7	16	10	7	11	8
Sherman	..	7	8	8	8	4	6	..	14	9	11	6
Bates	..	..	..	9	7	15	8	9	19	10	9	12	9
Stevenson	..	..	..	7	7	10	6	7	12	9	7	12	8
Reggori	..	..	..	4	..	6	1	3	5	..	7	..	5
Capron	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	5	8	15	9	8	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	10	10	15	14	8	13	9
Gould	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..
Currie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	14	10	12	6
Walters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	8	9	8
Harrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	9	10	7
Benedict	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	12	6
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	11	6
Hoyt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	6	7
Koeniger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	7	2
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	8
Merriman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	8
Hubinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	9	..
Hazel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Stokes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	8
Genning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	2
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
													B.

The Eurekas' Annual Gathering.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—The usual Washington's Birthday shoot took place to-day, only it was not usual, but very unusual in the large attendance that gathered in the afternoon to take a fall out of the festive empires.

The wind was strong and chilly, and made all sorts of angles. All shooting was at unknown angles, traps changed every shot, birds thrown hard and swift. These grounds are justly celebrated as being one of the hardest to make a good score on; the fast, keyed-up traps and perfect arrangements generally all no doubt contribute.

After a jolly time before the traps, where all sorts of sweepstakes for cash, watches, etc., were shot, the club adjourned to the Leland Hotel for the annual meeting and banquet. After discussing the elegant menu, cigars were lighted, the glasses filled, and with Patty (who does not know Patty) as toast master, the speeches began. Before this Secretary DeWolf distributed some elegant souvenirs of the occasion, in the shape of hand-painted satin badges, the product of his wife, who enjoys considerable reputation as an artist on game, dogs and horses. If Mrs. DeWolf could have heard the praises the badges brought forth, she doubtless would have been overcome by them; it was particularly laughable when Secretary DeWolf was duly ordered to write the resolutions adopted, and "forward them by mail, providing he could obtain the lady's address," and cautioned "not to slight them either."

Patty addressed himself to the subject of "Women as Shooters," and called on Fred. Gilbert, the Iowa shooter, who responded with a talk on "Pigeon Shooting." Mr. DeWolf spoke on "Trap-Shooting in the Western States." W. O. Morgan appeared in "What I Know About Watches" (he won the watch in the shoot this afternoon). O. von Lengerke spoke on the "Trap-Shooters' League." Chas. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., and S. A. Tucker, the only Tuck, of Parker gun fame, were bashful and could not be prevailed upon to speak. Covers were laid for twenty-five.

The secretary's report showed the club membership to be full, and several on the waiting list. It also showed no debts and a balance in the treasury, and that the club had not lost a contest during the year.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the following to serve for the next twelve months: President, John T. Glover; Vice-President, W. A. Jones; Secretary, W. F. DeWolf; Treasurer, O. J. Beck; Captain, F. P. Stannard; Board of Directors, W. O. Morgan, Dr. C. W. Carson, J. L. Jones, Oswald von Lengerke and Eddie Bingham; Classification Committee—John T. Glover, W. F. DeWolf and F. P. Stannard; Trophy Committee—W. D. Stannard, A. C. Patterson and O. von Lengerke.

The scores made in to-day's shoot were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	15	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	15	25	25	25
Ed Stock	18	22	..	22	24	20	Myers	..	..	..	12	12	w
A T Whitman	19	14	..	18	17	..	Glover	..	..	..	13	16	..
J L Jones	18	17	..	22	20	18	Willard	..	..	..	22	24	23
W F DeWolf	19	21	..	21	21	23	Tefft	..	..	..	24	24	23
Taylor	18	16	..	18	..	..	Stielow	..	..	..	16	15	..
Dering	..	20	..	22	23	16	Ferguson	..	..	..	16	15	24
Stannard	..	..	..	18	24	20	Morton	..	..	..	..	21	22
Sagamore	..	..	..	9	..	11	Shepherd	..	..	..	..	20	16
Goodrich	..	..	..	10	23	22	W D Stannard	..	..	..	..	17	..
Morgan	..	..	..	..	24	22	Buck	..	..	..	..	19	..
Airey	..	..	..	..	23	19	Patterson	..	..	..	..	19	20
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	21	18	Long	..	..	..	..	13	19
Milander	..	..	..	..	17	19	w						

W. F. D.

The Braden-Canon Match.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., who acted in conjunction with H. W. Nair as official scorer at the Braden-Canon match at Beaver Falls, Pa., on Feb. 22, we are able to give the score in full of this unique match. The quality of the birds is well shown by the trap score type. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J C Braden.....
1 2 2 1 8 5 5 5 2 4 1 3 1 1 4 4 1 3 2 4 1 3 2 5 4
↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↑
3 2 0 2 1 • 0 1 0 0 1 2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 2—12

J C Braden.....
2 2 3 1 3 8 4 2 4 3 4 1 2 9 4 2 2 2 4 4 1 5 2 4 3 8 4
↑ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↓ ↖ ↗ → ↑ ↗ → ↘ → ↖ ↗
0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 • • 2 0 •—18

W S Canon.....
1 4 5 2 5 3 3 8 4 3 4 1 1 2 8 3 1 1 4 2 4 2 1 1 3
↗ ↗ ↘ ↗ → ↗ ↑ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↗ T ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖
1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 • 0 2 1 0—16

W S Canon.....
2 2 1 3 4 1 3 4 3 2 1 5 3 5 5 2 1 3 1 4 5 1 1 3 1
↙ ↖ → ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↓ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↙ ↗ ↖
0 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 1—19

W S Canon.....
1 1 4 4 4 5 5 4 2 1 3 2 1 1 2 2 3 4 4 2 2 5 5 1 2 2
↗ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↘ ↗ → T ↖ ↗ ↗ ↙
1 1 0 0 • 2 1 1 0 1 0 2 0 3 • 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 1 0 1—15—80

Morgan.....
2 3 4 4 1 3 3 2 3 5 4 4 1 1 3 5 3 4 5 2 2 5 5 2 2
↗ ↗ ↗ ↑ ← ↘ ↘ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↓
3 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 2 1 0 •—2—12

Morgan.....
2 3 3 2 5 1 5 3 1 2 3 2 3 4 4 4 4 3 1 3 1 2 1 2 5
↖ ↗ ↗ ↗ → ↖ ← ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↗ → ⌐
2 2 2 0 1 • 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 ? (—17

Nichols.....
1 5 8 1 5 4 5 1 3 3 8 1 1 5 4 3 2 4 5 1 1 5 4 1 5
↗ → ↗ ↗ ↗ ↘ → ↘ ↖ ← → ↓ ↘ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↘
0 2 1 0 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 2—18

Nichols.....
4 2 3 2 1 1 1 2 5 2 2 1 2 3 1 4 1 4 1 4 4 4 3 4 3
↖ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↗ ↘ → ↗ ↖ ↘ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↖
1 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 • 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 1 1—18

Pilkington.....
2 1 5 4 5 1 4 1 4 3 1 2 4 5 9 5 1 5 3 3 1 4 3 2 4 1
↖ → ↑ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗